

# ADELAIDE DRUMMOND

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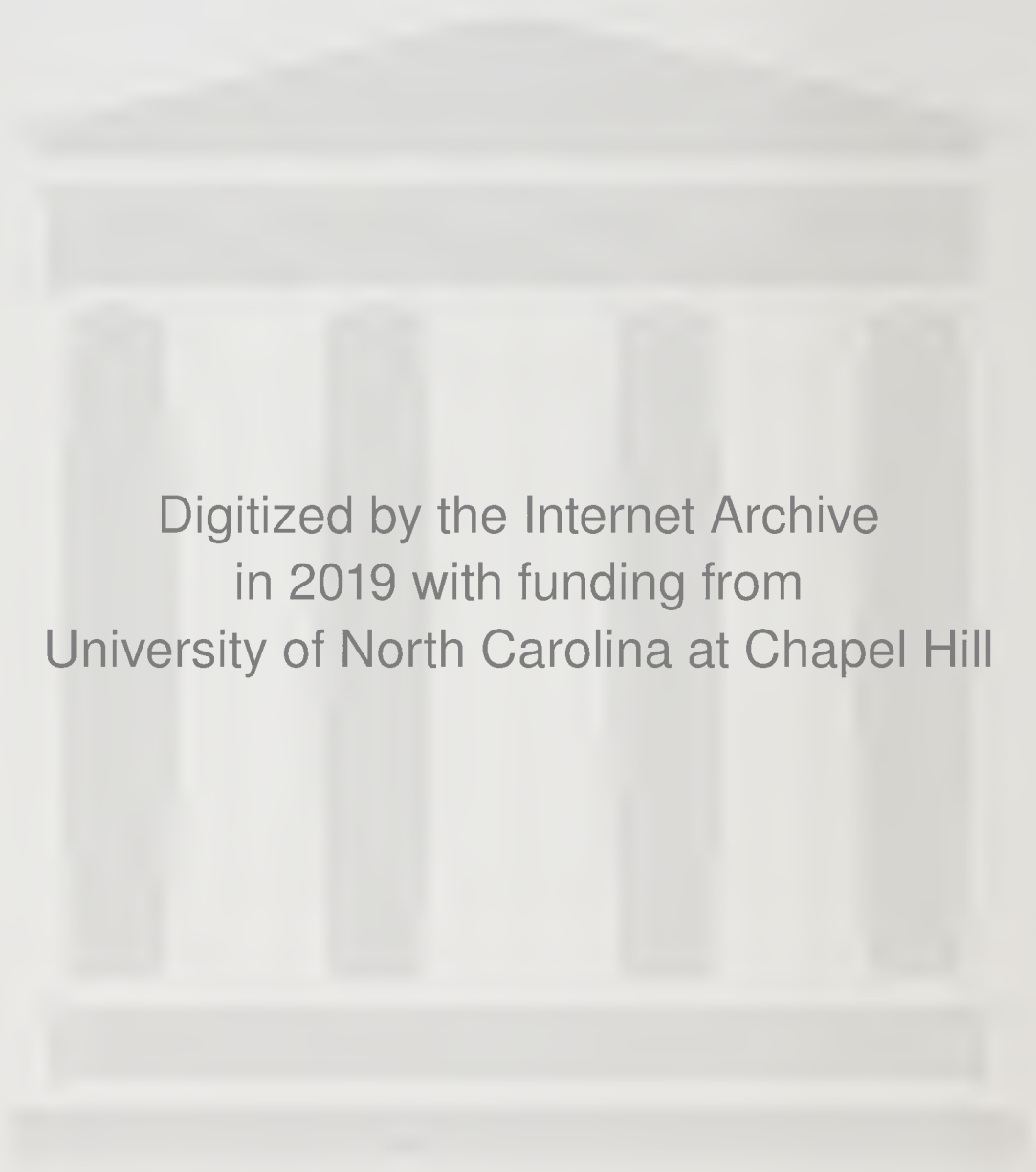
RETROSPECT AND MEMOIR



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THE HONOURABLE ADELAIDE DRUMMOND









Yours very sincerely  
Adeline Drummond



THE HONOURABLE  
ADELAIDE DRUMMOND

RETROSPECT AND MEMOIR

BY  
BASIL CHAMPNEYS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON  
SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE

1915

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TO HER  
CHILDREN  
GRANDCHILDREN  
AND  
GREAT-GRANDCHILD



## PREFACE

WHEN Mrs. Drummond died, in April 1911, many of those who knew her intimately felt that there should be some memorial of one whose character had so impressed them, and whose life, though uneventful, had not been devoid of interest. The son and daughter who had lived with her to the last were anxious that I should write a biography of her, and the suggestion was favoured by others less immediately concerned. It would have been impossible that any task could be more congenial to me, and I naturally respected their wish and appreciated their confidence ; so I resolved to do what I could, as opportunity might serve.

An acquaintance of nearly fifty years, and a more intimate relation for thirty-five of these, had revealed to me how much interesting matter in connexion with her life must be available. Though she was always a truly modest and even diffident talker—the least prone to make parade of her knowledge or experience—her conversation had often brought to light first-hand memories of interesting people and events, shown a familiarity with the social life of an age long past, now becoming rapidly forgotten, and suggested



a store of recollections which it would be important to preserve. These, too, being mainly gathered in early years, seemed likely to possess a special value,—to carry back farther than those of her contemporaries who had been launched in social life at a more mature age; and to bear, many of them, a note of freshness, such as attaches to the observations of an intelligent child.

Those who were nearest to her could not but press upon her the desirability of leaving some record of them; and, in spite of the self-depreciation which led her to undervalue all that concerned her personally, she was ultimately persuaded to write out such memorials as she thought would be interesting to her family.

Of these she writes to Lady Agatha Russell (May 21, 1909): ‘My recollections are only just scraps put down anyhow to please children and grandchildren, and I imagine there is wild work as regards dates.’ I have, however, found few dates that needed correction; and this—considering that a large proportion of the events were recorded after the lapse of more than sixty years, and that she had little opportunity of consulting books or letters—is a remarkable tribute to the accuracy of her memory.

Her nephew, Lord Ribblesdale, after reading these recollections, writes to her: ‘I think what you say in your letter to me is exactly the right preface to your reminiscences—viz. that they are the sort of thing you would have liked your mother or your grandmother to have put together for you of her childhood or young-ladyhood days.’

They seemed indeed to all of us worthy of a

more extended audience ; but publicity was distasteful to her, and she preferred that, during her lifetime, they should not pass beyond the immediate family circle.

When, however, it was decided that some memorial of her should be framed, it was obvious that these recollections must be its main component. And further consideration convinced me that it would be better to let them speak for themselves in their original form than to dilute them—wiser to abstain from any setting or artificial links which could scarcely add to, and might detract from, their freshness and intrinsic value. They did, in fact, seem to constitute a fairly complete autobiography, less the padding which a more conventional arrangement would involve.

My task then presented itself in a fairly simple form : to select such recollections as might be thought to be of general interest ; to incorporate with them some few letters of hers which recorded other similar experiences ; and to place them as far as possible in order of time. I say ‘as far as possible,’ because the material did not always lend itself to a strict arrangement of the kind. Mrs. Drummond not infrequently pursues into later years a subject initiated in reference to her early life ; and it seemed to me better to print such sections as were written on these lines precisely as they came to hand than to mutilate them with a view to accurate chronological sequence. Though I recognise that the method adopted may, here and there, be confusing to the reader, I am convinced that it is the better of the alternatives which were open to me.

Besides arranging the material which Mrs. Drummond left, it seemed desirable that I should supply a brief account of the events of her life and of her relationships,—such as might serve as a thread on which these beads of reminiscence might be strung; give such notes and references as might add to their value; and last, but not least, supplement the indications of character contained implicitly in her own records by some attempt to delineate and do justice to her personality. This indeed is the main purpose, as it was the original motive, of my work.

The task of annotation has been less easy than I anticipated. So far as political and literary characters were concerned, it was simple enough; but of those who were known, however well, in the social world alone, it was more difficult to get on the track. Mere social eminence passes too readily into oblivion. Of this no better instance could be given than the reception of the *Creevey Papers*, which made us realise that it was possible to have figured in the very heart of the society of one generation, only to be forgotten in the next, or at any rate in the next but one. I have, however, tried to give as much information as may be needed about the principal characters which occur in the merely social category. With regard to others mentioned, some are so well known that any description of them would seem an impertinence to the reader; some figure as mere names, without further interest or importance, and may well be left at that. For instance, Mrs. Cradock's letters from Court introduce many personalities so casually as not to require comment.

One minor point in the editing calls for notice. I



have not thought it necessary to do what Mrs. Drummond would have done for herself—exclude any words which expressed or implied a compliment. These were quite naturally recorded by her for her children's sake, and may, I think, stand as she wrote them, so long as it be understood that their inclusion is my doing, and she be relieved of any suspicion of personal vanity, from which she was exceptionally free.

Besides writing her personal recollections, she had preserved or copied letters from others not relating immediately to her own concerns, but which she thought likely to interest her children. A large proportion of these were from, or to, her mother's sister, Harriett Lister, afterwards Mrs. Cradock, her only near relative of the older generation, after her mother's death, to whom she was specially attached. Some of them seemed serviceable as giving an account of her immediate ancestors and connexions ; others might justify their inclusion on the ground of general interest,—those, for instance, that give an intimate account of the life at Court in the earlier years of Queen Victoria's reign. A selection from these is printed in a separate chapter.

Of Mrs. Drummond's letters at my disposal, by far the most important are those which are in the possession of Lady Agatha Russell, to all of which she has kindly allowed me access. These are addressed to Lord John Russell, to his second wife, and to their daughter, Lady Agatha, herself. They cover the whole period between 1839 and the end of 1910, with no considerable interval at any time ; and, as they were written in close confidence, they have proved of the utmost value in confirming or illustrating the short record

I have attempted of her life, and the view I have presented of her character and opinions. These, with her letters to the Rev. H. Browne, S.J., to her children, and to me, are practically all the material, besides the recollections, which has been available. Lady Agatha's assistance has, however, gone far beyond the loan of these letters. I am further indebted to her for information about the two families she represents—the Russells and the Elliots; for the use of the unique and invaluable manuscript volume of her mother's, Lady Russell's, poems containing numerous illustrations by Mrs. Drummond, some of which are reproduced at the ends of the chapters; for lending the miniature, a photograph of which is given (p. 66); for general advice; and for revising the proofs.

My thanks are also due to my sister-in-law, Monica Drummond, for furnishing much interesting material for the memoir, and for general help and advice; to Mr. John Murray, for suggesting sources of information as to social history, and for identifying quotations from Lord Byron's poems; to Mr. A. C. Benson and to Lord Esher—to the former for advice on matters relating to Queen Victoria and her Court, and to the latter for permission to print the letter given on pp. 152–153; and to my younger daughter for help in proof-correction. Mr. Edward Stapleton has most kindly worked out for me the genealogy, which shows, more accurately than could be possible in the text, the relationships of those mentioned in the 'Retrospect.'

I may point out that, in order to simplify the distinction between Lord John Russell's first and his second wife, I have spoken of the former, Mrs.

Drummond's mother (wherever she is mentioned subsequently to her second marriage), as 'Lady John Russell,' and of the latter as 'Lady Russell,' though she did not become a Countess till 1861, and was, of course, Lady John Russell from her marriage, in 1841, until that date; and I have spoken of her as Mrs. Drummond's 'stepmother,' though the relation would be more correctly given by the rather cumbrous term, 'stepfather's wife.' Also, to abbreviate the notes, I have used the initials 'A.D.' for Adelaide Drummond.

BASIL CHAMPNEYS.

CHRISTMAS 1914.







# CONTENTS

## MEMOIR

	PAGE
Events and Relationships—Hon. Harriett Lister—Letter from Queen Victoria—Religion—Journalism—Drawing (Letter from Samuel Rogers)—Politics—Hobbies—Humour—Conclusion . . . . .	I

## RETROSPECT

### CHAPTER I

#### ANCESTORS

Life of Mrs. Sherwood—An Amateur Critique, 1798—Autobiographical Notes by Harriett Lister—Listers of Armitage—The Apotheosis of Armitage—‘Cousin Matilda’—‘Great Aunt Susan Grove’—Literary Advice—Mrs. Drummond’s Mother: 2nd Lady Ribblesdale—The Reform Bill—Mrs. Drummond’s Father: 2nd Baron Ribblesdale . . . . .	47
---	----

### CHAPTER II

#### CHILDHOOD BEFORE 1835

Childhood—Emma Sneyd to Harriett Lister—Gledstone—Lady Ribblesdale to Harriett Lister—Minor Discomforts—Food—Dolls—Literature—Governesses—Gardens and Flowers—Campden Hill—Lady Shelley’s Breakfasts—Comets—Whispers of the Old Faith—Royalty: William IV, Queen Adelaide, Queen Victoria, Duchess of Kent—The Chain Pier at Brighton—General Tom Thumb—Ethiopian Serenaders—Remembered Trifles—Lord John Russell . . . . .	66
---	----

## CHAPTER III

## CHILDHOOD, 1835-1838

	PAGE
Letters from Lady John Russell to Harriett Lister—Pets—Belgrave Square—Creevey—Lord John Russell's German—State Balls—Lady John Russell to Harriett Lister—Lady Theresa Lister to Harriett Lister—Lady John Russell to Harriett Lister—Shells—Lady John Russell to Harriett Lister—Harriett Lister to Lady John Russell—Brighton: Lady John Russell's Death—Letter of Queen Victoria to the King of the Belgians—Letter from Lord Wriothsesley Russell to Harriett Lister, with suggested Epitaph . . .	124

## CHAPTER IV

## GIRLHOOD, 1838-1847

Buckhurst—Bowood—Endsleigh — Lord John Russell's Reading—The Elliot Family—Letter from Harriett Lister to Lord John Russell on his Engagement—Minto—Letter from Mrs. Drummond to Lady Agatha Russell—Chesham Place—' Little Johnny ': Lord Amberley—Bude—Theatricals in Store Street—A Second Marriage (Lady Theresa Lister to Sir G. Cornwall Lewis)—Early Victorian Accomplishments—Singing and Drawing—Mulready—Drawing from Casts—Presentation—Eden Lodge: Lord Auckland, Emily Eden, &c.—Lord Cardigan and Duels—Adelaide Lister to Lady Russell: Duchess of Buccleuch's Party—Woburn—Adelaide Lister to Lady Russell from Woburn—Things Theatrical—Edinburgh: Macaulay, Jeffery—Lady William Russell—' Tommy Moore '—Lady Morley—Lady Morley's Stories—Cambridge Terrace: Sir Henry Taylor—' Old Rogers '—' Old Rogers ' Ghost Story—Jeffrey and Macaulay—Combe Florey: Sidney Smith, ' Squire Butleel '—Remarkable Old Ladies: the Miss Berrys, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Lady Holland—Mrs. Sartoris—Mrs. Siddons.	155
---	-----

# CONTENTS

xvii

## CHAPTER V

### MARRIED LIFE—FROM 1847

	PAGE
Chaotic Brompton—Tyburn—Lord H.—‘Cousin Emma Sneyd’—A Yeomanry Week—Albury: Henry Drummond, the Irvingite—‘Aunt Parker’—Queen Marie Amelie—‘L’Hippopotame’—The Strid—Fontainebleau—Mr. Disraeli—Happiness—Oxford—Jowett—Bellingham’s Skin—‘Cousin Lena Eden’—‘Fragments of a Tragedy’—Parody of ‘Enoch Arden’—Journalism—Advice, Scarce, but Good—Our Kettledrum—The Queen’s Ball—Frances Power Cobbe—Vivisection—Women’s Suffrage—Suffragettes in the Park—Mrs. Lynn Linton—Henry Irving—The Diplomatic Circle—The Albemarle Club—Philanthropy—A Sad Hour—The Evicted Tenants’ Commission: Recollections; Adelaide Drummond to Lady Russell—Miss Mary Boyle—Things Inexplicable . . . . .	230

## CHAPTER VI

### HARRIETT LISTER’S LETTERS FROM COURT

To Charles Lister—To Lady Theresa Lister—To Lady Theresa Lister—To Lady Theresa Lister concerning the Princess Lehzen—To Lady Theresa Lister from Claremont . . . . .	311
---	-----

---

INDEX . . . . .	331
-----------------	-----



ILLUSTRATIONS

THE HON. ADELAIDE DRUMMOND . . . . . *Frontispiece*  
*From a photograph by Lenville & Co., Hampstead.*

THE HON. ADELAIDE LISTER . . . . . *To face p. 66*  
*From a miniature in the possession of Lady Agatha Russell.*

LADY JOHN RUSSELL . . . . . „ 152  
*From a bust by Richard Westmacott, R.A., in the possession of Mrs. Champneys.*

BABY'S DAY—SKETCHES BY MRS. DRUM-  
MOND . . . . . „ 250

DRAWINGS BY MRS. DRUMMOND. . { *Given as Tail-pieces*  
*to the Chapters.*  
*From a manuscript volume of Lady Russell's poems.*

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GENEALOGICAL TABLE . . . . . *To face p. 6*





HON<sup>BLE.</sup> ADELAIDE DRUMMOND

MEMOIR



## MEMOIR

### *Events and Relationships*

THE writer of the following recollections, born May 14, 1827, was the eldest child of Thomas Lister, 2nd Baron Ribblesdale, of Gisburne, Yorkshire, by his wife, Adelaide Lister, daughter of Thomas Lister of Armitage in Staffordshire.<sup>1</sup> The Lister family had been settled since 1312 at Gisburne, which was brought into their possession by the marriage of John Lister with Isabel de Bolton. Mrs. Drummond's parents were second cousins—great-grandchildren of Thomas Lister, who was grandfather of 1st Baron Ribblesdale, and father of Nathaniel Lister, who acquired and settled at Armitage Park. Her father, born in 1790, died in 1832, leaving three children, a son and two daughters, and a third daughter was born after his death. Her brother succeeded to the title: of her sisters, the elder, Isabel, married William Warburton, sometime fellow of All Souls and late Canon of Winchester, a brother of Eliot Warburton, author of *The*

<sup>1</sup> A very full account of the Lister family is given in *Memorials of an Ancient House*, by H. L. Lyster Denny. The genealogy given, p. 6, aims at showing more clearly the relationship to Mrs. Drummond of those of her family mentioned in the reminiscences, and is completed only so far as was necessary for the purpose in view.

*Crescent and the Cross*; and the younger, Elizabeth, married William Melvill, afterwards Sir William, Solicitor to the Treasury. Their mother married, in 1835, Lord John Russell, by whom she had two daughters—Georgiana, afterwards Lady Georgiana Peel, and Victoria, afterwards Lady Victoria Villiers. She died in 1838, soon after the birth of the last-named. Lord John Russell took charge of the children; and when, in 1841, he married Lady Fanny Elliot, daughter of the Earl of Minto, the arrangement was continued. There were four children of the second marriage—John, Viscount Amberley, George William Gilbert, Francis Albert Rollo, and Mary Agatha. The three families—the Listers, the children of Lord John by his first, and those by his second wife—were brought up as one family. So completely were they united that to Lady Agatha Russell, so she tells me, it was a constant puzzle in her childhood why some of her sisters had a surname different from her own; and writing to her in 1909, Mrs. Drummond says: ‘That was a very sweet little notion of yours as a child about our all being real brothers and sisters. You know I was with dear Amberley in his early childhood, and no real sister could have loved him more than; and I have ever felt the deepest affection for him, and the bitterest regret that he was taken from us so early.’ Her relation to her step-father and his second wife was that of a daughter to her own parents. Lord John and his second wife always appear in these memoirs and in her correspondence as ‘Papa’ and ‘Mamma,’ while her own parents are invariably ‘my father’ and ‘my mother.’



Lord John Russell associated not merely with the political and social but equally with the literary circle of his day; and as he secured the full advantages of this wide connexion for his step-children, and brought them forward at an unusually early age, they, and especially the eldest, were in childhood made acquainted with a very varied and interesting circle. Such acquaintances, no doubt, took a special pleasure in the society of an attractive and intelligent girl; in fact a very large proportion of her recollections, and these not the least interesting, deal with the experiences of the years between her mother's second and her own marriage—between 1835 and 1847.

In 1847 she was married to Maurice, son of Charles Drummond, a great-grandson of the 4th Viscount Strathallan, by his wife Mary Dulcibella, a younger daughter of the 1st Lord Auckland. Maurice Drummond was at the time of his marriage a clerk in the Treasury,—an appointment which he is supposed to have received as compensation from the Government for the murder of his kinsman, Edward Drummond, who was mistaken by the murderer for Sir Robert Peel. He was, in 1856, appointed private secretary to Sir George Cornwall Lewis, who had married Lady Theresa Lister, *née* Villiers, aunt by marriage of Mrs. Drummond; and, when Sir George went out of Office in 1858, he served Disraeli in the same capacity for a few days, and Lord Derby from 1858 till 1859. In 1860 he was appointed Receiver to the Metropolitan Police, which office he held till 1888 when he resigned it, and received the title of Companion of the Bath. He died in 1891.

Six children were born of the marriage :—Adelaide Maura, who died in 1892; Lister Maurice, now a Metropolitan Police Magistrate; May, married to the present writer; Miriam, married to George John Barry Hayter; Mary, who died in 1864; and Monica.

After her marriage Mrs. Drummond went less into society than before, and lived a quiet life, for the most part in Hampstead, devoting herself to her children and to such other interests as were compatible with home duties. She was able to write for the Press and enjoy the literary society which this activity opened to her, to take part in the movement for the enfranchisement of women on the moderate lines then advocated, and to keep in touch with her family circle.

For the last twenty years of her life, owing to weak health, social intercourse was necessarily still more restricted. To the few with whom she was still able to associate the charm of her society was as great as it had ever been. It was during the later portion of this period, from 1906 to 1909, that she compiled these recollections. She died on April 27, 1911.

Of her aunt, Harriett Lister, afterwards Mrs. Cradock, who figures so largely in these reminiscences, a short account—more than can be compressed into a note—should be given. She was Lady John Russell's younger sister, and was throughout her life devoted to her nieces, to whom she was in early years 'Aunt Bunty,' and later 'Aunt Bunny' or 'Bunny.' She was named by Lord Melbourne Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria in 1837, and remained at Court till 1842, when she married her cousin, the Rev. Edward

Hartopp Grove—afterwards Cradock—who became Principal of Brasenose College, Oxford. She was for many years a well-known figure in Oxford society; and is thus described by Mr. Humphry Ward in *Brasenose Quater-Centenary Monographs* for the Oxford Historical Society :

One more figure remains . . . This is E. H. Cradock, the beloved Principal of those days, with whom it is permitted to associate the bright, elf-like figure of his wife. The 'chief,' as he was invariably called, was by birth and tastes a country gentleman of mildly Whig proclivities; and rather late in life he had married Miss Lister, who had been a Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria, the author of *Anne Grey* and other novels that had been successful in their long distant day, and related to the Russells, Ribblesdales, and other prominent families. The charming little courtier and aristocrat could not but regard Oxford as a sort of honourable exile; but she faced her lot with an amusing courage, did a short 'off season' in London every year, and consoled herself with her garden in Holywell, her cottage at West Malvern, and a little house on the fell above Grasmere. Elf-like I have called her; and she saw elves and drew pictures of them, which she published in a queer little book; while for the rest, she loved her flowers, and the great world, and anyone who could bring a breath of it to remind her of Windsor and Lord John.

On this account Mrs. Drummond comments as follows :

There is a measure of truth in this appreciation of dear Bunny. The same curious power of dissociating herself from any intimate contact with the persons and the interests which made up the surroundings among which her lot was fixed during



the great part of her married life was observed in the account given by Aunt Emily Eden, in a book she published of her stay in India, when her brother, Lord Auckland, was Viceroy there. One critic, indeed, described her as writing in the spirit of 'an exile from Hyde Park Corner.' This state of mind has largely disappeared. Who leads that sort of life now? Be it in a palace or in a slum, the cultivated mind at the present day is deeply interested in the play of human nature in that part of the great world which closes round its own personality and hems it in.

The following letter was written to Lady Georgiana Peel when Mrs. Cradock died :

*'Message from the Queen to Georgy on the occasion of Bunny's death.'*

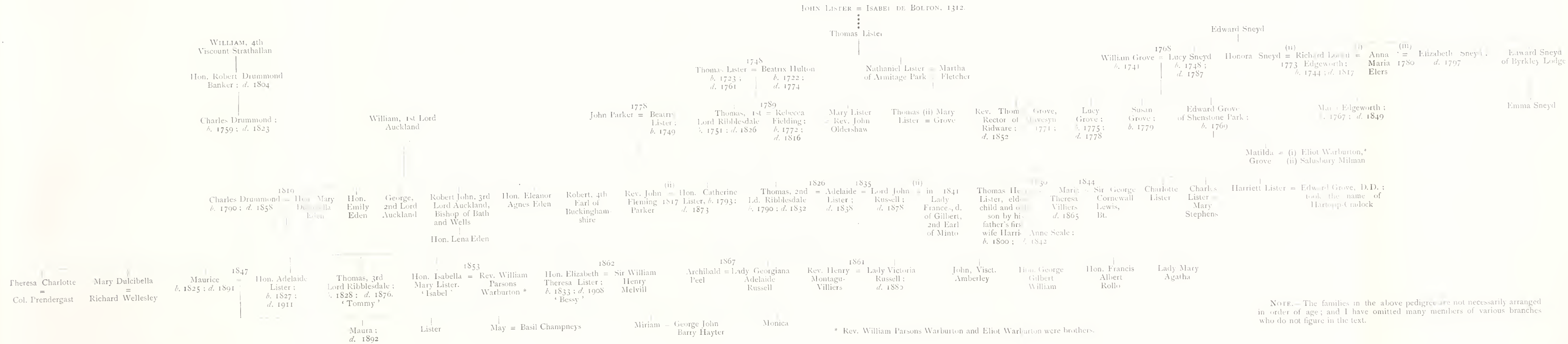
June 17, 1884.

DEAR LADY GEORGIANA,—The Queen has read your letter to me and I am desired by Her Majesty to say how extremely sorry she is to hear of the death of your aunt, Mrs. Cradock. The Queen has heard so much of her from dear Prince Leopold when he was at Oxford, and Her Majesty had always hoped some day to have seen her again. The Queen remembers her so well when she was one of Her Majesty's Maids of Honour, and Her Majesty knows how *much* Mrs. Cradock would have felt for her at the time of her recent great sorrow.<sup>1</sup> Prince Leopold had the greatest regard for your aunt. The Queen further desires that I will offer you her true sympathy, and begs that you will convey the same to Dr. Cradock, for whom Her Majesty feels most deeply.

Believe me yours very truly,

HORATIA STOPFORD.

<sup>1</sup> The death of Prince Leopold.



NOTE.—The families in the above pedigree are not necessarily arranged in order of age; and I have omitted many members of various branches who do not figure in the text.





*Religion*

Mrs. Drummond tells<sup>1</sup> us how in early years the Services of the Church of England had failed to satisfy her. There was in her a dim, almost subconscious, yearning for more life and colour, such as could satisfy her spiritual needs and her artistic temperament : she felt the slovenliness and perfunctory character of the offices as they were presented to her in the country church which she attended, and, later, suffered acutely from their excessive length. She had also, as may be gathered from a letter to Lady Russell, given below, at some time not specially defined, but certainly between 1841 and 1847, expressed an inclination to join the Roman Catholic Church.<sup>2</sup>

Later on she was brought in contact with leading churchmen, such as Sydney Smith and Harness,<sup>3</sup> who held the Erastian view of the English Church in all its crudity.

Her recollections, written after she had joined the Roman Catholic Church, may no doubt be taken to enhance rather than minimise the impression of this early dissatisfaction ; but that it had been real and of permanent influence can scarcely be questioned ; and that it was in some measure justified must without doubt be regretfully conceded. She did, however, for many years adhere to the Church in which she had been born, preferring its more evangelical forms, and was a regular attendant at its services, Sacramental and ordinary. She even

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 77, 96-101, 111-112.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 13.

<sup>3</sup> Sometime vicar of St. James', Piccadilly.

expressed in her correspondence her confidence in its unique merits. In a letter to Lord John Russell (September 1854) she writes :

The history of the Churches since the Reformation shows that, if there is too much scope in our Church for Popish tendencies,<sup>1</sup> those of France, Germany and Scotland are very much infected with infidelity about the Person and work of Christ and about the Bible. Upon the whole I should think that the Church of England is as good a receptacle for the invisible Church as any that it has in the world.

I also gather from a letter to her from Lord Amberley, in answer to one which is not forthcoming, that she had maintained the same position for at least ten years.

Not very much later, for reasons which cannot be fully analysed,—mainly, no doubt, because the circumstances of her life seemed, for a time at least, incompatible with the tenet of Divine Beneficence which is essential to Christian belief,—her faith was shaken, and some years were passed under the shadow of doubt.

The position she adopted was, however, that of pure agnosticism,—that which abstains from assertion positive or negative ; not that of so many who misuse the term, and dogmatically deny. She writes to Lady Russell in 1876 :

I agree with every sentiment expressed . . . in

<sup>1</sup> This shows her sympathy with her stepfather in the line he had adopted in his celebrated letter to the Bishop of Durham written four years earlier.

the loss and gain of those who find themselves compelled to admit that we know nothing of the great subject on which the mind of man has been at work from time immemorial; and my great wish for myself and others in the same position is that we may meet our own fate with dignity and simplicity . . . Let us bear the necessary losses for the sake of thinking, without the necessity of burking or explaining away our thoughts.

Nor did she incline to any of the half-way houses which offer a precarious hospitality to the wanderer from the fold. In a letter to her stepmother (September 16, 1888) she writes :

So you have F. H. for a neighbour. Now do inspect him thoroughly. He is a most worrying person. He uses religious expressions freely, but in a sense different from that we generally ascribe to them. It may be that, as you observe, he has a religious mind,—so religious that he cannot leave the phraseology of religion; while he has, or thinks he has, no substance for all this shadow. I hope that, as he is always throwing out these feelers, he will clasp something at last. He must by this time be feeling that Positivism has not as yet brought much deliverance to the earth. While this hare has been gambolling about the clerical fields of culture for some time, several old tortoises have got a great deal of good work to show in very stony places. F. H. must be deeply bored at the parish church; but it is good of him to go; and, if he does come to sympathise really with those who go from inclination, he will not have to regret that he set a base example by staying away from public worship of some sort.

Do find out what he really does mean by his religious expressions. I don't read him now; but he has perplexed me very much in the past.



Other signs of an approaching change became manifest. She writes to Lady Russell (October 13, 1888) :

The Unitarians are a delightful people . . . as far as they go, but . . . I want much more or much less. Much less is terrible, as I know from experience ; and I do really believe, looking at all the facts of life, looking within, and looking at the Bible, that much more is *not* 'too good to be true.'

I saw an essay the other day which I thought would have interested you. It was upon the very suggestive peculiarities of our Lord's way of speaking. He never said 'I think,' 'I believe,' or 'I suppose,' as the greatest and best of human beings must do. He once said He was troubled ; but it was not with that helpless, unknowing anxiety that we suffer ; for He added at once : 'for this cause came I to this hour.' He knew exactly why and how it all was. It struck me as one of the instances of a higher consciousness than the best of men could possess.

And again to the same correspondent :

Hyde Park Mansions : Sept. 11.

. . . . .

Do ask Dr. Martineau some day what he thinks of that extremely interesting point which has occurred to you, that our Lord never once spoke of Himself as a sinner or even as one liable to error. It seems to me so *very* significant. I have never noticed this, but, now you have put it before me, it works like yeast, and I think it would have that effect on many.

The eclipse of faith had proved uncongenial to a nature to which the sense of Divine as well as human love was necessary, and which was too gentle, too little self-reliant, to exist happily without spiritual support ;



and, though her outward life and conduct had suffered no deterioration from the change, no inner or permanent happiness was possible for her under such conditions. About the time when the above letters were written, she came under the influence of an evangelist associated with the Salvation Army, which brought about a return to her faith in the main doctrines of Evangelical Christianity; and, no doubt, these came home to her with a new and enhanced power after the period of doubt. She was impressed by the fervour of missionary zeal which the sect displayed, while her strong democratic sympathies led her to attach full value to its work among the poor and outcast, and caused her to condone the defects of taste and the absurdities which were among its manifestations, and to which she could not be wholly blind. She writes to her daughter:

Major Alice Lewis and three lasses will come to tea I hope. I fear I cannot go to the meeting, as it will be very hot and crowded. The Hyde Park negro<sup>1</sup> is here. I am afraid his preaching is not quite *bonâ fide*: at any rate he lives by it, which is not satisfactory. Yesterday Lis<sup>2</sup> and several others kept him in order by loud remarks, for he was off on the rabid Protestant line, and very disedifying.

It is clear that the devotions of this body were not wholly satisfactory to her, as during this period she attended Evangelical Services of the Church of England.

<sup>1</sup> In justice to the Salvation Army it should be stated that the negro was not a member of it.

<sup>2</sup> Her son, Lister Maurice Drummond.

For some years she was an energetic supporter of the movement, advocating it in conversation and by her pen ; and it was characteristic of her that she confidently claimed for it the sympathy of those about her, with the genial assumption that what she saw so clearly must be apparent to them also.

Later she came to feel the imperfection of this form of belief, its want of relation to the central thought and tradition of Christianity, the ignoring of the Sacraments, the purely emotional nature of its appeal.<sup>1</sup>

It was inevitable that she should in her spiritual need weigh the claims of the Roman Catholic Church : those of the Anglican Church were by her early unfavourable impressions ruled out of court. She had moreover learnt by intimate experience—her son and the daughter who lived with her having been for many years fervent Roman Catholics—what spiritual satisfaction and repose, what strength, might be obtained in that Communion ; and after long deliberation she determined to join it.

She writes to Lady Russell :

Hyde Park Mansions : Sept. 1896.

MY DEAREST MAMMA,—I think that, especially since our last talk together, there is a sort of unwritten compact between us that anything really interesting to either shall be common property. At any rate *I* owe it to you to confide such things to you. But what

<sup>1</sup> A friend tells me that, shortly before her death, she said to him that the Salvation Army was excellent for bringing people to the stool of penitence, but not for taking them further.

I want to say is not very easy, because I know that you have a strongly adverse opinion on the point, an opinion that I could hardly ask you to endeavour to change; for to do so would require much more attention to the matter than you could wish to give. After our talk, I thought very much of how it will be when the past is reviewed in the world to come; and it suddenly dawned upon me that I ought to fall *altogether* into line with what I believe to be our Heavenly Father's purpose and plan with regard to us. You remember being surprised at Father Browne's writing of my 'approach to the Catholic Church,' and my assuring you that I had no such approach in my mind. This was true then, but it is not true now. This is just the course that my conscience now requires me to take, and I am having instruction for that purpose. I need hardly say that there is much that is painful in making so great a change, and the thought that you will not approve is perhaps the most painful in it; but I know how great is your reverence for human conscience. Even when I wanted to do this very thing long ago<sup>1</sup> out of purely childish motives, you were so afraid of wounding it that you offered me facilities of instruction if I was really in earnest. So I have every confidence in your seeing this, at least in some measure, with my eyes.

Believe me always, my very dear Mamma,

Your loving child,

A. DRUMMOND.

Not long before this final change, she had written the following letter to her stepmother, whose long life was drawing to its close. The writer was herself in her sixty-ninth year.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 7.



*To Lady Russell.*

Hyde Park Mansions : May 29, 1895.

DEAREST MAMMA.—It was very kind of you to send me your beautiful little poem. Every line of it goes to my heart. It interests me most deeply to see how the prospect before us affects you.

I often think of you in the many quiet hours when its certainty and possible nearness is borne upon my mind, and feel very sure that yours is dwelling on the same thing. No doubt it is so arranged in mercy that the sense of 'broken harmonies' and 'severed hearts'<sup>1</sup> and the sense of mystery so cry out within us that we do see a very friendly side to our inevitable change.

Sometimes quite an unexpected thought cheers one in regard to death. I find great sweetness in the calm way some of the Old Testament saints, Jacob for instance, prepared for and met the change. That expression, 'thou shalt be gathered to thy fathers,' soothes me very much. The idea of being 'gathered' suggests care and thought in the gatherer, care that we shall not be lost, but carefully conveyed and treasured up. And 'to thy fathers' seems to suggest that we shall be with, not necessarily our ancestors, but those with whom we have been *en rapport*, those who care for us as we have cared for them. I had a very happy sleepless hour when that thought came to me. No doubt you find your great knowledge of scripture a great help in such hours. The Holy Spirit evidently uses our human knowledge and ordinary memory of His Word as a means of fulfilling his work as Comforter. I don't think I ever told you a strange and beautiful thing that happened to me on May 18, 1892. I was ill,

<sup>1</sup> Quoted from a poem on *Death*, by Lady Russell. See *Lady John Russell : A Memoir*, edited by Desmond MacCarthy and Agatha Russell, p. 291.

and at Hastings for my health. I had thought much about this coming first anniversary of dear Maurice's death, especially when I went to bed on the evening of the 17th. Just at daybreak on the 18th I woke, and had just said to myself: 'the day is come' when it was said to me very clearly and distinctly, as it were inside my head: 'The day of death is better than the day of birth.'—You may imagine what a comfort that was to me. The verse of which this sentence gives the spirit is the first of Ecclesiastes 7, a book I have not studied very much.

. . . . .

She was received into the Roman Catholic Church on September 24, 1896.

If those who loved her but could not see their way to follow her, were in the first instance pained at her conversion, more mature consideration reconciled them to the change. They recognised the advantage to her of the consolidation of the home life by religious as well as personal sympathy; of repose, so much needed by her after a troublous life, and to be gained by reliance upon authority; of the benefit to her of sacramental doctrine and practice; and at least they realised and admitted that the final change had been for the better. Whether, had her early experience of the English Church been more favourable, or had it presented itself to her later in its more developed and more attractive form, she would have found in it satisfaction for her needs, it is useless to discuss. I am not out for controversy, least of all in this connexion, and am content to feel assured that she found what she sought, and was satisfied. Having joined the Roman Church, it was certain that she would derive from it all the best



it had to offer, and that both her nature and her intelligence would develop from her creed what was most conducive to the highest spiritual life ; — that the *Anima naturaliter Christiana* would find its appropriate nurture therein. I, too, can bear witness to this : that never were our talks and correspondence on matters philosophical and religious so intimate and so sympathetic as after her conversion.

It was indeed inevitable that she should wish that others should find the peace and security to which she had attained ; and, though not by nature prone to controversy and proselytism, she could not fail to advocate the conversion of those she specially loved. To one of these she wrote not long before her death :

You say most truly that we have the essentials of Christianity ;—and, that being so, I find it difficult to understand why anyone who values these does not take the short step which would unite him at once to the whole mass of Christians who have possessed Christ in his Sacred Humanity from the first Mass in the Upper Chamber to the Masses said this morning. I long that such a one as you should be able to say, as I do, with the Psalmist, ‘ He hath shown me marvellous kindness in a strong city.’ One may not like some things in the architecture of the battlements ; but, once inside, all is warm and homelike.

It was natural to her that she should welcome any evidence that the sect she had so lately left was not wholly unsympathetic with the Church which she had joined, and she loved to find a similarity in the devotions of the Salvation Army to those to which she had been recently introduced. She writes to Father Browne, S.J., whom she has mentioned in the letter to her stepmother quoted above :

The Salvationists, many of them, are kept out of the Church by nothing but want of opportunity of knowing anything about it. They have far less of the 'Protestant lie' about them than any other non-Catholic body; and Catholic devotions, such as those to the Sacred Heart, the Precious Blood, and others they can understand, are just like sparks to tinder. Their religion consists entirely in something similar which they have somehow excogitated. I could give you dozens of the short choruses they sing on their knees morning, noon, and night, which could hardly be distinguished from our short indulgenced prayers. Here is one :

Give me a heart like Thine :  
By thy wonderful power,  
By Thy grace every hour,  
Give me a heart like Thine.

Such evidence was grateful to her not merely as implying essential sympathy, but as offering prospects of conversion.

Her hopes for the general conversion of England are implied in the following extract from a letter of hers to Father Browne :

Lister and Monica went to the Canterbury pilgrimage. It was larger than ever, and there was incense in the procession. Great interest was excited by a tiny acolyte, who apparently belonged to nobody, and, having left his little cap and jacket at the station, flitted about all day in his scarlet cassock and white cotta. As he played round and about the old cathedral, the Catholics said : ' There is the first butterfly of our summer ' ; and a clever Catholic authoress, who was watching the little creature climbing about the buttresses and running in and out of the building, while the hot air danced upon the stones, said : ' The

grey cathedral seemed to vibrate with delight, nay, to purr a welcome to the first Catholic acolyte who had made so free with it for many a long year.

It will not seem strange to those who knew her that the idea of the Divine Motherhood should have specially appealed to her, and should have inspired the following, almost the only, verses she seems to have written.

White lilies, snowy wells,  
Emblems of Her who dwells  
In light and brightness,  
Why from each calyx gleams  
A golden streak that seems  
To mar its whiteness ?

Methinks the lilies say :  
' These petals white as day  
Must needs enfold,  
To bear a likeness meet  
Of Mary, pure and sweet,  
The Mother's heart of gold.'

None of those who were with her during her last illness could fail to recognise with unbounded gratitude the loving care and devotion of those who attended to her—of Canon Brenan, who was prepared to make any sacrifice for her spiritual comfort; and of the Sisters of Hope, who were to her not merely nurses but friends and chaplains—devotion which testified to the tender unselfishness which their religion had fostered. This, and the unfailing support of those nearest to her, gave alleviation to her sufferings; but it was her own happy nature and confident faith which enabled her to face the approach of death with equanimity and calm.



She died supported by the offices of the Church and by a special telegram of benediction from the Pope, which reached her the day before her death.

Looking back at the whole history of her religious life, one cannot but feel that the changes she underwent, crudely and unsympathetically stated, might be taken to imply vacillation and caprice ; nor should I wish to underrate the advantages of remaining in the Communion in which one may have been born. But, having regard to all the circumstances of her life, to me at least there appears to have been a natural, perhaps an inevitable, evolution ;—one which implies no slur upon the essential consistency of her nature.

### *Journalism*

Between 1860 and 1870 Mr. George Smith, of the firm of Smith & Elder, a neighbour of the Drummonds at Hampstead, made their acquaintance, and introduced them to Frederick Greenwood, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of which the firm were owners and publishers. As will be seen in Mrs. Drummond's recollections (pp. 257–259), a cousin of Maurice Drummond, herself an authoress, had wished him to write, as she thought him specially qualified for literary work. His appointment of Receiver to the Metropolitan Police was onerous only as regards responsibility, and left him plenty of leisure ; and under the auspices, and with the encouragement of the proprietor and editor, he became a constant

contributor to the *Pall Mall*, writing for it, almost daily, a number of 'Occasional Notes.'

For these he showed a special aptitude, as they gave opportunity for the display of an incisive and somewhat sardonic humour, which he possessed in a remarkable degree, while he was not wanting in the literary tact required to give to each note its proper epigrammatic turn.

To supply a 'daily tale' of notes was, no doubt, less irksome than to furnish one of mere jokes (the burden of which task is humorously recorded by Charles Lamb), seeing that the field from which appropriate subjects could be gathered was almost unlimited. Material might be found not merely in current topics but by research in foreign and provincial newspapers, pamphlets, etc. If all these sources failed and the bricks had to be made without straw, it was always possible to have recourse to an imaginary correspondent, who could be dealt with as dexterously as he was ingeniously invented. But the newspapers were the happiest hunting-ground; and of these a vast number from all quarters and of every sort were daily and weekly received and examined for topics and suggestions. In this research Mrs. Drummond's knowledge of foreign languages was of the utmost service; and she also was herself a contributor to the same paper and to many others, among them to the *Echo*, the *Inquirer*, the *Examiner*, *Truth*, and the *Academy*, for which she wrote reviews, translations, and notes. A record and specimen of her press-work will be found among her recollections (pp. 267-271). Literary work of this type seemed to come to her naturally; and, though she improved by practice,



she was from the first incapable of careless or slipshod writing. I can recollect with what warmth F. Greenwood spoke of this and her other accomplishments, as also the very high value he put on her husband's contributions, on which he published an encomium in an account of the paper under his editorship.

This activity was not limited to the parents : the younger generation followed suit. The eldest daughter, Adelaide Maura, wrote for the *Pall Mall*, *Saturday Review*, *Globe*, and many other papers ; and to me at least it seemed that her natural endowment for literary work was remarkable. There was shown in her writings a rare vein of whimsical humour, and a genuine literary touch, which, duly developed, might have rendered her a distinguished writer. I can remember the delight with which from time to time one pounced on some anonymous letter or note in the evening paper—how one felt sure that it could be by no hand but hers, and found one's assumption confirmed. Such writings held their own at a time when the humorous element in the *Pall Mall Gazette* was more conspicuous than before or since—when Grenville Murray, J. M. Barrie, and others were to the fore, and the standard was high. Unfortunately her health never permitted sustained effort, her work was fitful and intermittent, and she failed to be effective in due proportion to her natural endowments. She died in 1892. I am glad of the opportunity of paying this tribute to a talent which, through misfortune, failed to secure more general recognition. Her brother also wrote short stories and articles of considerable merit, while the younger

sisters conducted a magazine called *Jupiter Pluvius*—no doubt because it afforded amusement for wet weather—to which a few intimate friends were permitted to contribute. Of this I was accorded the freedom, which I greatly valued. It admitted critical notices, and stories. The former were characterised by a direct conciseness which might be emulated by the professional critic to the advantage and relief of the reader : as this on a novel : ‘ This is a provoking book. You go on waiting for the point to come, which it never does.’ The latter showed a freshness of invention in quite unexpected directions. I remember, for example, a harrowing narrative of a bride choked by her own wedding-cake at her own wedding-breakfast : the situation implied a juvenile view of bridal privileges, and emphasised their liability to abuse. No wonder, as the story proceeds to point out, that the bereaved bridegroom experienced a permanent antipathy to the comestible : it was, in fact, the betrayal of this distaste that occasioned the narration of the tragedy. The magazine, indeed, was by no means devoid of interest, and of a unique quality which was fully appreciated by the mother of its writers. She, in fact, occupied the position of consulting editress, as appears in the following letter to a friend :

Pray look in upon us any afternoon, and have some more seed-cake, or, still better, *bread and jam*, and we will consider your propositions with regard to the Magazine. In fact I rather want help ; for the editress is in a very arbitrary mood, and wants to reject a mild serial by a very mild friend of mine.

She quotes the practice of Dr. Appleton<sup>1</sup> and other editors with whom she is acquainted, and does not allow that greater leniency is required in the present case. I have obtained a delay.

It may be assumed that, if she deprecated undue severity and exclusiveness, she never exercised restraint on what might amuse the writer or the reader.

Mrs. Drummond embarked on her own literary work with her usual thoroughness and diligence: it was valuable to her not merely for the considerable income she was able to earn, but still more as a distraction from the cares and troubles of life. Her journalistic writings show skill in literary expression, and tact and facility in adapting her work to the tone of each of the papers to which she contributed. Possibly the need of such adaptation, at a time when the approved journalistic manner was more artificial than in later years, was not the most favourable condition of style. Certainly I should claim that her recollections and letters give at least as good a criterion of her literary powers as her writings for the Press.

### *Drawing*

She has fully recorded the details of her education in drawing; and she has left enough examples to show the proficiency to which she attained. There is

<sup>1</sup> The founder and first editor of the *Academy*, and a near neighbour.



a book called 'Baby' (1853), drawings from which are reproduced here (p. 250). This is probably one of the best examples of her work, inspired as it is by the motherly feelings which were so strong in her. There is also a printed play, '*Dewdrop and Glorio, or the Sleeping Beauty*, written and dedicated to Lord John Russell by V.R. (Lady Victoria Russell), illustrated by the Hon. Mrs. Drummond. Acted at Pembroke Lodge Dec. 23 and 28, 1858,' to which Lord John wrote an epilogue<sup>1</sup>; and a sketch-book presented by her to her sister-in-law, Theresa Drummond, in 1843; and many humorous sketches are introduced into her letters. In most of these, least perhaps in the 'Baby' series, the early Victorian manner is apparent, the work recalling that of Mulready, her teacher, of Etty, and others of the same school.

She illustrated a manuscript volume of poems by her stepmother for presentation to her stepfather on his birthday. It is entitled '*Rhymes by Fanny Russell*, illustrated by Adelaide Drummond, given to J. R. Aug. 18, 1851.' It contains some of the very best of her work, and shows a greater range of subject and manner than anything else of hers that I have seen.<sup>2</sup> The volume was lent to Samuel Rogers, who acknowledged it in the following letter<sup>3</sup> to Lord John Russell:

April 15, 1852.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—How could you entrust me with anything so precious, so invaluable, that when

<sup>1</sup> See Walpole's *Life of Lord John Russell*, Vol. II. p. 280.

<sup>2</sup> Selections from these illustrations are given at the ends of chapters.

<sup>3</sup> Printed in *Memoir of Lady John Russell*, pp. 119–120.



I leave it I run back to see if it is not lost.—The work of two kindred minds which nor time, nor chance, could sever, long may it live a monument of all that is beautiful, and long may *they* live to charm and to instruct when I am gone and forgotten.

Yours ever,  
S. R.

It may be noted that a taste for and proficiency in drawing was hereditary in the Lister family. Her father, mother, aunts, and brother were all excellent amateurs; and some at least were capable, had circumstances favoured, of gaining distinction as professionals.

*Politics*<sup>1</sup>

Though the daughter of a Tory peer, she came at a very early age under the influence of Lord John Russell, and seems, during his life, to have been in complete sympathy with his opinions and statesmanship. Whether her views on the political and social problems which presented themselves after his death were more radical than his would have been, must be left to conjecture. Her sympathies were consistently democratic; but she does not seem to have given more than a moderate attention to politics; and the allusions to them in her correspondence are few. She was also free from the social exclusiveness which was prevalent in her early years, and came definitely to consider that association with the actual work of the world was the best ethical training.

She always expressed a warm affection for King

<sup>1</sup> The reader will kindly refrain from the assumption that Mrs. Drummond's family shared her political opinions.

Edward VII, whose kindness and geniality appealed to her strongly. This feeling, however, was of personal rather than of political import.

The following selections from her letters, taken in connexion with the recollections, give a sufficient idea of her sentiments in such matters :

The Lawn : April 12, 1854.

MY DEAREST MAMMA,—As soon as I saw the *Times* yesterday I knew that it was not likely you could leave Papa. It must have been a most anxious and unhappy day to you. And it was so to me for his sake—and I could hear nothing. I trust that Papa's great reward is begun. I hope that the great admiration and affection which this great action<sup>1</sup> has called forth towards him from the whole country will be encouraging to him. I know he must feel very happy. Yesterday I felt nothing but great grief that this measure, which is as good and as sure to establish his future fame as the former Reform Bill, was likely to be given up for a time ; but now I am very happy and proud and I think there will be both the great glory of giving it up when Papa thought it right to do so, and the measure itself in a happier time. I should think that the effect of this will outdo the fondest expectations of his friends as to his being understood and appreciated by the people of England. Don't suppose, however, that I am not vexed, because I am, very bitterly, having lately studied the measure well and admired it in consequence ; but the moral greatness of giving

<sup>1</sup> Lord John Russell had given notice to introduce a great measure of Reform on February 13, 1854. On March 3 he announced his decision to postpone the second reading till April 27, and on April 8 wrote to Lord Aberdeen resigning his seat in the Cabinet, which resignation he withdrew on April 11. See Walpole's *Life of Lord John Russell*, Vol. II. pp. 204–210.

it up to a sense of duty invites my admiration to such a degree that I will not think about that. And after all it will be brought forward again? Give my best love to him and believe me, my dearest Mamma,

Your very affectionate daughter,  
ADELAIDE DRUMMOND.

Referring to the Irish question she writes to Lady Russell :

Nov. 20, 1886.

I have never had a doubt since Michelstown (and before that too) that Home Rule must come. We cannot in these days hold a nation by force, at any rate not a European nation; and we shall have to 'let the people go.' Whether they will go altogether is a question—also whether they will be happy and peaceable when all is done; but we are certainly bound to try the plan recommended by a majority of Irishmen. It is one of the trials attached to the shortness of our lives that we can never know the result of so many existing political combinations; but I think that, if we were allowed to attain a patriarchal age, the best plan for the pacification of Ireland would still be left in uncertainty. I don't think the land is able to support the people if they paid no rent at all; and, if the majority govern by means of Home Rule, Ulster will always be extremely difficult to manage—quite as difficult as Ireland has been to us. But perhaps something has been devised to satisfy Ulster.<sup>1</sup>

The following refers to the last meeting between Lady Russell and Queen Victoria. The reader will be reminded of Lord Tennyson's letters to the Queen.

<sup>1</sup> See also recollections and letters on the same subject, pp. 292-302.



*To Lady Russell.*

21 Broadhurst Gardens, March 18, 1893.

. . . . .

I am so interested in your meeting with the Queen. She must now seem nothing but a very old friend to you. I have sometimes wondered whether one could feel afraid of her now. I think even I should not. Age and similarity of sorrows make things appear so different. I like to hear about her, and I am sure your heart warmed to her. She does so belong to '*le bon vieux temps quand nous étions si malheureuses*,' and she knew your best and dearest intimately. Her great simplicity (judging from her writings) must be most refreshing. I suppose it is this quality that has kept her so good in spite of the really awful greatness of her position and its intense loneliness.

. . . . .

ADELAIDE DRUMMOND.

And to Lady Agatha Russell, on the subject of the Boer War, she writes :

Hyde Park Mansions : Jan. 4, 1900.

. . . . .

I see that you have made up your mind that this terrible war is an unrighteous one. I am very much afraid you are right ; and this makes all the anxieties and sacrifices seem very bitter. Of course there are some things that needed improvement ; but surely war could have been avoided ; and this is *such* a war ! One feels as much *quite* for the Boers as for our men ; and indeed the spirit in which the Boers entered the conflict was very much higher and better than that in which England (especially London)



went into it. I could not pray, as we are invited to do, for the success of our arms, but for peace. Lister laughs at me and says 'don't let it be "at any price."' "

. . . . .

On the death of Edward VII she writes to her daughter :

. . . . .

You were in a good place to see all the news about the King. I saw the worst of it in the *Daily Graphic*. It is very appalling—the tremendous contrast from extreme activity to this complete blank—and his being taken away at this particularly difficult time, and the passing out of life of such a genial and benevolent spirit. All this does not make for the cheerfulness of which we have felt so much need in the last few years.

And on the accession of George V she writes to the same daughter :

'May' is all very well for a Princess, but the association with the merry month is not so suitable for a Queen. Do not you feel how delightful it is to feel that we cannot lose our *real* King except by our own fault. But, oh, I do agree with you in grieving with all my heart for that dear, good, kind King Edward, and in praying that he may find favour with the Author of all kindness and generous dealing.

. . . . .

Lis went early this morning to hear the proclamation at Temple Bar. I was thinking yesterday how strangely alike everybody looked walking up the road, when it struck me that it was because literally everybody was in mourning. I think this loss is felt

much more as a personal one than that of Queen Victoria. That death was *very* impressive, but the tender feeling was not uppermost as it is with us now ; and the fact seems to pervade all the everyday doings which used to suggest all sorts of prosperity and festivity. Lister says the general opinion of George V is very favourable. Perhaps he will rehabilitate the uncomfortable line of Georges.

She writes to her youngest daughter in 1906 :

I should scarcely think the House of Lords will last long ; and yet, again, an attack on that old rattle-trap might be the signal for another swing of the pendulum.

. . . . .

I do not myself look upon this General Election result as a catastrophe : it seems to me the most really people's election we have ever had. The working man seems at last to have learnt to vote, and to vote in his own interest, not in that of other people. Now there is some chance that the enormously rich ground landlords will have to pay for some of their unearned profit, and that we small people will not be so heavily taxed . . .

### *Hobbies*

As she has related in her recollections (p. 250) she had from childhood possessed a faculty of interesting herself with 'hobbies,' such as shell collections and an aquarium ; and when she was forced to content herself with a sedentary life, the latter cult became of considerable importance to her ; her interest in this, as in her other hobbies, was of a special kind. It was not mainly that of a naturalist, though

accurate observation revealed to her processes of nature which were well worthy of the attention of scientific students. For instance, she noted and made careful sketches of the fissiparous evolution of the Planarian worm, which were sent to and appreciated by Professor Ray Lankester. But, generally speaking, her interest in these objects was that of a humanist who found a dramatic and anthropomorphic interest in all that passed within the domain of this microcosm. Just as in early years her shells had not been merely a collection but were transformed into an organised community with diversity of rank (pp. 144 and 157), so all that occurred in the aquarium—the contests, the cannibalism, the oppression of the small by the great—was observed by her with a human and humorous interest. Her letters abound in descriptions of such doings, the actors in the drama being dubbed with names characteristic of their performances. She writes to her daughter :

The favourite beasts are well ; but some ‘slaters’ have been ‘tapped’ [i.e. have had their insides sucked out]. This probably accounts for the prosperity of Ethel, Robert the Devil, Devillia, and the rest. Emilion [one of the nursing Sisters] went early to plant the postulant Ethel gave her : she had to remove an old postulant whose vocation had not been prosperous, whereupon it scratched her badly.’ . . . ‘I am looking forward to a pleasant morning with beasts. May has sent me some young slaters, and Burton some long-nosed snails, and Sister has recommended the ‘private school’ being set up. The fact is, she wants to keep me in bed till the week of my cold is quite over ; and this is difficult with flourishing aquariums in the drawing-room.



It may be explained that the 'private school' was a small aquarium which served as a feeder to the larger seminaries, and which, being more portable, could be moved into her bedroom. Again she writes: 'I have seen two very young purses; also some children of Adam. Eve is apparently still in bed.'

Other creatures figure as 'Jane,' 'the young mother,' 'Apollonia,' and 'Polycarp.' There was much humorous speculation in the family as to the sensations of the inhabitants of the aquarium under the study to which they were subjected. The idea which prevailed was that, when under observation, they enjoyed the privilege of beholding a beautiful blue moon (her eye) which revealed itself at irregular intervals and for variable periods; its appearance foretokening beneficent intervention — the shifting to more congenial positions, the supply of succulent weed and surfeits of ants' eggs, and the removal of unwholesome and depressing corpses.

There was, however, sad to relate, one occasion on which such prognostications were falsified, and when the appearance of the blue moon heralded a cataclysm. My sister-in-law relates the tragedy as follows :

Not the least important part of the annual migration to and from Hastings was the packing up of the aquarium. Insects and weeds, carefully selected, were put into a tin fish-kettle, the aquarium itself having been carefully packed. The shape which commended itself most to my mother was the shallow round 'crystalliser,' used by electricians, by means



of which observation of the insects was made easier. The aquarium was moved successfully from London to Hastings and back again for many years, with one exception. The day after our return to the flat was spent by my mother in reorganising the aquarium, removing the survivors of the journey from the fish-kettle, and 'decently disposing' of the remains of those whose age or feeble constitution had caused them to succumb to the rigours of travel. On one occasion the whole day had been spent in this work of mercy; and at the end of it the clean crystalliser, with fresh weed and clear water, was full of happy 'dibble-di-dits,' 'Planarians,' snails, 'cyclops,' worms, etc., revelling in the joys of home. The 'beautiful blue moon' which shone so often on their felicity was in the ascendant—in fact, rivetted to the side of the glass. Suddenly a loud crack was heard: my mother gave a lamentable cry, and the whole bottom of the crystalliser came out. In an instant all was death and disaster: the drawing-room was swamped, and the floor covered with weed full of expiring, struggling insects. For years after my mother used to laugh at the part I took in the tragedy. When I heard these sad sounds, I rushed across the room, and, without saying a word, held her in my arms. The whole catastrophe was too great for words, and we stood silently clasping each other in the midst of the wreckage. To me it was more harrowing than to my mother: she was better able to appreciate the humour of it; but I was cut to the heart at the thought of all her little labours through the day, and the destruction of her treasured beasts, just at the moment when she had settled herself to enjoy the result of her toil. Our nun, who was a guardian to the aquarium, came in and hastily did what she could to repair the damage. A good many of the inhabitants were rescued, much exhausted; and my mother, with the remnant of her aquarium in a fern-pot, was taken off to bed. Some

days afterwards, our maid came to me and said in a low solemn voice : ‘ I often find some dried-up slaters and worms on the drawing-room carpet. I haven’t told Mrs. Drummond. It’s better not.’ I said very solemnly, ‘ Much better not.’ But all the same I told my mother, and the thought of how we had tried to spare the mourner’s feelings added to the amusement she felt over the whole tragedy.

Her attitude towards the doings of her neighbours was not dissimilar. One of the windows of the flat she for many years occupied in Hyde Park Mansions commanded a view of a rather squalid neighbourhood near the Edgware Road Station ; and she found an unfailing source of interest in watching the drama of life displayed or suggested by this, as it were, human aquarium, which was not the less interesting to her because it worked out mainly in the realm of imagination. It had indeed the superior attraction for her over its animal equivalent that it appealed to the democratic sympathies which were so strong in her ; and if the manifestations were—as was not seldom the case—sordid or even criminal, they gave occasion for the display of that humorous tolerance which was so characteristic of her. She writes to her daughter :

I had a very good day up yesterday, and found the window very amusing. Curious fashions were to the fore—some of the really enormous hats. I saw a Burne Street girl on Sunday with a very good get-up—short-waisted Empire frock and the new mushroom hat. Then a motor was in trouble, and a facetious taxi-cab chauffeur was taking a little rest and smoke in our street, and had much to say to the hansom-cabman—with much play of feature and



hands. The children also were very amusing. It is touching to see the indomitable pluck with which they manage to play the most unsuitable games possible. Two boys went across Chapel Street trundling iron hoops, and I saw one boy plant a most powerful kick into the midst of a group of young ladies between the ages of five and ten who were watching the games with mouths open, fingers in mouths, and toes well turned in. In short I was well amused.

. . . . .

I thought you would be interested in *Reggiori*.<sup>1</sup> Yesterday I saw the first patient come out wiping his mouth; then a waiter appeared flourishing his napkin. Then there was a luncheon party, a young man and three ladies, and the whole thing was in full swing. In the evening Mary, who was out on an errand, was taken by the station policeman to look in: she said it was lovely inside—walls richly decorated, electric light in three colours, and there was a large dinner-party of gentlemen in evening dress and ten waiters about. The policeman spoke with bated breath of the sum it had cost, and told Mary he had five shillings a week extra to keep the boys off; and indeed they do not congregate up there as they used to do, for Reggiori is exactly opposite the station, so he can pounce in a moment. The porter has now been sweeping the pavement in front of the Café. The policeman will not allow vans to stand there and obstruct the view of it from the station.

In a more serious vein she writes to Lady Russell:

Hyde Park Mansions: Feb. 9, 1896.

. . . . .

Just now I am thinking most of the extraordinary

<sup>1</sup> A new restaurant near A.D.'s flat.

pronouncement of Lord Salisbury<sup>1</sup> on the subject of temperance. He seems to be afraid to touch it, in spite of his great majority ; but surely something must be done, and that soon. If Lord Salisbury would only take a flat above or below me and look into Burne St. occasionally, I think he would like to try a little legislation.

And no doubt the idea of temperance suggested the following words in the same letter :

Cardinal Manning's life has been terribly annoying to Catholics, and, I think, disappointing to everybody. Mr. Purcell is, I believe, a strong Tory, and has no sympathy with Manning's best points—his democratic tenderness and intense solicitude about the poor.

If in the case of the aquarium the sentiments of the observed towards the observer could be but conjectured, this was not so with its human equivalent. In this relation there was established a reciprocal sympathy on more equal terms, which led to some interesting friendships.

The daughter who lived with her writes :

The window at the flat was a great joy to my mother, and we heard afterwards that many people whom she never knew used to look out for her sweet face when they passed. She had many friends, too, whom she made by sitting at the window : a Jewish furniture dealer and his family became great friends :

<sup>1</sup> On February 7, 1896, Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, in reply to a deputation from the Church of England Temperance Society, stated that they could hold out no prospect of dealing with the licensing question during the ensuing Session.



when we first went to the flat the eldest boy was a baby : he used to be held up to wave his hand at the lady opposite, and, after a time, his sister came upon the scene, and then a brother. By this time little messages had gone backwards and forwards ; and, before long, the little family used to call, especially at any epoch-making event in their lives : the first day the eldest boy wore trousers was on the occasion of a wedding, and he and his sister were sent across to display their magnificence—the trousers, the Eton coat, and chimney-pot hat, and the little sister's beautiful white silk bonnet and dress. The other window commanded a view of the street and the flats opposite. From that she became acquainted with another little family, who used to hold up any new possession they thought worthy of her notice for her to see, and that little family also at last came to pay calls.

There was a road-sweeper, a young man whom she never saw to speak to, but who got to look out for her when he came on his rounds, and she used to nod and smile when he touched his hat.

There were also, alas ! other neighbours who were not desirable acquaintances ; it was a ' mean street ' and some of the poor creatures who haunted it in the evenings were objects of great compassion to my mother. It was for the sake of these that she would never have the curtain drawn across that window, because, from the street, our picture of Our Lady, with the blue lamp burning in front of it, was plainly to be seen. My mother built great hopes on the silent appeal of the Immaculate One to the outcasts who passed and repassed so many times.

This picture was, on the occasion of a public procession round the parish in honour of Our Lady, hung outside my mother's window, securely

fastened to the outside railing of the balcony, and surrounded with lights and flowers. This caused an immense sensation among the inhabitants of the flats opposite, who did not know till later the meaning of this demonstration:—one of our little neighbours asked her mother ‘if Mrs. Drummond could be a suffragette!’ When the procession arrived, the mystery was cleared up, and great was the interest when a halt was made for the ‘Hail Mary’ to be recited before the picture.

The attitude of humorous toleration showed itself in her relation with her children. She was tenderly alive to the feelings of childhood, and apt to take a humorous and sympathetic view of its vagaries; and, if this tendency disarmed her as a disciplinarian, the defect was atoned for by the example of unselfish devotion, as well as by the gentle influence which her personality exercised on those who experienced and were able to appreciate it.<sup>1</sup>

The list of ‘hobbies’ would be by no means complete without some mention of her study of foreign languages. She had been carefully instructed in French and German, of which her knowledge, both lingual and literary, was thorough. She could also read Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and Flemish; and this proficiency had been of great use to her in her journalistic career. But she also loved the study

<sup>1</sup> In looking over her letters to me I could not help being struck by her description of another, as specially applicable to herself:

‘She was one of the number, diminishing I fear, of women who do not preach or try to impress people, but who *are* what they want others to be, and *that* does it.’

of languages for the sake merely of overcoming the preliminary difficulties, and gaining some idea of their relationship to others which she had mastered. As a record of her method of self-instruction I may give the following letter to her stepmother :

I F. Hyde Park Mansions : Aug. 19, 1891.

. . . . .

You will be amused to hear that I am getting on very nicely with Swedish. The plan I adopt with new languages is to choose some book that has already been translated into a language I already know, and which has some affinity with the new-comer. For instance I am reading F. Bremer's *Grannarne* (Neighbours) with a very good German translation of the novel; and, after reading half through, the language is beginning to open out delightfully. That German translation would be a very nice first reading book for learners of German. It is obliged, in following the original, to avoid the very cumbrous sentences and acutely compound words in which our friends are apt to run riot when they write original matter. There are many interesting things in Swedish—much light thrown on the formation of many English, Lowland Scotch, and Northern English words. I had a lovely time a few years ago learning Platt Deutsch, the dialect in which Fritz Reuter's novels are written. This dialect is equally curious, and suggestive of one's own. I do not know how to pronounce it, but I read it off in German.

She even devoted considerable time to that abortive attempt at an artificial language, the invention of 'Volapuk'; her interest being, no doubt,



due to its anticipated service to the Salvation Army, of which, as I have said, she was for a time a devotee.

So some part, at least, of her linguistic study may properly be included in her list of hobbies.

### *Humour*

The sense of humour evinced in her hobbies did not appear only in these, nor in the more usual manifestations of the faculty. She was, indeed, fond of amusing stories, which she told with a manner which did the fullest justice to them. Those who knew her will not readily forget the 'arch' and 'conductive' mode in which they were related—the sly twinkle of the eye, the deepening of the voice till it sounded an almost guttural note as the point was approached. The humorous stories which this volume contains will be necessarily more effective to those who can supply by memory the manner in which she would have told them: they will realise, for instance, that the Irvingite Apostle (p. 236), reduced to speechlessness by her anecdote, was overwhelmed at least as much by the manner of its relation as by its intrinsic wit. But neither this gift of storytelling, nor her appreciation of and response to the humorous side of life, her charming, caressing playfulness in family and social relations—important as all were—exhausted the scope nor the benefit of this endowment of hers. Her humour, being essentially genial and human, implied, as it should, a just appreciation of 'values.' The minor *contretemps* and frictions of life were appraised by her at their proper



worth ; and occurrences which, to the matter-of-fact temperament, would have been the cause of irritation or of heart-burning were transformed in the alembic of her humour into occasions of tolerant amusement and sympathetic indulgence.

This attitude of hers was an adequate panacea for the smaller ills of life. Against serious troubles, of which she had to endure more perhaps than the usual tale—certainly more than seemed her due—she had for her protection a thoroughly wholesome nature, an indomitable hopefulness, and a power of detaching herself by absorption in interesting occupation. In opposing such troubles, the weapons natural to her were patience, tact, and gentle conciliation ; and, if these were in themselves weak, there was behind them a persistence and tenacity of purpose which gave them a special power, and often made them prevail. But though the least combative of mortals, she could and did—when strong action was forced upon her, as when a definite call was made on her in her children's interests—show an adequacy of resource and a power of will which could not have been exceeded in a more masterful temperament. One could not help comparing her in such cases to those animals which, naturally timid, yet under the influence of the *στοργή* of parenthood, transform themselves into the most fearless of combatants. Nor in her case was strong action the result, as with the animal, of a reckless impulse. She fully realised all the consequences she must incur, and deliberately faced them, prepared to pay the inevitable penalty to the full.

*Conclusion*

If I have dwelt on what to me were her most striking characteristics, there were others scarcely less worthy of note. Though gentle and even diffident, prone to adopt an attitude of deference when one of superiority might have been justified, she showed in her manner a mild dignity which exercised control on all natures but those of the coarsest fibre. Violation of the courtesy due to her, which seldom occurred, condemned the offender as obtuse and unworthy. She was uniformly charitable in her judgments. In all her recollections—those printed, those for other reasons suppressed—there occurs no word which could injure; and this kindliness was in no degree the result of any defect in her critical faculty. On the contrary, she was acutely alive to weaknesses and absurdities in conduct or in manner. But for such sensitiveness, it was inconceivable that her own manners should have been so perfect; and this perfection depended not merely on social accomplishment but had the further charm of being obviously based upon essential geniality and goodwill.

I have already spoken of her attitude towards the ills of life, both the smaller and the greater. During her last twenty years there was little to endure except constantly increasing weakness and ill-health. This she faced with unfailing patience and equanimity, and never permitted it to impair her cheerfulness, nor to dull the brightness of her manner; and, what with her hobbies and her interest in the

younger generations (she lived to see her great-grand-child), she succeeded in preserving the heart of a child to the end.

She confidently asserted that these last twenty years of her life had been the happiest she had known ; and this notwithstanding that almost all of them had been spent under conditions of health which to most natures would have been intolerable. Those who were with her knew that this was no more than the truth. Even to the last she maintained the serenity of her nature, undimmed by the fear of death, and was willing to face a prolongation of life (which might well have seemed but a protraction of misery), not merely for the sake of others, but for her own.

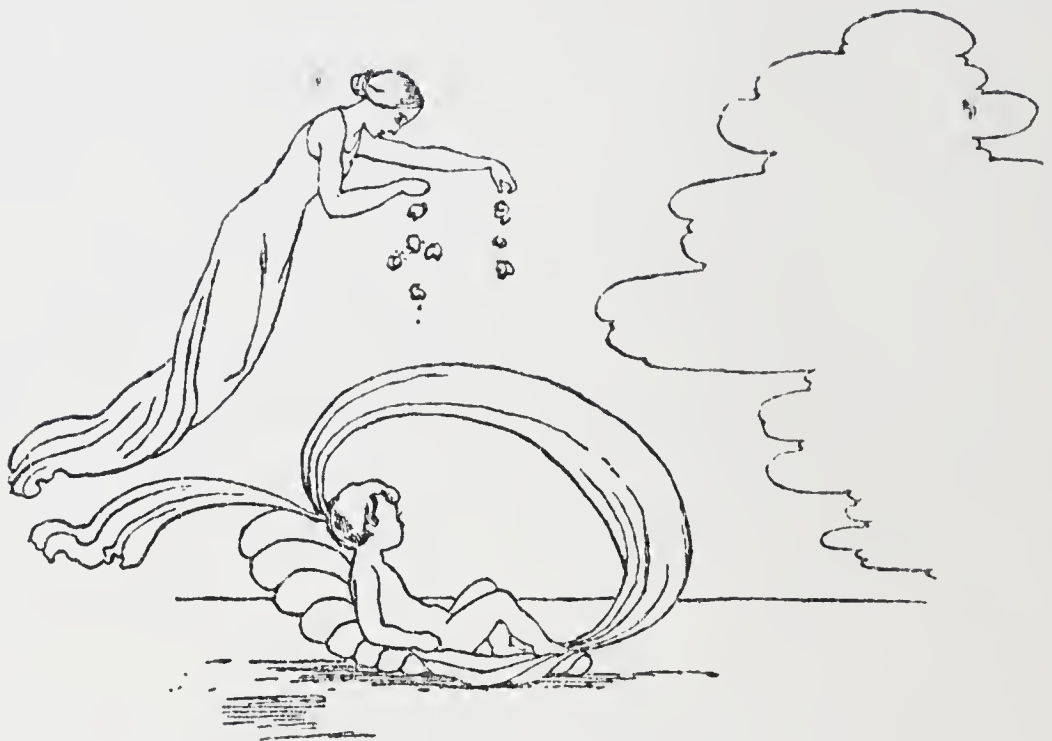
I am told that one of the main conditions of canonisation in the Church in which her later years were passed is evidence of happiness in suffering ; and in this respect at least few can have been more abundantly qualified than she was. No doubt the deep affection of her family, which she had so abundantly earned, and the care of her nurses, gave her all the support available ; but that she was able warmly to appreciate and profit by these was in itself proof of the essential happiness of her nature.

Looking back at her whole life, those who knew and loved her will recall vivid memories of great accomplishments, social and mental, of bright intelligence and genial humour, of a happy buoyancy which minimised the ills of life and enhanced its pleasures, of absolute devotion to those she loved, and a readiness to endure all things for their sakes. They will find



it impossible to conceive of her as ever having had a selfish thought. All this will be present to their minds ; but the word which will occur first and last, the sum and substance of all, will be that which Queen Victoria used of her as a child : she was a ‘sweet’ woman as she had then been a ‘sweet girl.’<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 152–153.





HON<sup>BLE</sup> ADELAIDE DRUMMOND

RETROSPECT



## CHAPTER I

### ANCESTORS

#### *Life of Mrs Sherwood*

IN the life of Mrs. Sherwood, by her daughter Sophia Kelly, in pp. 44-45, there is the following reference to my grandmother Lister :

‘ At the time, probably May 1782, I became acquainted with a young lady about five or six years older than myself, then residing in Coventry, whence she afterwards went with her father to Lichfield. The mother of Miss Grove was Miss Lucy Sneyd, the sister of the beautiful Honora, whose history is so much mixed up with that of the unfortunate Major André.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Sneyd, the father, was of an old and honourable Staffordshire family. He very much increased his property by speculations in the stocks. About the time my mother resided in Lichfield he was also living there with two sons and five daughters, three of whom were remarkably beautiful. One of

<sup>1</sup> John, Major André (1757-1780) became acquainted with Miss Seward, and, through her, with Honora Sneyd, subsequently the second wife of Richard Lovell Edgeworth. Major André formed an unfortunate association with Benedict Arnold while serving in the American War, and was hanged as a spy. There is a monument to him in Westminster Abbey, to which his remains were transferred in 1821.

these fair daughters married Mr. Grove,<sup>1</sup> a gentleman of independent fortune; and with the daughter of Mrs. Grove I formed an acquaintance. At this time Miss Grove might have been about twelve years of age, and, young as I was, I was then struck with her beauty, which afterwards became celebrated. She married Mr. Lyster of Armitage Park, near Lichfield; and her daughter eventually became the wife of Lord John Russell. Miss Grove had a lovely and most delicate little sister called Susan,<sup>2</sup> who, I believe, never married.'

*Reviews by my Grandfather Lister*

These reviews were sent me, when I was a very little girl, by my Cousin Emma Sneyd. They were written by my Grandfather<sup>3</sup> when he was a very young man, before his marriage to his first wife, Miss Seale. They are written in the stilted style of the day, and give but little idea of his literary attainments, and a still less favourable one of his critical faculty.<sup>4</sup> His

<sup>1</sup> Father of Rev. Edward Hartopp Grove, subsequently Cradock, who married his cousin, Harriett Lister.

<sup>2</sup> She was born August 27, 1770. This was the great-aunt Susan, whose toby collar displeased me so much as a child.— (Note by A.D.)

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Lister of Armitage, A.D.'s mother's father.

<sup>4</sup> If, as appears probable, the above was written in the first publication of *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798, it seems to me that the criticism is more appreciative than might have been expected, seeing that the issue attracted little attention. It is not surprising that the *Ancient Mariner* was unacceptable to a reader used to the eighteenth-century manner.

Of the poems mentioned, all are by Wordsworth, except *The Ancient Mariner* and *The Dungeon*, which are by Coleridge. The



remarks on Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* have not been endorsed by posterity. My grandfather writes to a friend :

‘I have read some ballads to day, and will give you my opinion. I think the *Ancient Mariner* the strangest distempered farrago of nonsense I have ever read. There is an occasional terrible energy, and an assemblage of frightful imagery, that gratify a taste already vitiated in horror and debased by the contagion of the German school. It contains no allegory, no moral, no sentiment, no passion—in short, nothing but that cheerless, unintelligible dreadfulness that we feel on the recollection of a frightful dream. Not so the beautiful, exquisitely beautiful, poem, *The Female Vagrant*. The pathos that pervades the whole of it has made me fairly cry. It tells of war, and its horrors (*sic*). *Goody Blake and Harry Gill* is well told, with a kind of awful pleasantry that seizes one's mind very strongly. The next lines are pretty; *Simon Lee*, and *The Anecdote for Fathers*, very poor indeed. *We are seven* is as beautiful as it is simple, and made me cry again. *The Thorn* contains beautiful natural description, but the story is childishly improbable. *The Last of the Flock* is a whining piece of nothing. *The Dungeon* is a morose piece of modern antipathy to the rigours of justice. *The Mad*

latter was *Alver's* soliloquy in the drama first called *Osorio*, and later *Remorse*, in the appendix to which it was reprinted. It was originally written in 1797.

Of the poems by Wordsworth all but *The Convict* are reprinted in his collected works, and all under the same titles; except that *The Female Vagrant* is called *Guilt and Sorrow, or Incidents on Salisbury Plain*, while *The Mad Mother* takes its new title from the first words : ‘Her eyes are wild.’

*Mother* is very fine indeed. The *Idiot Boy* has nothing tolerable in it except his account of the owls and the moon at the end :

The cocks did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,  
And the sun did shine so cold.

Nothing tolerable occurs till we come to *The Indian Woman's Complaint*, which is a very fine subject but indifferently handled. Of *The Convict* I will say the same. The *Lines on Tintern Abbey* are very good, but perhaps too metaphysical to give you much pleasure. You like, I know, to have your friend's opinion. Whether just or not, the observation of friendship always gives an interest to the things we read. When you have read these things, tell me where you differ from me and why. I hope your lively imagination is not caught by that horrible bugbear *The Mariner*. Adieu, adieu.'

*Autobiographical Notes*<sup>1</sup> [by Harriett Lister]

'I was born at Armitage Park, six miles from Lichfield, on June 18, 1809, the third child of my mother, Mary Lister (*née* Grove) and the fourth of my father, Thomas Lister, who had one son, Thomas Henry, by his first wife, Miss Seale, of Mount Boon, Dartmouth, Devon. My father married my mother, Mary Grove, Jan. 31, 1805. She was the eldest daughter of William Grove of Hoinly, who was M.P. for Coventry 1741-1761, and was born at Hoinly, August 27, 1770. Her mother was Lucy Sneyd, sister

<sup>1</sup> Extracts from some notes collected by Aunt Harriett for an autobiography she proposed to write. She kept a very full and complete journal almost all her life, but its contents were of such an intimate character that she left orders for its destruction after her death.—(Note by A.D.)

of Edward Sneyd of Byrkley Lodge, and of the two beautiful Miss Sneyds, Honora and Elizabeth, who married consecutively Mr. Edgeworth, father of Maria Edgeworth<sup>1</sup> the authoress. Her two other sisters, Charlotte and Mary, died unmarried, in old age, at Edgeworthstown, as I believe. The clever Mr. Edgeworth managed to monopolise the hearts of all the four sisters. The two beautiful ones he married: the other two plain ones (dear, kind, clever, silly old women as I recollect them) were proud and happy that he would accept their devoted attachment with their fortune! The last died 1840. My mother had two brothers only—Edward of Shenstone Park, four miles from Lichfield (father of my husband, Edward Hartopp Grove, afterwards Cradock), and Thomas, clergyman of Mavesyn Ridware; and one sister, commonly called Aunt Susan, who was an invalid all her life. No wonder she was so. As I write now, it comes over me, with anger and annoyance, what evils were inflicted in the old times (perhaps still) by doctors. For some fancied ailment, headache or neuralgia perhaps, when a child, every tooth in her head was pulled out!

‘One of my early but vague recollections is of rejoicing—I suppose, after the battle of Waterloo;—a large field full of people, whether near Lichfield or at Handsacre, the small Pottery village very near us at Armitage, I cannot say. June 18, 1815, was the Waterloo day (I was six years old that day); but probably the public rejoicings would not take place for some time after the event. My husband, who was then living at Shenstone Park, remembers Lord

<sup>1</sup> Maria Edgeworth's mother was Anna Maria Elers, Richard Lovell Edgeworth's first wife.



Anglesey being drawn in triumph through Lichfield : this was probably after he had recovered from the loss of his leg at Waterloo.

. . . . .  
 ‘I have a dim pleasant recollection of my father’s and mother’s figures being seen as they passed along the gravel walk near our imaginary house [among the laurels], standing to listen with amused looks and to watch what we happy children were enacting there in the child-world of fancy. My parents always walked together arm-in-arm, the old-fashioned way it seemed to me—old-fashioned also in their oneness, always together, full of loving attendance and observance and courtly courtesy.<sup>1</sup> With regard to my happy home, how much distance may lend enchantment I cannot tell. I think I remember it truly ; and all its troubles, discomforts, and pains remain in my mind as clearly as its enjoyments ; but I was not then competent to understand or appreciate its peculiar merits—the love of order, peace, and affection which reigned there ; the high standard of moral and religious principle, inculcated still more by example than by word ; the cheerful inspiriting views of life with which we were imbued ; the law of entire obedience and submissive will to the heads of the house, proceeding not from servile fear but from love and reverence so strongly felt by all of us as children and by every servant in the establishment. I have no certain means of judging of my father’s intellectual powers. I know that he was a man of literary tastes and of

<sup>1</sup> Here Uncle Edward adds a note : ‘ I well recollect the laurels, and my first visit to Armitage as a very young boy. We roasted potatoes there—Adelaide, as the eldest, presiding. There was a certain dignity about her from the first. I was always rather in awe of her.’—(Note by A.D. in 1910).



much refinement, and that he had a high appreciation of talent in others. In his youth he had been a pet of the learned and very blue Miss Seward of Lichfield, and was admitted into that small circle wherein Dr. Johnson had been known, and Darwin, Edgeworth, and other men of scientific or literary attainment met together. He highly valued mental gifts, and stimulated his children to mental superiority; but above all such gifts he strove to impress on all about him the law of kindness and love.'

*Listers of Armitage*

One old lady there was of whom I was never afraid. This was my grandmother Lister.<sup>1</sup> She did not affect the large black velvet hat which well became Lady Holland, or the turban worn by Mrs. George Villiers, but had a neat white cap with lace and ribbon framing her face in rather baby fashion. She was small, and had a round, kindly face with a little colour in the cheeks; and I think she must have had the sweet nature of darling Bunny. Of course she must have been to Gisburne before my father's death; and I was once taken to her home at Armitage (now the Dominican Priory of Hawksyard), but I cannot recall her there. I only remember the canal with its sandy bank, in and out of which sand-martins flew continually, and the very long approach to the house. This was really a very beautiful feature of the place, as it wound through a bower of trees and shrubs; but the tedium of post-chaise travelling always made me insensible to scenery that delighted grown-up people. The

<sup>1</sup> *Née* Mary Grove. This section is by A.D.

canal which flowed past the house was then considered a most successful undertaking. To invest in canal shares was then considered the height of prudence ; but the future industrial monarch of the nineteenth century was born and stirring mightily in his swaddling clothes. When these were cast off, canal shares became almost worthless. I imagine the depreciation in these shares was the cause of my half-uncle, Thomas Lister,<sup>1</sup> having to sell the Armitage property after the death of my grandfather Lister. When we were established at Penn House, lent to my mother by Lord Howe after my father's death, my grandmother paid us a visit there with dear Bunny, then very busy writing her novel *Anne Grey*. My uncle, T. Lister, always called Uncle Titus, had married Miss Theresa Villiers, a great beauty, and a very clever and delightful talker ; and the young couple was added to the family party. The conversations at breakfast (when I was allowed to be present) were exceedingly animated and pleasant, with much witty give-and-take, in which dear Aunt Theresa was an adept. After breakfast dear Bunny had to read *Anne Grey*<sup>2</sup> out loud, chapter by chapter, as she finished writing. Her later writings bore no comparison to this novel, which was very well put

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Henry Lister (1800–1842), author of *Granby* and a number of other novels ; also of a tragedy called *Epicharis*. He ' edited ' his sister Harriett's novels (see p. 187). He married Maria Theresa Villiers, only daughter of George Villiers, third son of Thomas Villiers, 1st Earl of Clarendon. She was granted precedence as an Earl's daughter in 1839, and in 1844 married Sir George Cornwall Lewis.

<sup>2</sup> This novel received high praise from Southey. Novels by young ladies in ' society ' were then rare. Having read Mrs. Cradock's last novel, *Mr. Smith*, in manuscript, I can endorse A.D.'s opinion of the inferiority of her later work.

together : the incidental reflections were intelligent and to the point, and the plot was original and good. It turned upon the ill-feeling produced in an ungenerous mind by the weight of obligation to a kind relation. Charlotte Daventry, an orphan, was adopted by an uncle, a worthy country squire with an equally worthy family. To these Charlotte brought about misfortune in various subtle ways very well described. I need hardly say, all ended well. It was apropos of this name of Daventry that Aunt Theresa taught me the delusive spelling of some English surnames, telling me that Daventry is pronounced 'Daintry.' Whether she embarked on Marjoribanks and Cholmondeley I'm not sure, but I have taken some interest in these matters in later days. I don't suppose I understood much of the readings of *Anne Grey*, but enough to produce an imitation of some of the descriptive parts of the book, which highly amused and pleased my elders. The bright chatter of the family party excited me very much ; and, though the axiom that 'children should be seen and not heard' was strictly adhered to in those days, I was praised for a sharp saying here and there. This was a time when everybody thought and spoke of little else than the Reform Bill. My uncle, Charles Lister, came down from Oxford, and mentioned at dinner that he had just seen a Tory pamphlet entitled *What next?* 'What next ? as the tadpole said when his tail fell off,' I exclaimed, to the amusement and delight of the company. Uncle Titus, who was always most good-natured to me, and had taken an interest in my imitation of Bunny's novel, began about this time to write me long letters purporting to come from



a Chinese princess who always asked for an answer telling her what I had been reading and thinking about. As to this princess, I had the curious half-belief that makes any make-believe so interesting to children. At any rate I was conscious of a distinct sense of disappointment when it became clear to me that these letters were not only forwarded by Uncle Titus but written by him. Meantime I did my best to write the answers required. I think my first was an ambitious subject—the character of Napoleon I. The word ‘aggrandizement,’ which naturally occurred ‘in this connexion,’ as the journalists say, gave her pause. ‘You know, dear,’ said she [i.e. ‘Bunny’], ‘you must never use a word you don’t understand. Do you know what “aggrandizement” means?’ ‘Yes,’ I replied,—‘making himself greater.’ ‘Oh, well, that will do,’ said Bunny.—I have mentioned Uncle Charles’s visit. He had hurt his leg, and came down for a few days in term time, to recover. I recollect him well going about the lawn on crutches, chatting with my grandmother, who adored him. He was, indeed, a very attractive person at this time. He was dressed in the extreme of fashion—yellow nankeen waistcoat and continuations, a coat of aggressive spring green, very short in the waist;—in short, a finished dandy of that day when D’Orsay flourished and Beau Brummel was not forgotten. I used to hear my aunts tease him about a county beauty whom he did *not* marry, being, I imagine, already secretly married. I met this lady in after years at a riverside hotel. As soon as she heard I was there she sent to me asking for a call. I found her happily married and surrounded by a very fine family of children. When we were left alone, she



began with much emotion to speak of Uncle Charles, telling me how clever he was, how amiable, how delightful in conversation. We neither of us alluded to his marriage and subsequent history. I never saw Mrs. W. again: she died at the great age of ninety.

Dear Maura used often to go and stay with Aunt Mary<sup>1</sup> after Uncle Charles' death, and was always most kindly entertained by her and by our cousin Harriett who lived with her mother. I ought to mention that Papa did all he could for Uncle Charles by giving him a post at the Home Office which would have secured for him a prosperous career if his money difficulties had permitted him to retain it.

Uncle Titus, the only son of my grandfather Lister by his first wife (*née* Seale), was, as regards solidity of character and success in the world, a great contrast to Uncle Charles.

### *The Apotheosis of Armitage*

For many years after my last glimpse of Armitage the old place might have been seen unchanged; but, before the century came quite to an end, it was bequeathed by Mr. Spode to the Dominicans,—and has entered upon a brighter, and I trust permanent, phase of its existence. Changes there are now in Armitage, but all in the direction of temporal splendour and spiritual progress. In reverting to its old name of Hawksyard, the old home of the Listers, now a Dominican Priory, seems to call on their children to 'ask for the old paths,' and to seek the old Faith once more shown to our countrymen in unchanged

<sup>1</sup> Charles Lister's widow.

beauty and supernatural power. A Catholic writer thus describes Hawksyard in 1899, soon after the property was taken over by the Dominicans :

‘ Rumour has not exaggerated the beauties of the demesne, which, with mediæval munificence, the late Mr. Spode bequeathed to the Dominicans. . . . How fair is the prospect over which the eye wanders, turn which way it will around the central homestead. Undulating fields studded with stately trees and sturdy thorns ; sheltered dells, where soon the primroses will be peeping forth to wonder at those ghost-like figures, clothed in white, strolling about the grounds ; avenues of rhododendrons, which in summer time shall flank the roads with walls of crimson ; woods, where the birds are never disturbed unless they are game, and then not by the Friars ; lawns, whose sloping banks are adorned with rare pines and shrubs ; grottoes and tunnels, in whose cool recesses the ferns luxuriate ; gardens which pour their produce into the laps of the good lay-brothers ; farmyards populous with homely birds and animals.’

Pleasant places indeed, and a goodly heritage !

### *Cousin Matilda*

This cousin was the youngest daughter of Edward Grove of Shenstone, and so the sister of my uncle, Dr. Cradock. I have been much pleased to see that Augustus Hare, in the story of his life, makes much appreciative mention of this very pleasing person. He does not, however, say much about her good looks, by which I remember her best. A year or so before I came out, Aunt Theresa was taking her about, and,

I believe, considered her quite a success. Early Victorian dress was not calculated to set off beauty of a moderate kind, but somehow it looked well on Matilda. Her extremely soft and fine light brown hair was not unduly plastered with brilliantine, as the fatal habit then was; and, when coiled in a simple knot at the back, a rose on one side, and plain bands, not too tightly drawn, in front, its effect was very good. Her complexion was lovely, her mouth beautiful, and her figure tall and well poised. She had a very frank and open manner of speaking, and was altogether unspoilt. Her childhood, indeed, had been spent in an atmosphere of repression which, had she not been possessed of a healthy and spirited nature, might have spoilt her in the worst way. Her mother was a clever and capable woman, but her disposition was severe and imperious to an unusual degree, so that her household was more orderly than happy. One of Matilda's sons told me that his mother was never allowed, until after her marriage, to use the grand staircase at Shenstone Park. Matilda married, first Mr. Eliot Warburton,<sup>1</sup> a distinguished literary man, who perished in the burning of the American liner, *Amazon*; secondly, Mr. Salusbury Milman.<sup>2</sup> She died while still young<sup>3</sup> and has been deeply mourned.

<sup>1</sup> Bartholomew George Eliot Warburton (1810-1852), author of *The Crescent and the Cross*, which came out in 1844, but is dated 1845. He married Matilda Jane, daughter of the late Edward Grove, of Shenstone Park, co. Stafford, in 1848. Lady Morgan boasted that 'the marriage was made on my little balcony.' His brother, William Parsons Warburton, married the Honble. Isabel Lister, Mrs. Drummond's sister.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Salusbury Milman, fellow of All Souls, and barrister-at-law.

<sup>3</sup> She died in 1861, having had three daughters by her second husband.



*My Great-Aunt Susan Grove*

She was my grandmother Lister's sister, and, I should think, her senior. I don't remember Aunt Susan well, but I can recollect my strong disapproval of her dress. She wore a toby collar, which was not then fashionable, and clothes that were just too near the prevailing fashion to be admired as quaintly pretty. The days of my early childhood were *not* the halycon days of the 'old maid.' With a few distinguished exceptions, whose success in society is remembered to this day, they were looked down upon. They remained in their quiet homes, engaged all through life in the very trifling occupations of their girlhood, their crippled painting, their rare and laborious letter-writing, and their anxious copies of meaningless verses. But they were, in many ways, the salt of the earth. I can well imagine Aunt Susan having some such characteristics when I look at her minute flower painting, some scraps of which I possess, and her loving sketch of a brother or nephew—I don't know which it was—reading contentedly by the light of one 'parlour candle.'

*Literary Advice*

Uncle T. H. Lister took a great interest in Bunny's first book. Here is some of his advice to a young writer :

' November 7, 1833.

'I am very glad to hear you get on so fast with *Anne Grey*. You cannot have it finished too soon, as you will then have the more time for *revising*, a less



agreeable process, but one highly expedient, especially with a first work. The spring will be a very good time for its appearance. I will do my best in order that it may be properly launched. My advice is that you don't trouble yourself much now with thinking what will or will not do : write freely and confidently whatever comes into your head, and reserve your critical judgment for subsequent consideration. *Then* you may bring all your doubts and scruples and objections into play, and expose it to the severest test you can, not in a spirit of despondency and dissatisfaction, but with a resolute and rational determination to make it as perfect as it is in your power to make it. I believe little that is good has ever been written without more pain than the writer has ever been willing to acknowledge.'

*[Description of Mrs. Drummond's Mother]*

In a letter to Bunny my mother says :

'I am sorry Mamma is not satisfied with my likeness to Theresa. If it will please her, I will tell you what I can to make the most of myself. Mrs. Cunliffe, apropos of the likeness, said she thought Theresa must be very much flattered. Mr. Newton has been in raptures, I am told, and he thought me like ; but I was "a fairy thing" : that struck him amazingly. What stuff I am writing you ! It was only a little comfort to Mamma's maternal feelings.'

I cannot imagine any comparison between my mother and Aunt Theresa. The beauty of both was undeniable, but the type utterly different. Brilliancy

of complexion they both had ; but my mother *was* indeed ‘ a fairy thing,’ while Aunt Theresa was tall, with a fine, fully-developed figure which would, in these days, have given her precedence over my mother’s miniature loveliness. What struck me most about Aunt Theresa was the freedom and grace of her movements, her rather large mouth and beautiful teeth, which her very frequent clear and ringing laugh showed to advantage. Her voice was rather louder than was then usual, but not harsh, and her articulation admirably distinct.<sup>1</sup>

### *The Reform Bill*

#### *My Father to Aunt Maria*

‘ Oct. 1831.

‘ I am here (in London), as Adelaide would tell you, about this detestable Reform Bill, with a choice of evils in either passing or rejecting it. It is said we shall have a majority of thirty or more if the Bishops vote ; and it is expected they will. Thank your dear mother for asking me to Leamington ; but tell her I cannot come, as I want to get home as quick as I can after the question is decided. Adelaide will be anxious should there be any rioting, which is not unlikely if the Bill is thrown out.’

Whatever adjective my father may have applied to the Reform Bill, I cannot imagine his ever in-

<sup>1</sup> Sir Henry Taylor, in his autobiography, describes Lady Theresa, then Miss, Villiers, thus : ‘ As pretty as anyone could be without being beautiful, and as quick and intelligent as anyone could be without being signally intellectual.’

A portrait of her is given in Sir Herbert Maxwell’s *Life and Letters of the Fourth Earl of Clarendon*, Vol. I.

dulging in the abusive language people then used with regard to their political opponents. If I noticed any, it was not often worse than what I have since heard, though but seldom. I was at an evening party, I forget in what year, but it was during the second reign of Gladstone, when the late Lord S., who was talking to me, suddenly said, looking towards a distant part of the room, ‘Do you see that beast?’ It was poor Gladstone sitting in harmless meditation on an ottoman. Party spirit, we found, ran very high when we were in Dublin in 1892. Tories and Liberals could not be trusted to behave civilly to each other when they met in society. A Tory lady was calling on me one day, when the wife of the Irish Secretary was announced. Her political opponent instantly rose and left the room ‘mighty stag-like,’ as Charles Reade would say.

[*The Second Lord Ribblesdale*]

I believe this notice of my father was written by my uncle, T. H. Lister, for the *Gentleman's Magazine* :

‘December 10, 1832.—At Leamington, co. Warwick, suddenly, by the rupture of a blood-vessel on the lungs, Thomas Lister, Baron Ribblesdale, of the peerage of Great Britain, of Gisburne Park, and Malhamwater, co. York. He was the only son of Thomas, first Lord Ribblesdale, and Rebecca, daughter of Joseph Fielding, Esq. He was born January 23, 1790. He married February 9, 1826, his cousin Adelaide, daughter of Thomas Lister, Esq., of Armitage Park, co. Stafford. By her,



who survived him, he leaves three children,<sup>1</sup> a son and two daughters. Lord Ribblesdale succeeded to the title on the death of his father in September 1826, and took his seat in the ensuing spring. In his brief career as a member of the House of Lords he uniformly exhibited a truly honourable and right-minded avoidance of that intemperate spirit of party which has been too prevalent in recent days. He was a Tory, and opposed the present Government in their late extensive measure of Parliamentary Reform. In private life, his kindness of disposition, and many qualities not less pleasing to the stranger than intrinsically valuable on an intimate acquaintance, had endeared him to his friends to a degree which can better be appreciated by those who knew him than conveyed to the public in a notice like this. To a numerous tenantry, in the centre of whom he spent most of his time, he was the object of an attachment honourable alike to him as to them. It was a feeling of attachment which was spontaneously and gratifyingly exhibited in the autumn of 1831 by their flocking to his defence when, after the riots of Nottingham and Bristol, a mob from a neighbouring town in Lancashire, emulous of such atrocities, threatened to attack his house at Gisburne in consequence of his vote against the Reform Bill. He commanded, until it was disbanded, the Craven Yeomanry, an excellently-trained and very efficient corps, which had been raised originally by his father. Before he succeeded to the title he had spent several years in foreign travel, chiefly in Italy, when he confirmed and extended those principles of taste which he had

<sup>1</sup> Bessy was born after our father's death.—(Note by A.D.)



imbibed in earlier life. With a rational and moderate addiction to the manly pleasures of an English country gentleman he combined a refinement of mind and of pursuit with which it is too seldom accompanied.<sup>1</sup> In drawing and painting he had few equals among amateurs, and not many superiors even among professional artists ; and had he been born in another station, and pursued as a business that which to him was merely an amusement, he would probably have been one of the most successful. Lord Ribblesdale is succeeded by his only son, Thomas, born at Armitage Park, co. Stafford, April 28, 1828.'

<sup>1</sup> He was a member of the Dilettante Society and a frequent attendant at its dinners.



## CHAPTER II

### CHILDHOOD—BEFORE 1835

#### *Childhood*

THAT childhood is the happiest time of life I have never believed. Its ignorance is too much fraught with wonder and fear, and the incidence of grown-up people on all its concerns far too oppressive. Nevertheless childhood knows some few moments more delightful than any we can experience in after years. Of these are the first perception—conscious perception, that is—of the pleasures of sight and hearing, smell and taste. The first time I noticed my mother rubbing a beautiful blue paint upon her palette, the exquisite colour sent a thrill through my very being. Even more delicious was my first sight of some young acacia leaves against a blue sky. I had been taken by my mother to stay with some cousins at a country place further south than Gisburne, and this was the sight I saw on awaking next morning. My joy on first finding some striped snail shells in Gisburne woods was extreme—their colours seemed to me so brilliant. I asked my dear Aunt Bunny (Aunt Harriett) what they were, and when she said ‘shells,’ the very name pleased me, also their fresh earthy smell. But I think the crowning joy was my first noticing in very early spring the large clumps of



THE HON. ADELAIDE LISTER

From a miniature in the possession of Lady Agatha Russell





snowdrops blooming under the beech trees.—I took great delight in the Stock beck, a swiftly running brook which fell into the Ribble just below the wooded hill on which Gisburne stands. Along its banks, which were flat, grew immense umbelliferous plants with hollow stems. These my nurse or governess cut for me, and I made them into pipes with which I set up all sorts of waterworks in the beck, sadly interfering with the fresh-water shrimps which abounded in it. But oh! the delight of watching that clear gurgling water!

*Extract of a letter from Cousin Emma Sneyd to  
Aunt Harriett*<sup>1</sup>

‘ Oct. 1828.

‘ . . . I hope we may all soon meet, that I may tell you much better than by letter how much I have been delighted at Gisburne Park, and talk with you about dear Adelaide. In the meantime, however, I must say that, on the whole, we were satisfied with the appearance of her health. I think she wants a little strength; <sup>2</sup> and, whenever you and your dear mother can go to be with her, I think you will both do her great good on this point: as it seems to me, at times, she *rather* tires herself with attention to many domestick (*sic*) objects, which naturally break in upon that sort of quiet, settled, regular employment which is particularly good for her, and which you know so well how to promote. She has just got a very wholesome play-thing in forming a flower-garden. This, and her poney (*sic*), I hope will give her exercise, and interest her

<sup>1</sup> Harriett Lister, afterwards Hon. Mrs. Cradock.

<sup>2</sup> My brother was born eleven months after me.—(Note by A.D. 1909.)

as long as there is weather for the purpose. . . . How you will like to see the children ! The little Boy is a fine, lively creature as can be ; and little Adelaide is very quiet and observing : she does not like to talk ; but it must come, and perhaps will come when you are with her ; and then what a multitude of things will come at once ! She has great store of ideas. Her Papa understands every look ; and she is so aware that he does that she gives herself no trouble about the matter. Before we parted, I became a friend too ; and she could call “ Emma,” and used to give me a good *bug*. I wish you could have seen her hold out her frock to dance before a long glass, where she was pleased to see herself. . . . It has been a real delight to see dear Adelaide and her babes, and with a husband whose character rises with every day’s experience. I think in kindness and good nature I never saw anyone exceed him—as well as in every pleasant talent—and very few equal to him. Our journey from Gisburne Park was very pleasant, and along a beautiful country. Your Brother was our companion ; and, whenever there was an opportunity, Lord Ribblesdale came and told us what places were in our way to have seen and to see ; and we caught a glimpse of dear Adelaide’s smiling face from the other carriage.’

*Gledstone*

When the first Reform Bill was thrown out by the House of Lords, in 1831, there was great dissatisfaction, and much rioting. One evening, instead of going to bed as usual, my brother and I (he was three years old and I was four) were hastily dressed in our walking

things and lifted into a post-chaise in which sat my mother and one other person (presumably our Swiss governess, Madame Bindith), and driven off to Gledstone, the home of the Roundells. Our delight and excitement were extreme, as we sat huddled up on the narrow floor of the post-chaise at our mother's feet. We could see that all the grown-up people that evening were in a very perturbed and anxious state. The fact was that news had arrived that day that a mob from one of the large towns was coming to burn my father's house, because he, being a Tory peer, had helped to throw out the Reform Bill. We should certainly have found the drive very tedious, notwithstanding the strangeness and the element of adventure so delightful to children, had not a most violent thunderstorm raged almost all the time. This storm broke up the mob, which never got to Gisburne at all. I think we must have stayed some days at Gledstone, for I remember long walks in the woods, where I was shown sham pheasants fastened to the branches of trees to draw the fire of poachers and give notice of their whereabouts. There were also notices of man-traps and spring guns being about, and, if I rightly understood the explanation given me of these, they, or at any rate the traps, were actually in use.

*My Mother's Letters to Aunt Harriett*

‘From Gisburne, 1831 or 1832.

‘. . . Theresa<sup>1</sup> must look beautiful in black velvet; but I do not think silver ornaments do so well with it.

<sup>1</sup> Theresa Lister, *née* Villiers.



It looks funereal. . . . *I* cannot in my heart say that it is bad to marry early, because I did it myself; but, if I had been 25 instead of 19 when my own dear husband first won me, it would certainly not have been worse for us . . . I have ordered a green velvet pelisse and sable trimming, and a white silk hat. I must have them before I go to London, so I thought I would have them directly . . .

‘Write me a good chat again very soon. Tom<sup>1</sup> does not laugh at your letters at all. You seem to have some fears on that subject, as you mention it in every letter. He says: “Ah! a very good letter.” So go on with them and never fear. Theresa’s letter upon Staffordshire folk is very amusing. Goodbye: I have written so long, and Tom would read if I were ready to listen.’

‘From Gisburne, 1830.

‘My dear little ones are both well. My little man<sup>2</sup> can walk alone—began while I was away. He now trots about famously. Missy<sup>3</sup> goes on improving in A, B, C. She is very dull over it. She will not say anything sometimes; and then she looks in my face with such a funny look and says: “Missy a dunce, Missy *is* a dunce.” Then I am obliged to say: “But Missy must not be a dunce,” and her answer is, “Better not.” You will remember her pronunciation and her droll manner.’

<sup>1</sup> My father.—(Note by A.D.)

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Lister, afterwards 3rd Lord Ribblesdale.

<sup>3</sup> Myself.—(Note by A.D.)

*Minor Discomforts*

It is difficult now to realise that when I was a child (and long after) there were not only no anæsthetics but no antiseptics. No means existed of mitigating the most unpleasant features of illness, or of neutralising the danger to health attendant on these. Indeed, it surprises one conversant with modern ideas of sanitation that the generation to which I belong was not wiped out altogether. When the drains smelt badly, the weather-wise merely remarked that 'it was going to rain soon.' Nothing was or indeed could be done in the matter. Soon after my mother's second marriage, the sanitary value of chloride of lime was at last discovered, and this was gratefully applied to drains, sinks, etc. But there were no sick-room antiseptics. When my dear mother died of puerperal fever, cedar or sandal wood pastilles were burnt; but these, of course, have no really disinfecting properties. In the matter of water-supply, we must all, rich and poor, have run risks innumerable. Even as late as the year 1849, Dr. Lankester, in a handbook on Aquariums, writes that 'the best water for filling a vessel containing plants and fish is that supplied to London, as the sewage it contains, while insufficient to injure the animals, affords valuable manure for the plants.' The value of fresh air in nurseries and schoolrooms, especially the latter, was little understood, and the curtains were drawn round the bed at night—at any rate this was so as regards the large four-posters—particularly in the case of sickness. There was, even

at Kent House,<sup>1</sup> in the sitting-room of Aunt Theresa's mother, Mrs. George Villiers, a box-bed similar to those used by the Scotch peasantry. I sometimes slept in that bed, to the great increase of the headaches I had on first coming to London. I was six years old when I left Gisburne after my father's death; but I remember things certainly from two years old. Of my nursery I remember this : there was a sink in it—a thing that would not be endured in the present day. The nursery maid used to strike a light in the morning with a flint and steel. We were requested not to meddle with the box; but I remember the look of the flimsy black tinder. The candles used by the servants were the very worst tallow candles. I suppose there were wax or spermaceti for the drawing-rooms. The moderately good composite candles did not come in till several years later. There were no matches : paper spills were used : ladies made these very neatly out of the somewhat rare but very large letters that came by post, costing respectable sums unless franked by a Peer or M.P. These spills we were encouraged to make; and very good practice they were in neatness and folding the paper straight.

### *Food*

There were always four dishes of vegetables at our nursery meals. This would be thought a large allowance now, but I don't think they were much appreciated. The only really valuable food we children had was our porridge. It was cooked and thoroughly well boiled in saucers, which were turned

<sup>1</sup> See p. 249.



out into soup-plates—and had milk poured on it. Otherwise our food consisted of bread and meat: we had very little butter, if any, and, I think, very little jam. Careful mothers were afraid in those days of vegetables, fruit, eggs, cheese, butter, and sweets for children, so that our diet was terribly monotonous; for the value of these things, especially to children, was not understood. Some disciplinarians used to insist on the fat of meat being eaten; but this was not from the knowledge that some fat (best supplied by butter) was necessary to health, but from a desire to inculcate a dread of waste. The value of various foods was not then known even to educated people. One of my sisters was fed as an infant on little else than arrowroot, now well known to be almost useless as a food.

### *Dolls*

Apropos of our dolls, I may as well mention that, though they had cost a good deal, they were very inferior to the cheapest dolls of the sort now in the toy-shops. Dolls bearing some resemblance to children were not made till the birth of King Edward VII. They were then called ‘Prince of Wales dolls,’ and had cocoanut-shaped heads, and thin hair such as we see in infants. My own dolls at this time were those bony and angular structures known as Dutch dolls. There were also some very small figures, run in a mould, that were really pretty. Rag dolls were then really made of rags with faces coarsely painted. They had not the pretty composition faces one now sees.

*Literature*

When I was a child there were very few serials compared to the multitude we have now. There were quarterlies, and monthly magazines; but the lightest and most fashionable were only annuals. We had two in the early days at Wilton Crescent, called *The Keepsake* and *The Book of Beauty*. They were bound in crimson silk, and were full of visions of beauties with immense eyes, long necks, and sloping shoulders—engravings from pictures, chiefly by Sir George Hayter and his brothers. My uncle Lister wrote a paper in one of these annuals—a sketch of social life as he imagined it might be at the end of the nineteenth century. It was written in 1827 or 1828, and is curious inasmuch as it imagines the telephone pretty accurately, but almost entirely ignores the rising railway industry. All the improved locomotion in his prophecy is, if I remember right, aerial. I think the first popular serial must have been *Pickwick*.<sup>1</sup> When I went up to town with my mother to stay with Aunt Theresa, I used to find the current number on the drawing-room table, and devour it, to the great increase of the headache from which I always suffered when in London (possibly owing to the box-bed in Mrs. Villiers' room). I was also greatly terrified by Gabriel Grubb's visions of goblins. When *Punch* first appeared, I gathered from general conversation that it was welcomed as an outspoken and, indeed, rather daring commentator on things in general. Aunt Theresa was particularly amused by *Punch's* review of some travels by Lord London-

<sup>1</sup> First published in numbers in 1836 and 1837.

derry, in which he described the sufferings Lady Londonderry underwent in his yacht in the Bay of Biscay, and deplored that such a lady should be exposed to such discomfort 'solely for her own pleasure and amusement.' *Punch* thought it would have been still sadder if she had been exposed to it from necessity and against her will. This review, and my Aunt's comments upon it, gave me, I think, the first inkling of the fact that, in themselves, great people are not so very much superior to others. —To return to my earliest books. There were Mrs. Barbauld's *Stories from the Old and New Testaments*, *The Child's Own Book* (fairy tales with delicate illustrations in outline), *Peter Parley's Annual*, and *The Little Library*. This consisted of handbooks on various subjects. Of these I can only remember the little volume on trees, which was very useful to me. Bunny always liked to see that we knew the names of the trees we saw in our walks. Of course we had Miss Edgeworth's *Parent's Assistant*, of which stories I thought *Waste Not, Want Not* the best. Archery was then one of the few outdoor amusements in which ladies took part; and I knew something of the value of the string the careful boy saved when the wasteful one threw it away. Later on we had a delightful series of stories for children by Miss Martineau, *Strife and Peace*, *The Crofton Boys*, and some others. I really think these are the best I have ever seen. The interest of the little plots was exceedingly strong, and every scene described took firm hold of the mind. One of our books, called *Agathos*,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> By Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop successively of Oxford and Winchester.



was a serious allegory of the Christian life; and I well remember thinking while reading it how nice it would be if the way of salvation was a real road, beset indeed by material dangers, but made tolerable travelling by material helps, instead of being an unseen path to be worked out through the mists of one's own consciousness. Childhood rests on the objective, requires it, and can seldom find guidance from within.

### *Governesses*

My first governess was a Swiss—Madame Bindith. She was always good-natured, and I think she must have been a very good teacher, for I could read well before I was five years old, and this although I was taught in the old-fashioned way—spelling first, and this by means of such lessons as a b ab, o b ob, u b ub. I read with her (or was read to by her) such works as *Numa Pompilius*, Berquin's *Ami des Enfants*, and books by Madame de Genlis. *Le Souterrain*, a tale of the Revolution, interested me exceedingly. It described a noble family hiding in a cavern underground, which was filled with furniture from the *château* and comfortably lined with moss by faithful retainers. This lining of moss appealed very specially to me, for Tommy and I were fond of constructing dwellings of some sort in the shrubberies (especially at Penn<sup>1</sup>). My very early knowledge of the revolutionary period in France had something to do with the dreams which afflicted my infancy (very

<sup>1</sup> Residence of Lord Howe, who was guardian to the young Listers after their father's death.

likely owing to the sink in the nursery). My very worst dream was this. (The farm labourers we met in our walks were very civil to us, always opening the gates for us as we strolled through the fields.) In the dream we walked up to a gate that was opened for us, not by a labourer, but by a tall skeleton wearing the red cap of Liberty.—My impression of *Numa Pompilius* was one which might be described as the stirring of the ancient faith in one whose forefathers had lost it for some generations. My knowledge of the popular religion was extremely vague. It related, I knew, to persons and things we could not see, though we knew their names ; and, when I read of *Numa* receiving supernatural advice *vivâ voce* from the nymph *Egeria*, I wished that our religion was something like that : I wanted the ‘living voice,’ which I found more than sixty years after those days.—Madame Bindith was with us all the time we were at Penn. My next permanent governess was Miss Woodhouse, who had been recommended to my mother by the Duchess of Bedford, to whose daughter she had been governess or companion. She was an extremely cultivated person : indeed, her attainments were such as should not be wasted on young children ; and as she no doubt felt this, and, at any rate, was obviously unhappy, she was not the best company for us. However, she taught me a great deal. Miss Woodhouse is associated in my mind with our first summer and autumn at beautiful Endsleigh,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On the east bank of the Tamar, a property of the Duke of Bedford, alluded to in a letter by Queen Victoria written on board the *Victoria and Albert*, August 14, 1856 : ‘We saw yesterday one of the loveliest places possible—*Endsleigh*—the Duke of Bedford’s, about twenty miles from here.’



in pre-railroad days. We must have taken two days, and slept two nights on the road; but I only remember one of these nights, because there was a county ball at the Town Hall close to the hotel at which we slept. Having got there late in the evening, I watched the arrival of the guests. One young lady in pink interested me very much as she walked up the steps into the lighted hall, which seemed to me the portal into a paradise of delight, the nature of which was, however, not clear to me. Aunt Theresa used to tell me a great deal about the London season and about Almack's, now no longer in its glory as it had been just before her marriage. She gave me very sensible explanations of the great success of Almack's. Each of the lady patronesses asked her own acquaintance; so that a girl had always a better chance of partners there than at a private ball, at which only the friends of one lady would appear. Hotels in those days were not pleasant places, although the most prosperous period of road travelling was not yet over: they were ill-ventilated, and, in regard to the taste of the day, ill-furnished, though there was probably a good deal of Chippendale furniture, old brass mirrors, and old chintzes about, which would delight collectors in the present day. Dust covered everything; and there was a permanent smell of eatables and drinkables, by no means refreshing to travellers emerging from the inside of a stage coach, in which I and my little sisters with Miss Woodhouse had been packed for hours in hot and sunny weather amidst clouds of dust. The coach dinner was a break in the day, however. We had ours in a private room. Nothing else was in those days



possible in the case of people at all *comme il faut*. So on one of these two toilsome days we got out of the coach with great joy, and sat down to dinner. Alas ! the leg of mutton was high. We were very sorry for ourselves, and Miss Woodhouse very sensibly said: 'You have lost one dinner, but the poor servant who waits on us will probably have to dine on that meat all the week.' We rejoiced when the coach began to roll through deep lanes between high hedges banked with red earth. I had seen this red earth before, and I told how I had seen it floating on the sea at Sidmouth when a river burst its banks and flooded the town. We rejoiced still more when a chaise conveyed us to Endsleigh through beautiful green trees forming a bower on each side of the long approach. Then we arrived at the lovely place, and were taken to the 'Children's Cottage,' an *annexe* to the main building, and united to it by a long passage. The larger and smaller 'cottages' were divided from each other by a very beautiful garden. Tea was laid in the large schoolroom, which had a very large window looking on to the principal garden. Great was our delight in the lovely tea-service representing vegetables, fruit, etc. Oh, the refreshing sight of a hillock of clotted cream reposing in the heart of a pale-green china cabbage ! In the height of that summer my mother and Papa were at Endsleigh, and we were often in the large cottage where they lived. My mother's bedroom looked out upon the very softest and greenest lawn I ever saw, and, beyond that, upon the river, and endless vistas of woods growing down to it, and wooded hills, the summits of which were covered with heather in bloom. I, and sometimes

my sisters, were taken for long excursions in a *char-à-banc* up and down these wooded hills through miles and miles of green drives. The 'charricut,' as the groom who drove it called the *char-à-banc*, naturally went very slowly over the green, velvety sward, and we found these drives rather tedious, in spite of the amazing beauty of the scenery, which enraptured my mother. She made many beautiful sketches on these occasions, and we enjoyed seeing her at work upon them. Papa used to pace about, quoting English and Latin. He was especially fond of

O quis me gelidis in vallibus Haemi  
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra ?

Spanish proverbs also he quoted, and nursery songs. He had been a good deal in Spain<sup>1</sup> and was well acquainted with the language. This year we did not run about alone over the gardens and grounds as we did later on, but took regular walks with Miss Woodhouse—and that was not the same thing; and, when my mother and Papa left us in the autumn, we were a good deal indoors, and there were many lessons—too many for the little ones, certainly. As for me, Miss Woodhouse taught me Italian, and taught me to read poetry—chiefly Walter Scott's. We read the *Lady of the Lake* together, and I even learnt this poem by heart, and could repeat the whole of it. I do not know what was the cause of poor Miss Woodhouse's depression—whether it was love, or home-sickness, or religion not rightly understood:—

<sup>1</sup> Lord John Russell went to Spain in the autumn of 1808 in the company of Lord and Lady Holland. Referring to this tour in later life he says: 'I acquired a very competent knowledge of the Spanish character, manners, and language.'



perhaps the latter, for she had very inadequate ideas on the subject of recreation. She spent her leisure moments chiefly in translating Krummacher's *Elijah*, with some help from me, as I had made fine progress in German before she came. We had no dictionary; so when we came to *Siegsbanner* (victorious standard, or, standard of victory) I could suggest nothing but 'pannier,' which was not satisfactory. As an alternative to this employment, she copied out extracts from the sayings of Epictetus. I think she left us very soon after our return to town, as my mother thought she had made me work too hard. That was so; but I had rather enjoyed my time with her, as she was a clever teacher and made things interesting. I felt rather put back when her successor, Mlle. Perret, a much more ordinary person, took me in hand. But she was better for my sisters, as she understood the limitations of childhood, and did not press any of us very far in the matter of learning. Mlle. Perret was a Swiss—a healthy-looking, neat little person—good-natured and cheerful enough, but very uninteresting. I could not make any way with her till I became interested in the pietistic books she got for us. She belonged to the most Calvinistic section of the Reformed Church in Switzerland, and soon substituted Cesar Malan's *Veritable Ami des Enfants* for that of Berquin. Mlle. Perret was with us when my dear mother died.—Besides these resident governesses, I had some daily teachers who came in the intervals between their reigns, or when they had lengthened holidays. The first of these daily governesses was Mlle. Plau, a Hanoverian, who taught me German. Next came a



Madame Troppaneger, who had married a Spaniard. She interested me very much, for she was pretty, and could make the artificial flowers which, according to the fashion of the day, filled in the sides of her large wide bonnet. One day she told me about her Spanish husband, and how she had run away with him to be married. ‘Oh,’ I exclaimed, ‘did you have a rope ladder? How did you get out?’ ‘By the door’ was the rather disappointing reply. She did not remain long with us—a fact which, I fear, must be attributed to my having told Bunny this little history.—Our next resident governess was Mlle. Germain, who remained with my sisters some time after my marriage; and having, on leaving them, taken up her abode in Switzerland, died there at a very great age.

### *Gardens and Flowers*

My mother and dear Bunny, and doubtless Aunt Charlotte<sup>1</sup> also during her short life, were fond of gardening, and their flower-painting was very good indeed. Their father took a great interest in all their pursuits, and especially in their drawings from nature. The garden at Armitage, where their youth was spent, must have been lovely; and they sketched and painted both wild and garden flowers all the summer. I do think there are more trees in England now—many more than there were when I was a child. Bunny’s sketches of Cannock Chase as seen from Armitage show a bare hill, but it is now well wooded. There is a stretch of the road from

<sup>1</sup> Charlotte Lister, younger sister of A.D.’s mother.

London to Brighton (somewhere near Reigate, I think) which used to be very tedious owing to the bareness of the countryside. This road is now thickly fringed with well-grown trees and shrubs. The railway cuttings, so dreaded by lovers of country scenery in the early 'thirties, now add considerably to the pleasure of travelling, owing to the quantity of self-sown trees and shrubs which clothe them; and they are a perfect nursery of wild flowers. When my mother married and came to Gisburne, she had free scope for her love of gardening, flower-painting, and sketching. She often applied her skill in drawing and colouring flowers for needlework. She used to work them in tent-stitch on canvas from flowers arranged in a vase: she would even attempt such intricate flowers as stocks, larkspurs, columbines, etc. Towards the end of her life she worked a beautiful group of camellias in chenille, which was framed as a screen for the drawing-room at Wilton Crescent.

To return to the gardens at Gisburne. When I was a child the ribbon border craze was yet in the far future, and the large flower-garden at the back of the house consisted of mixed borders of herbaceous plants and many annuals, also vases on pedestals in which geraniums were planted. We had plenty of the old single dahlias, now carefully imitated by modern gardeners, but then much despised in comparison with the double dahlias, which were a welcome variety. My mother was fond of two annuals which I think must have been new, as she seemed to value them and taught me their names. One was *eschscholtzia*, a yellow flower which burst from buds covered by a thin white cap (which caps I collected);

the other was *Clarkia* or *Clerksia*, a ragged-looking pink flower. At the western end of the house, between the kitchen-garden and the road through the park, was a smaller flower-garden laid out in oblong beds, which in the autumn contained China asters. It must have been, I think, in the autumn before my father died that I saw my mother superintending the gardeners and showing them how to border those beds of asters with short pine logs. I don't remember the kitchen-garden well, but I think it had a broad grass walk up the middle; and I do well remember the white strawberries, and especially the hautboys—varieties one does not often see. (The hautboys especially deserve to be widely cultivated, as their flavour far exceeds all but that of the very finest strawberries. There is in it also a *soupeçon* of the taste of some choice tropical fruit.) I think my mother must have missed this Gisburne garden. She did, indeed, see many more beautiful after my father's death, but these were not her own to arrange as she pleased. Even when she lived in London with Papa, she kept her hold on gardens and flowers. . . . Though there were in those days no florists' shops, and no flowers in the parks, nursery-gardens abounded south of Belgravia and Kensington, and north of Hyde Park. These she often visited; and the conservatory she built above the entrance hall at 30 Wilton Crescent was always filled with flowers renewed weekly. They stood on satin-wood tables lined with zinc—carnations, roses, geraniums, mignonette, etc. My mother often went to the Royal Horticultural Gardens at Chiswick, then, I suppose, the headquarters of garden-lovers,



and also a very fashionable resort. Fêtes were given there. My mother took me to one of these, where, I'm afraid, the company made more impression on me than the gardens. There was present, indeed, a personage who represented the Ottoman Empire, then nearly untouched by European customs and ideas. Instead of a frock coat and fez, this Turkish envoy wore the full costume associated in my mind with Bluebeard (probably minus the scimitar). The turban, the flowing robes, and the abundance of gold and silver embroidery, made a most imposing picture; and the lovely colour of the apple-green satin robe he wore is still present to my memory. My mother took me for what is now called a 'week-end' to Lady Tankerville's villa at Twickenham—I think it was that known as 'Pope's Villa.' Its garden ran down to the water's edge, and was full of roses. Cluster-roses hung from wire arches; and one of these plants was a mystery to me: the flowers had a distinct smell of paint. I pointed this out to my mother, but she could not account for it. The chief amusement here was boating. I was taken out one evening, when Count Waldstein (probably an *attaché*) rowed, and evidently made himself most agreeable; but all I remember of his conversation was an explanation of the necessity of half-drowning a person who had fallen into the water, before you could safely rescue him: he expatiated on what he should do to me if I fell in—whereupon my mother changed the conversation.

The Endsleigh garden must have been a model of good gardening, and would, I think, be so considered now that the flat ribbon-border mania is waning.

Something like it prevailed in the small Italian garden between the house and the children's cottage ; but the walls of these, and the roof of the long passage connecting the two, were covered with creepers, clematis, roses, honeysuckle, etc. The garden formed on a sloping lawn below the children's cottage and the Italian garden was covered with large beds of tall herbaceous plants. The annuals were chiefly used as thick borders to these beds. There was one bed of blue salvias only, which was most effective. The south side of the house, in which were the best bedroom and the dining-room, was glorified by a most prosperous magnolia, which flowered abundantly, and filled the house with the most delicious perfume. These rooms looked on a perfectly lovely lawn, along the north side of which (the farthest from the river view) was a most beautiful screen of choice shrubs mixed with rock plants, above which (for it was an artificial bank) ran a gravel walk covered in by wire arches loaded with creepers. A very judicious use was made of the springs and running brooks which abound in this part of the country. Except in the Italian garden, the water was not associated with stone-work ; but there springs bubbled up furiously into basins of choice stones which glowed and glittered in the water.

For two or three years before my marriage Papa had a place in Surrey close to Godalming, named Unstead Wood. It was at the top of a hill. A joke was made about this : it was said that he chose this site to avoid visits from Lady Holland (the most formidable of all old ladies), who would never drive up or down hill. This hill was all laid out in grass, and wooded in clumps. The garden was in



no way remarkable; but the house was backed by a large wood, from which a sand spur covered with fir trees overlooked the country to the north and east. This place abounded in large ant-hills made of fir cones. I don't think the commercial value of ant's eggs was then known: there is now a flourishing trade in them for feeding birds and fish. The green hill and woods were a paradise in spring, owing to the number and variety of wild flowers with which they abounded. Part of the wood at the back of the house grew in a deep depression, perhaps an old gravel pit. This was, in spring, thickly carpeted with wild hyacinths. Here, to my delight, I found a white one among myriads of the ordinary blue. I say 'ordinary'; but these hyacinths had such a length of flower-truss, such a depth of colour, and such exquisite curves, that the adjective is not appropriate. On the southern side of the wood was a wilderness covered with such blooming gorse as brought Linnæus to his knees in adoration of its Maker. A very homely and pleasant garden was that of Oak Hill Lodge, very kindly lent to us, soon after my marriage, by Sir Thomas Wilson. He asked no rent, but we paid the gardener's wages. This garden was delightfully sheltered from northerly winds by a very high and thick wall belonging to a neighbouring property (a Roman Catholic family lived on it, who grew salsify for use in Lent, and allowed us to buy some). This was supported on our garden side by a bank, no doubt artificial, which formed a rock garden next to the principal garden path. On the top of this was a narrow walk, from whence the morella cherry-trees nailed to the wall could be reached. Most of the garden was planted



with vegetables ; but there was a lovely bed of annuals and herbaceous plants opposite the rock-work. The garden was enclosed on the south-western side by a bower of clipped hornbeam. At the western corner, a long path ran into an open meadow, and ended in a knoll thickly planted with trees. Here was a summer-house, from which an excellent view of the lovely country between Hampstead and Harrow was to be seen. About this hangs a tale. The last time I saw Lady Morley was when she came to see me here, perhaps a year after my marriage. Now she, being accustomed to have her way with the gardens at Saltram,<sup>1</sup> was smitten with a desire to let in more of this view ; so, begging me to help her, and having got knives from the house, she proceeded to lop many of the branches of a laburnum which had been trained over the summer house. I had some misgivings as to the gardener's opinion on the improvement, and found later on that the lopping of shrubs and trees was expressly forbidden in our lease, and that the gardener had been heard to say that he 'did not think two ladies could possibly have done so much mischief in so short a time.' I was at Saltram once or twice before my mother's second marriage, but remember little about the gardens, except that they abounded in arbutus—most lovely in fruit and flower. These beautiful shrubs were, however, rather a terror to me, as I peopled them with 'molusses,' creatures evolved for my amusement by Lady Morley's extremely fertile imagination. These 'molusses' were a great

<sup>1</sup> Lord Morley's seat in Devonshire. For Lady Morley see p. 209 *et seq.*

trouble to me at Penn, where our night-nursery was of an ancient and gloomy character, suggesting the haunt of any species of goblin. Lady Morley's exploit in the garden of Oak Hill Lodge reminds one—and we have Miss Austen's authority for it—that the landscape gardening of Lady Morley's youthful days was more destructive than constructive. I had a weird experience once as regards landscape gardening. It must, I think, have been before my father's death that I went with my mother to Beaudesert.<sup>1</sup> I remember nothing of the place as it was then, except that it stood on a high and rather steep hill, pretty well covered with trees and shrubs ; but I can recall just one incident of our visit. Some one was talking to my mother about a landscape gardener known as Capability Brown, because he expatiated on the capabilities of the estates which were, so to speak, his patients. Our host (for he it was, I suppose) then brought out a book in which was a plan by Mr. Brown for the improvement and development of that steep hill as a pleasure ground. It was indeed a transformation ! The hill was laid out in terraces, with statuary, fountains, and cascades ; and, if I remember right, a considerable sacrifice of timber. This plan was never carried out, or very partially if at all. There was nothing like it when I went to Beaudesert again, about forty years or so after this early visit. We went then to visit some friends who had taken the place ; and I don't think I realised that I had ever been there before, till one evening this book was brought out, and the plan for the improvement of the hill unfolded. It

<sup>1</sup> Lord Anglesey's place in Cannock Chase.

gave me something of a shock. After that I began to recall the rooms and staircase. I must have been very young indeed at the time of the first visit. It was probably just before or after our visit to Aunt Sneyd at Byrkley Lodge, near Rugby, the place where I first saw an acacia tree. Dear Bunny had a garden at Holywell in Oxford, which I saw once or twice (probably in 1870). It was bounded on two sides by a brook fringed with trees. This was a great feature of the garden, and must have afforded much scope for her gardening talent in the choice of water-loving plants. She sought refuge in this lovely plot of ground from the too exacting claims of society in Oxford; for, though she was very sociable, and always took great trouble to please and amuse her guests, some solitude each day was a necessity to her. She often spoke to me in later years of this brook, and used to quote Tennyson's farewell to a brook, some lines of which ran thus :

A thousand suns will stream on thee,  
A thousand moons will quiver;  
But not by thee my steps shall be  
For ever and for ever.

She set these lines to a very sweet and old-fashioned waltz; and after her death I copied out this her own farewell to her beloved brook, and added these lines, which may God grant to be now and for ever true of that dear and tender soul :

And while those suns shall stream on thee,  
Those thousand moons shall quiver,  
In Paradise my rest shall be,  
For ever and for ever.

Bunny had a garden at West Malvern to which



no house was attached ; but there she planted and gardened, generally during the late summer. She thoroughly understood and delighted in garden-flowers, but perhaps took an even greater interest in collecting wild flowers. When I was a little child at Gisburne, I remember well her being so pleased when we found, in one of the meadows beyond the river, a specimen of the *primula farinosa*, which is by no means common. It shows a cluster of small pink flowers on a rather sea-green stem which looks as if slightly powdered with flour. In their country home in Worcestershire, Bunny and Uncle Edward collected an immense number of wild flowers, which they dried and labelled and kept in large portfolios. Just after her death, Uncle Edward took me to a waste place at Shotover where were found bee-orchises and other uncommon wild plants. He told me on this occasion that it is not always easy in this country to determine whether a plant is or is not really wild : so many places, now waste and uncultivated, have been the sites of farms and cottages with their gardens that degenerate garden flowers may often appear there and be supposed to be growing wild. Uncle Edward seemed to have much the same love of flowers as dear Bunny. During this visit to Oxford he pointed out to me a clump of blue geranium growing in a hedge by the roadside, and was enthusiastic about a cottage garden in a neighbouring wood. The cottage was so small that the lupins, larkspurs, hollyhocks, etc., of which the garden was full, were as tall as the cottage itself. The wood itself was very delicious, having an undergrowth of honeysuckle.

Next to gardens, there is a place in my memory for particular flowers I have loved—a gardenia of my own that I bought as a child, a campanula that I found wild near Ullswater. Bunny helped me to paint the campanula. I was taken by her, I think in the early autumn after my mother's death,<sup>1</sup> to visit a family of Marshalls at Hallstead on the banks of Ullswater. They were great friends of Bunny's. Miss Cordelia Marshall showed me the place by the lake where the daffodils,<sup>2</sup> immortalised by Wordsworth, grew in swaying multitudes. There was an earnest cult of Wordsworth at Hallstead, which must, I think, have amused Bunny a little; for I remember a distinct impression that this worship of Wordsworth was considered an amiable weakness on the part of our hostess. Miss Marshall afterwards became Lady Monteagle, and Miss Cordelia became Mrs. Whewell. Her husband was a learned graduate of Cambridge.<sup>3</sup>—To return to flowers. Being at Winchester in the early autumn of 1891, I was walking in the Cathedral Close towards the setting sun, when, high above me, clinging to the grey buttress of the Cathedral, I saw

<sup>1</sup> It seems, from a letter from Harriett Lister (Mrs. Cradock) to Lady Theresa Lister, that this visit was paid in August 1837, the year before A.D.'s mother's death.

<sup>2</sup> Writing to me in 1910, when I was in the Lake country, A.D. says: 'I remember the Lake scenery very well, though I have not seen it since I was twelve. I then stayed with the Marshalls at the head of Ullswater. Cordelia Marshall took me to see the daffodils, about which Wordsworth had just written [the poem, however, had been written thirty-three years]. There was an intense Wordsworth cult in that family. One of them married Mr. Spring Rice, who, being a supporter of my stepfather, was twitted by someone in the House, who complained of a clique "led by Lord John this, and Mr. Spring that."'

<sup>3</sup> Rev. William Whewell, sometime Master of Trinity College.



a cluster of harebells, with the sun shining through the delicate blue flowers. That was an unforgettable sight. Scarcely less so was a glimpse I once had, after a Hastings holiday, of a bush of honeysuckle growing over the stump of a tree in a meadow near Polegate. I have looked for that bush again, but in vain. The farmer had no use for it.

### *Campden Hill*

The Duke of Bedford had a lovely villa at Campden Hill—then, I should imagine, but little built over. I used to be taken there, probably in the summer of 1833, to play with Rachel Russell.<sup>1</sup> The house was an ordinary modern stucco building, but there were plenty of flowers and trees about it, a flower-garden in front of the drawing-rooms, then a small meadow with shaded walks leading round it back to the flower-garden. This meadow, before hay-making time, was my delight. It was full of the pinkest-tipped and longest-stemmed daisies I had ever seen, and delicious blue speedwells.—Here, nine years later, I saw the polka danced for the first time at a society function (then called a breakfast) by Lady Pollington<sup>2</sup> and, I think, Lord Cantalupe. She was a pretty little person who would have made a typical French *soubrette*, and was the first to wear her hair arranged in a *chignon*. It suited her very well, but did not become general till a good many years later. Lady Pollington always took out with her a little

<sup>1</sup> Half-sister of Lord John Russell.

<sup>2</sup> Rachel Catherine Walpole, daughter of 3rd Earl of Orford, married Lord Pollington, afterwards 4th Earl of Mexborough.



clever-looking sister,<sup>1</sup> with what the French describe as a '*mutine*' expression : she lived to publish her reminiscences at the age of eighty.

The Duchess of Bedford of these early days (say 1836) was a beautiful woman, tall, and of a most commanding presence ; very outspoken, cheering, and kindly in manner. I saw most of this [lady] during my first visit to Woburn. There was a servants' ball, carried out with the greatest *bonhomie* and cordiality. The Duchess was the moving spirit of the hour. She danced with Thomas, the principal footman, gorgeous in a red and white livery. When the dance was over he dropped on one knee very gracefully, and kissed his partner's hand. It was very prettily done. As Lady Georgiana Gordon, the Duchess was exceedingly admired both in London and Paris, where, with her mother, the Duchess of Gordon, she attended the balls and receptions given at the court of Napoleon the First. On one of these occasions, Papa told me, the Emperor happened to be out of temper with the English Government and people (this was in the early days of his reign, when there were no active hostilities) ; so, when the Duchess made her courtesy, he said, ' Bonjour, Madame la Duchesse : Bonjour, Mees,' to Lady Georgiana, in a sharp, rough tone.

### *Lady Shelley's Breakfasts*

I attended these ' breakfasts ' from early childhood till a little while after my marriage. My first visit

<sup>1</sup> Lady Dorothy Fanny, afterwards Nevill, younger sister of above, who lately published her recollections in two series.

there with my mother was much the most interesting. I thought the garden very pretty, and liked the crowd. Among all the beautifully dressed people were many that my mother seemed pleased to meet. Among these was Lady Jersey, a stately and, I thought, very formidable person. She had with her two grown-up daughters, Lady Sarah and Lady Clementina Villiers, and Lady Adela, who was about my own age. We made friends, of course, and were left to amuse ourselves together, which we did by looking about us and making remarks on Lady Shelley's<sup>1</sup> guests. We also kept up a continual warfare with the gnats and flies, which would insinuate themselves under Lady Adela's very transparent muslin frock. We were engaged in this sport when Lady Jersey returned with my mother. At the same time Lady Sarah came up from a side path, looking extremely agitated. She embraced her mother, to whom she whispered a few words, and then burst into tears. Others drew near; and at once there was a scene of great excitement, hand-shakings, kisses, and congratulations. Lady Sarah had accepted Prince Esterhazy.<sup>2</sup>

### *Comets*

During my first visit to Endsleigh, when I was, I suppose, eight years old, my brother and I were taken to see the old vicar of Milton Abbot, the neighbouring village. Mr. Jago was ninety years old then.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Shelley was then residing at Lonsdale House, Fulham.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Sarah Frederica Caroline Villiers married Prince Nicholas Esterhazy von Galatha, son of the Austrian Ambassador in Great Britain, in 1842.

He pointed out to me a bright object on the horizon like a tiny flaming sword. He told me it was a comet, and that, although it was now near our sun, it would go far away into space, and would be away seventy-two years. 'I saw it seventy-two years ago,' said he, 'when I was a young man. Perhaps you may see it again.' What an impossible stretch of years that seemed to me, and yet I believe that comet is now due. But it appears that several periodical comets have lately failed to keep their appointments, and a great deal may happen to such a body in the course of so many years. I never saw a comet again till 1858, when Donati's glorious comet appeared, and presented a spectacle never to be forgotten. We were at Brighton in September of that year, and saw it to the best possible advantage, as it appeared to hang over the sea not very far above the horizon. On fine nights it looked like a silver cloud; but on a stormy night its appearance was still more imposing. Its tail took on a lurid glow which seemed to stream up to the zenith, while dark clouds flitting across the rays increased the effect of the red, uncanny light. I saw another comet from Hampstead Heath not long after the disappearance of this glorious visitor. This one looked like an angry blue eye (for the tail made no show), and it was visible for a short time only.

### *Whispers of the Old Faith*

I have no wish to write a spiritual autobiography, but just to jot down such early hints and vague stirrings of the faith of our fathers as came to me



between the fourth and fourteenth years of my life. I must explain that what obscured and hindered such faint lights and partial glimpses of 'the truth once delivered to the Saints' was not positive denial or discouragement on the part of individuals: it consisted rather in a certain atmosphere of dislike and distaste of aspirations towards the supernatural (except, perhaps, during public worship) which was much more evident in persons of education and culture then than it is at the present day. One evening, soon after Christmas—I was probably between four and five years old—I was in one of the downstairs rooms of our house at Gisburne which looked on the approach. It was dark; but, hearing sounds of a crowd outside, I rushed to the window, and, by the light of some torches and lanterns carried by the processionists, I saw a woman riding on a donkey. She wore a long blue veil and seemed to be carrying something in her arms. No one said 'The flight into Egypt'; but somehow I felt that this it was. I even felt as if something strange and full of blessing was visiting us; but I was hastily removed from the window, and all I heard from my mother and others about me was something about 'a silly custom,' 'excuse for begging,' 'drinking-bout to-night.' There seemed to be, not only no sympathy with a quasi-religious custom, but none of the present-day interest in folk-lore. Great religious movements were in progress at this time; but the ordinary attitude of the well-to-do intelligent people was, outside the then very slender observances of the National Church, decidedly materialistic. My thinking of the flight into Egypt was owing to the

possession of a small red book, full of coarse woodcuts representing scenes from the New Testament. I was much drawn to this book ; and, to make it more satisfying to myself, I drew a crucifix in it with pen and ink : it expressed some first instinct of worship in my infant heart. Yet I had never seen one of these powerful aids to love and gratitude which Catholic children possess from their earliest infancy. I remember, when rather older, trying to express to my dear mother something of the craving I had for some visible or tangible object with which I might connect what little I understood of the religious teaching I had. I wanted, I said, a nice picture of our Lord. Here my mother was not unsympathetic, but took great pains to explain to me that wishes of that sort were a mistake. The persons I wished to see represented were, she said, so sacred, so far above our comprehension, that no picture could give a true idea of them. This view, of course, ignores the limitations of our nature—of the nature, above all, of the young and ignorant, for which the true Church has always made abundant provision. I need hardly say that our village church made *no* provision for the needs of such poor souls as, imperfectly comprehending what they heard in the ill-read and ill-sung services of that church, yearned dimly for some warmth, some home-like feeling, such as a neat and pleasing exterior might, at least, have afforded its weekly attendants. Of course, as a child, I only felt the coldness, the ugliness of the church, and the unutterable tedium of the service ; but I have since wondered how kind-hearted and cultivated people like my own kith and kin could have borne the utter



unfitness of the arrangements of this desolate building. The dingy and worm-eaten cloth on the communion-table might pass muster in those days of imperfect apprehension of the meaning of Communion; but the equality of man before God should, one would think, have retained some hold on Protestant minds. Yet here was a pew occupying a good quarter of the church, well raised above the damp flooring, and sacred to our family, while below it, along the nave, were wet paving-stones, on which stood worm-eaten benches, of oak, indeed, and carved, but narrow, rickety, and uncomfortable. There was, in fact, nothing about the church itself to suggest, I will not say thoughts of God and heaven, of grace and redemption, but even of human brotherhood, helpfulness, and cheer.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I gather, from a story which Mrs. Drummond used to tell, that the vicar indulged occasionally in diatribes against the Roman Catholic Church, of which there were few representatives in the neighbourhood. The story was as follows: A travelling menagerie established itself in the village, and the villagers were at pains to name the animals. That which puzzled them most was a camel, which, after lengthy discussion, was identified as a 'Roman Catholic,' as it appeared to correspond with the idea of something abnormal and grotesque which had been produced in the bucolic mind by the vicar's sermons. The story appears in Sir M. Grant-Duff's diaries; but he makes the animal a bear, losing, as I think, the main point, as a bear is not an especially abnormal mammal.

I asked Sir M. Grant-Duff from whom he had heard the story, and he said, from Lord Morley of Blackburn. I conjecture that the latter had heard it told in Dublin by my brother-in-law, Lister Drummond, when the one was Irish Secretary, and the other Secretary to the Evicted Tenants Commission under Judge Mathew. It is impossible to say who is responsible for the perversion; but there is at least no doubt of the source of the story, nor of its original form.

The story is also told in *Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, as one of his favourites.



I may mention here that I did, later on, obtain the picture of our Lord which I had so longed for. When dear Bunny came to take care of us between my mother's death and Papa's second marriage, I saw a great deal of Bunny's great friends, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Emily Gore. Their brother Charles was Papa's private secretary, and he was a great favourite with us children. Another brother, Annesley Gore, a clergyman, came to see us occasionally. He was a most kind man, and a strong Evangelical; and I think he often tried to get a few good thoughts into our heads. One day he asked me what present I should best like to have from him; and I told him what picture I wished to have, though, of course, quite unable to put my feelings about it into words. He seemed very much surprised, and rather puzzled; but, after some demur, he agreed; and, soon after, sent me a very good print, from an old master, of our Lord as ruler of the world holding an orb in His right hand. I have said that Annesley Gore was an Evangelical; and these were the people who did much to neutralise the evil of barn-like churches, lifeless services, and perfunctory sermons. I suppose I was about ten years old when, on Papa's settling into 30 Wilton Crescent with my mother, I and my brothers and sisters were taken to Dr. Thorpe's proprietary chapel in Halkin Street, Belgrave Square. We all got fond of this chapel, although the sermons were long, and, of course, much beyond our mental calibre. We liked the hymns—indeed, I remember and like some of them to this day—and although the fittings and arrangements of this and all the fashionable chapels of the day were almost as simple

as those of Gisburne Church, they were not squalid, and there was nothing repellent about them in the way of extensive family pews and wretched free seats. Hymns certainly have a wonderful power. Dear Tommy,<sup>1</sup> who after my father's death went to two of the abominable private schools then very fashionable, as a preparation for Eton, used to speak with real pleasure of the hymns sung at one of these; and I like to think that he did so.

Tommy and I fell very early under the spell of Sir Walter Scott,—not, indeed, through his novels, but his poems, the best of which I had given me as birthday presents. We both loved the lines in *Marmion* in which *Sir David Lindsey* tells of the appearance to King James of the loved Apostle John—how he said:

In a low voice,—but never tone  
So thrilled through vein, and nerve, and bone :  
‘My mother sent me from afar,  
Sir King, to warn thee not to war.’

One day my mother took me to Sir David Wilkie's studio. He had just finished a picture of La Fornarina, one of Raphael's models, representing the young woman sitting looking out upon the landscape, enjoying the evening air outside her cottage door. Near her was a plant bearing white flowers. ‘This,’ said Sir David, ‘is the plant the peasant girls of Italy dedicate to the Virgin.’ As he spoke, I felt the pleasantness of the idea in some vague way, and was conscious at the same time that neither Sir David nor my mother had any other feeling about it than that this was a popular custom in no wise interesting to us.

<sup>1</sup> A.D.'s brother, the 3rd Baron Ribblesdale.

*Royalty*

When I was born, George IV had yet three years to live ; but I never saw this gorgeous and unpleasant creature. I did see his immediate successor, William IV. When my father died in 1833 (?),<sup>1</sup> Lord Howe became one of our guardians. He lent Penn House to my mother when she left Gisburne ; and I suppose it was from thence that she and I and my little brother went to Windsor for a day or two. We must have slept there, for we could not have gone to Windsor and back in one day, even from London ; but all I remember was the visit to the Castle itself. This must have been arranged by Lord Howe, who had a post in the household. We were received in the first place by Lady Howe. She was unusually tall, and very slight (I have been told that she was six feet high), and her appearance in the narrow and very long riding-habit then in fashion made a great impression on me. While we were at luncheon, King William the Fourth came in—an elderly man, very goodnatured-looking, with rather small blue eyes and a fresh complexion, but not at all red ; whitish grey hair, which, being brushed up to the top in a sort of curl or drake's tail, made his head look pointed. He went up to my little brother, who sat in a high baby-chair, and said : ‘ Well, my Lord, and how are you ? ’ The formality of this address surprised me ; but the manner was not formal. Queen Adelaide gave me, I think, a vague impression of being ‘ a woman of no importance.’ She was thin,

<sup>1</sup> Thomas, 2nd Baron Ribblesdale, died November 1, 1832.



and her features were small and irregular. She wore bunches of short ringlets on each side of her face, and something rather large and round framing her face—probably a turban, for these were worn by people no longer young. I well remember those of Mrs. George,<sup>1</sup> and, later on, those worn by the redoubtable Lady Holland. After luncheon we were taken to a long gallery, where groups of people, including the King and Queen, were standing and sitting about, chatting; and I have a vague recollection of Queen Adelaide attempting a game at horses with my little brother. It seems unlikely; but I believe it was so.

It must have been during one of our visits to Kent House (Knightsbridge) from Penn that I was called one evening into Mrs. George Villiers' sitting-room (the home of the box-bed); and there stood an oldish gentleman with a tremendously long white moustache. I am not sure that even soldiers wore it then. I was exceedingly impressed by it, and thought the old gentleman very handsome. No doubt my admiration of him was increased by the pleasant things he said to me during our short interview. I think it was only after this was over that I was told he was the King of Hanover.

In the spring of 1837, when my mother and stepfather were living at 30 Wilton Crescent, my sisters and I went twice a day to the Park with our governess. Hyde Park was not very attractive to a child who had once known a country life, country parks, woods, and gardens. It was not, as now, a triumph of landscape-gardening, bright with flowers in summer, and lovely in early spring with crocuses, daffodils, etc. growing in

<sup>1</sup> I.e. Villiers, mother of Theresa Lister.

the grass under the trees. There were indeed many fine trees in the park, and even some rows of young trees; but all these grew out of a sort of desert of dusty tracts of bare ground, with stretches of, at best, very thin, withered grass. So these walks to us were tedious, except in winter, when we had our hoops, or in summer, when we went to the Serpentine to see the water-fowl. However, one morning in May, we saw, though we did not realise it, the beginning of the great Victorian era. We were walking by the water-side close to the end of Rotten Row, when a large dark coach, with only two windows, came rather swiftly by. At the window next to us was a young face framed in a large black bonnet—not a close bonnet, but one having rather the effect of a very large round hat. The eyes were very red: the hair, a pale brown, was neatly parted in the middle into plain and smooth Madonna bands, such as were universally worn at the time. ‘That is the young Queen,’ said our governess, ‘going to live at Buckingham Palace.’ This was, I think, a few days after the death of King William. I had been taken to see Buckingham Palace some time before this—probably by my aunt, Theresa Lister. However this may be, my companion did not approve of the decorations of the rooms, and particularly objected to certain pink pillars in one of them. But I felt secretly drawn to those pink pillars, as I had latent within me that thirst for brighter colouring everywhere which, in skilful hands, produced glorious paintings later on, when Millais and his disciples revealed themselves to the world of art.

The next time I saw Queen Victoria was at her coronation. My sisters and I were taken to the



house of Mr. and Lady Cecilia Langton, in Piccadilly. Strange to say, I have not the impression of a very brilliant spectacle. I remember the cream-coloured horses, and the long, thin line of coaches more or less ornamental, in one of which Marshall Soult, one of Napoleon's Generals, was pointed out to me. The day was not very fine, though dry ; and this may partly account for my recollection of a rather colourless procession. I am sure there cannot have been anything like the street decorations to which we are now accustomed, and the crowds were certainly not so numerous and overwhelming as they now are. The difference in the number of people in the streets between those days and ours strikes me very much. There was never, except on great occasions, such as an illumination, a continuous stream of people in almost every street, as there is now.—I think it was on leaving Lady Cecilia's house that we came into a throng of carriages just within the gates of Hyde Park : some of these contained peeresses in their robes, carrying their coronets. I can't understand why they got there. They can hardly have been going to 'coronation teas,' for afternoon teas were then unknown ; but there may have been gatherings of some sort, for I remember, probably at Kent House, seeing dear Lady Morley there in her robes, making jokes about her coronet—'This bauble' as she quoted.

I think the first visit I and my sisters had the pleasure of making to the Queen must have been in the spring of 1838. My dear Aunt Bunny was then Maid of Honour ; and the Queen, who, like most people, liked and admired my mother, said she



wished us to call in our morning walk. So we went to the Palace one morning, with our governess. The Queen was dressing, I think for a Drawing-room. It was never the fashion to consider Queen Victoria very pretty; but she certainly was so. My recollection of her on this occasion is of a very young-looking, slight girl, with clear, rather pale, blue eyes, and regular features—though the mouth did not close firmly enough. The hair was pale brown, and glossy—the whole face lit up with smiles and laughter. She was very kind to us—sat on a large old-fashioned sofa, putting on her white silk stockings. She gave us various pretty little ornaments, and chatted very merrily. Her principal dresser, Miss Skarret, waited upon her, handing her what she had to put on. But we only saw the change of stockings and petticoats, as, before the gown came on the scene, our audience was over. But though we did not see the full dress that time, we did later on; for we were allowed, two or three times, I think, to stand in one of the reception rooms and see the Queen pass on her way to the Throne-room. On one of these occasions I was struck by the very small proportions of the Queen. The room we were in was extremely large, and the Queen came in walking quickly: her train, which was of cloth of gold, was carried by two little pages in red and white; and she looked like a little girl dressed up in royal attire. But to return to that first visit: the Queen's dressing-room seemed to me well worthy of her state, for, though I don't remember any very gorgeous decorations—the old sofa on which she sat had a plain chintz cover—there was an arrangement of flowers which seemed to

me a great luxury. The room had three large windows at one end, opposite the fireplace, and between each window was green trellis-work covered with a tropical creeper—the honey-plant. There were also, on a table, two immense hyacinth glasses, three times the size usually seen; and these contained two splendid hyacinths on the same gigantic scale.

When the Queen was married to Prince Albert, my mother had died, and we were living at 30 Wilton Crescent with my step-father and my dear Aunt Bunny. I don't know how it came about that I was invited to this marriage, as the chapel in which it took place is very small, and the number of people who might justly claim to be invited was, of course, very large. However, so it was. I had on a beautiful white frock, a white lace shawl (the wedding was in February), and my hair was dressed by Isidore, the most fashionable hair-dresser of the day,—and actually glorified by a pink feather. I had a seat at the end of one of the galleries, just over the Altar. While we waited for the Queen, I had the best possible view of Prince Albert standing by the Altar (I say 'Altar,' but the Communion-table bore no resemblance to any such thing). I don't remember flowers or candles: there may have been some gold plate, but nothing splendid or even festive about it. I think what struck me most about Prince Albert was a high and broad white forehead, clear blue eyes, light brown hair, and slight moustache. He was moderately tall, rather slight, and had a pleasing expression—a frank, truthful expression, such as is generally seen in persons whose eyes are rather far from their noses. The Queen Dowager wore blue

velvet, and some sort of high head-dress with white feathers. Looking down on the scene from a height, as I did, the expanse of white satin forming the Queen's train was a great feature in her procession. It was carried by twelve bridesmaids, and was trimmed all round with a wreath of white orange-blossoms, not as true to nature as we now see them made. Indeed, with the exception of the lace veil, the Queen's dress would now appear extraordinarily simple. Its texture was, no doubt, as rich as it could be, but it was not loaded with ornament upon ornament, gold or silver embroidery, lace worked with jewels, veilings of all sorts : its *décolleté* body was responsible for one slight disfigurement of the Queen's otherwise very pleasing appearance : her plump little arms looked very pink. This was so often the case when she was in full dress that one wonders at her persistent maintenance of *décolleté* dressing, even for daylight functions in early spring. I remember sadly too little of the remarkable people who must have been there. The Queen's mother, the Duchess of Kent, I cannot recall, though I have an impression that she was tall and rather handsome. I must have seen her on some private occasion, for she took an interest in my learning German, and gave me some German books—*Die Montmorenci*, Houwald's *Buch für Kinder*, and two books by Hauff. The *Montmorenci* book I lent to Mrs. D——, and fear it would hardly be possible to get it back now (1906).

The last time my sisters and I were invited to see the Queen in our morning walk was just before the birth of her first child. My little sister Georgy



was one of the party, this time. She could not speak quite plain, but was so struck by the appearance of the Queen (whose hopeful condition was extremely evident) that she exclaimed in a loud, clear voice, 'Oh, what a jolly fat Keen!' The Queen laughed long and heartily. She was always very easily amused, and her laughter was always very hearty, silvery, and infectious. She was delighted with any little funny remarks the children made. On one of our visits, just after the coronation, my sister Bessy said to her: 'How did you like your crowning?' 'Very much,' she said, and laughed again and again. My first sight of our most genial and capable sovereign Edward VII,<sup>1</sup> whom may God preserve, was in Regent's Park. He was about four months old, and was held up to the windows of one of the gloomy royal coaches by his nurse. He looked a queer little bundle, wrapped up tightly in what struck me as a very shabby-looking shawl.

In the autumn of 1846, I was invited with Papa and Mamma to dine and sleep at Windsor. The party was not a large one, and I do not remember anything interesting about the dinner, the appointments of which were not superior to those of the many Woburn dinners I had seen. The only noticeable difference in the arrangements from those of most dinner-parties was that the Queen and Prince Albert sat side by side. He was certainly very good-looking in a rather uninteresting way—a broad marble forehead, eyes rather wide apart, well-shaped but light-coloured—a faint blue. His expression was thoughtful and benevolent. I did not see the

<sup>1</sup> This was written in 1906.

Queen very well during dinner ; but the evening made up for that. A piper walked round and round the room during dessert, and then the ladies followed the Queen to the drawing-room. We sat in a rather stiff circle for a little while : then the Queen, turning to Mamma, asked her whether I was fond of dancing. ‘ Indeed she is,’ said Mamma. The piper was called in ; and the Queen, a lady-in-waiting, and I, stood up for a threesome reel. Now I had the best opportunity of seeing her. She danced beautifully, and as if she thoroughly enjoyed it. She had at this time a very slight, girlish figure, made for dancing, and on this occasion she wore a rather clinging Tussock silk gown made without flounces ; and, as she set to her partner, the jewel belonging to the Order of the Garter, the broad blue ribbon of which she wore across her bodice, flapped up and down against her side. The clinging nature of her evening gown of course accentuated the effect of her youthful appearance. (I have used the word *gown* here advisedly, for at that time the word *dress* was only used by ladies’ maids ; and I remember getting into a serious scrape with my mother for talking of a new ‘dress.’ I see that some modern journalists, trying to restore the ‘gown,’ have out-Heroded Herod by writing of a lady being ‘gowned in a dress.’ This is *not* early Victorian.) Either that afternoon or next morning, there was a knock at the door of our sitting-room. No one appeared when Papa cried, ‘Come in.’ So Papa went to the door, and did not return. It was Prince Albert come to fetch him for a chat.

*The Chain Pier at Brighton*

The chain pier (destroyed by a storm in 1896) was then<sup>1</sup> about ten years old, and was considered a fine piece of engineering. It was built on the lines of a suspension-bridge, and in the arches dividing the chain-work, at intervals, were small shops full of toys, pebble ornaments, and all sorts of small articles—notably models of the much-admired chain pier, and toys of cardboard to represent it. These were made on the principle of lazy-tongs, and, when stretched out, formed a very good picture when one looked through the vista of arches. Regency Square looked then much as it does now (1906); but, of course, there was but one pier on the sea front.—I sometimes went to spend the day with my grandmother and dear Bunny when they were in town. On one occasion my visit was on Sunday, and I went with these two kind creatures to Trinity Church. The morning service was everywhere in those days two hours in length—three separate services, slowly read, being combined, and followed by a long sermon. This was a sore trial to children, for whom an hour altogether would be more than enough. All pleasure and interest in the service depended on ability to follow intelligently every word spoken, or rather drawled, during those two hours. I need not say that such ability was not mine; and, as this was a sultry day to boot, it was not long before I began to feel, and also to look, very ill. Dear grandmamma<sup>2</sup> and Bunny saw this; and, being but poor disciplinarians, at once took me out.

<sup>1</sup> Probably 1834.<sup>2</sup> A.D.'s mother's mother.



They told my mother how overcome I had been, and what measures they took to restore me : she only remarked drily that, if she had been there, I should have stayed in church. This kind grandmother did not live to any great age. She died in a few days of something not then understood (so my nurse told me). It was probably appendicitis, the cause and cure of which was then unknown.

*General Tom Thumb [Charles Stratton]*

Among the sights to which Aunt Theresa took me in very early days was one that was afterwards known to have precipitated a sad tragedy. Papers left behind him by Haydon, a struggling artist, showed that, when tempted to despair by want of success, he was finally driven to suicide by seeing the large picture on which he had built all his hopes, and which he was exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, neglected by the visitors who thronged the building to attend the *levées* of a celebrated dwarf. When I saw the tiny American, Charles Stratton, he was in his teens. His appearance was not unpleasant, for he looked like an infant of nine months old dressed in man's clothing. I was especially delighted by his minute and well-polished boots and his small, clear voice.

Though my aunt and I paid our respects to the dwarf, I must say we *did* go to see poor Haydon's picture of the raising of Lazarus. Though it was badly painted, there certainly was something grand about the composition. Aunt Theresa was rather

impressed by it. She said it was 'a grand idea, badly carried out.' Haydon could and did paint portraits good enough to please his sitters, and he could have supported himself by these ; but he had no knowledge of his own limitations, and believed himself to be capable of producing historical pictures of the most ambitious kind.—I was very anxious, having seen a dwarf, to see a giant ; but this good fortune never came in my way, and I did not consider an immense blue horse, also exhibited at this Egyptian hall of wonders, at all a satisfactory substitute. Indeed, the only approach to a giant that I have ever seen was an exceedingly tall Mr. Lascelles I met, in the later 'sixties I think, at dear Bunny's house at Oxford. He was rather over seven foot high, and seemed to be worried by his unusual height. He complained of being too long for a boat ; and I daresay he did not like the sketches in the shop windows by some fellow undergraduates who represented him as the 'Magdalen giant,' leaning against the tower of the college and resting his elbow on the top. When he walked out with us, Mr. Lascelles always walked in the gutter by the side of the pavement, so as to lose a few inches of his height.—But to return to a more remote period. It was in the very early 'forties, I think, that an exhibition of Chinese goods and curiosities was held in a very large building between St. George's Hospital and Eaton Place. At one end of the hall were three gigantic gilt figures of Chinese, representing the Past, the Present, and the Future—the three periods being indicated by the position of the hands of these giants. There was something extremely imposing



in this group of three, and it made a deep impression on my mind. It was in this hall, I think, that, in 1843 or 1844, an exhibition was held, by Mr. Catlin, of Ojibbeway Indians. Several individuals of the tribe performed their national dances, and gave representations of their industries, and their methods of hunting the bison—then still numerous in North America. The walls were covered with sketches of prairie scenes: I believe Mr. Catlin was the artist. Although the pre-Raphaelites had not then appeared, or were only just appearing, he had anticipated their methods by painting grass its natural colour, so that the walls of the hall presented delicious surfaces of green, on which background red men and brown bisons struggled vehemently for the mastery. Mr. Catlin lectured at intervals on the civilisation of these red men, who were still in a well-nigh primitive condition. My sisters and I were delighted at an old chief, who smiled at us; and we thought the squaws very pleasing—so gentle and kind-looking. Among the men was a half-caste, very tall and handsome, about whom I afterwards heard a sad story. There was a great craze among the public for these Ojibbeways, and unfortunately the craze went so far in the case of a poor English girl that she married the half-caste. The marriage turned out as badly as might be expected; and it was said that, not long after the return of the Red Indian party to their own wilds, the young man cleft his wife's skull with a hatchet.—I happen to remember the dress I wore when I went to this show. I wore a 'granny' or coal-scuttle bonnet of black velvet lined with blue satin, tilted up at the back and coming



down rather low on the forehead. This tilting was only just coming into fashion, but it lasted three or four years, as fashions did in those days. It was certainly becoming. These bonnets were close at the sides, and resembled a Quaker bonnet worn tilted. With this bonnet I wore a mantle, called a 'cardinal,' of some red-and-white plaid stuff. The cardinal hung down very straight, and had slits in each side to let the arms quite through, which was convenient, as we then had tight sleeves which followed the pretty bell-sleeves. The cardinal had a long reign, being very comfortable and convenient—a consideration which does not now save a fashion from extinction.

### *Ethiopian Serenaders*

The first symptoms of the craze for nigger melodies began, I think, during the 'thirties, when a song called *Jim Crow* was sung and whistled everywhere, with the jumping accompaniment and refrain :

Turn about and wheel about and do just so,  
And, every time you turn about, jump, Jim Crow.

The song appeared when Taglioni was in the heyday of her fame. 'Jim Crow's sister,' so runs the ballad, 'went to a ball.' She appears to have gone there with a will, for we are told that :

When the ball began to meet,  
She was coming Taglioni at the corner of the street.

This song raged for years. It must have had successors ; but I think these appealed only to street

boys and costers. In the early 'forties, however, came a troupe of singers who, with blackened faces, gave plantation songs, grave as well as gay. They took St. James's Theatre, and immediately became as much the favourites of Society audiences as their successors have been the delight of the general public. Their songs were sung in drawing-rooms as well as at the street corners. One song in particular, a dirge on one *Miss Lucy Neal*, delighted everybody. It was the lament of a young negro for his sweetheart. 'My massa owned a yaller gal,' wailed the admirable tenor, 'whose name was Lucy Neal.' 'Oh, Miss Lucy, poor Miss Lucy,' replied the powerful chorus in low and smothered notes of delicious harmony. We were once much amazed to hear an over-refined amateur turn the 'yaller gal' into 'pretty slave' when pressed to give a rendering of this popular song. Dear Tommy delighted in these singers, and went to the St. James's every night for three months. The Ethiopian serenaders were the pioneers of the innumerable nigger troupes which have amused the public from that day to this. There is plenty of street music now; but I miss the quaint little songs of the 'Buy a broom' girls, and the sight of their pretty costume. I think the last time I spoke to one was in 1846. This was an extremely old woman, who sang touching German songs in a thin voice.

### *Remembered Trifles*

I see that Sir Oliver Lodge, writing of communications with the dead, and the possibility of proving the identity of the intelligence directing these circum-

stances, says that such proof will usually depend on the recollection of trifles. The objection raised—that communications too often relate to trivial subjects—is, according to Sir Oliver, a thoughtless one. ‘Our object,’ he says, ‘is to get, not something dignified, but something evidential; and what evidence of persistent memory can be better than the recollection of trifling incidents, which, for some personal reason, happen to have made a permanent impression?’ We do not yet know how the faculty of memory acts in those ‘beyond the veil’; but it surprises me to find how, in looking back upon a long life, little besides trivial sayings and doings occur to me in thinking of those of whom I desire to remember most. Of my father, for instance, what can I recall? Weighty advice for my future guidance?—Not at all. He taught me how to catch gnats by putting the open palm of my hand some inches below them as they flew, and then jerking it up and closing it on the creatures. He put sugar into his gruel that I might amuse myself by seeing it dissolve. Of what he said to me I can recall nothing; but on the whole there is an impression still upon me of a kind face, of something loveable, trusty, and true. Of my mother’s talk and ways I remember, of course, much more, and have already written of her chats with me about some serious matters. In her case also the advice I remember most was often about trifles; but so good that I have tried to follow it ever since. I was never, she said, to complain, when in society, of being cold or hot or in any way uncomfortable. I was to wipe my face very carefully after washing it, lest it should



shine like that of a housemaid. Two little amusements of her own she carefully warned me against : one was eating small lumps of camphor, and the other lighting up the gas in the coal fire with spills. She never allowed listlessness in manner, or any other sign of laziness. Threading my needle was always a trial to me ; and one day I ran to her with the news that someone had invented a machine for threading needles. ‘ Oh,’ she said, ‘ I should not like that at all. It would be very lazy to use such a thing.’ My dear grandmother was very indulgent, and quite satisfied with me provided I did not fall into a ‘ brown study,’ or hum when sitting by her side. She should like a song very much, she said, ‘ but not that wearing sound.’ I think the best advice I ever had, and this formally given ‘ at the outset of life,’ came from a very unexpected quarter. I was about sixteen or so when I and my sisters were invited to Lord Clarendon’s place, near the Grove, Watford. Aunt Theresa was there, and several of her relatives. The visit was made a great occasion, and very smart clothes were got for us. I had a blue silk gown with two deep flounces, which was my first really smart long gown. We all had bronze shoes and silk stockings, which we were never tired of admiring. Among the members of the family party at the Grove was Charlie Villiers—‘ King Fudge ’ Aunt Theresa called him, as a tribute to the variety and mendacity of the stories he related. He, perhaps the cleverest and most original of all the Villiers (which is saying a great deal), was often at Kent House when I was there as a child. I thought him very good-natured and most amusing ; so I was pleased when he asked me to take a walk

with him. He talked very pleasantly about my 'coming out,' and the many interesting things I should see, and how much I should learn by degrees; and then he said: 'Remember this: as you go on in life, the more you learn the more you will have reason to find how little you know.' He said much more about the future; but that sentiment about the increased sense of ignorance that later years would bring is the only one that remained permanently in my mind. This occasion was the only one in which I ever heard him utter anything but the most amusing nonsense, with banter and sharp sayings about all and sundry. How he must in later life have enjoyed the as yet unuttered saying of Jowett about the confidence young people have in their own judgment, when, speaking of some vexed question, he said: 'Even the youngest of us is not sure on this point.'<sup>1</sup> At the time of our walk at the Grove, I should never have supposed that Charles Villiers would have lived so far beyond the usual limit of human life.<sup>2</sup> He was then very slight and active—had yellow hair divided into straight wisps all over his head; and he usually had a small patch of bright colour in his cheeks, which I thought hectic, for his skin was on the whole rather sallow. His family used to twit him with never washing his

<sup>1</sup> This is probably an incorrect version, wrongly assigned, of the famous epigram uttered by Dr. Thompson, Master of Trinity, Cambridge, who, when a very junior Fellow had been speaking somewhat dogmatically, remarked: 'I think that we should remember that we are all fallible—even the youngest.'

<sup>2</sup> He lived to the age of ninety-six (1802–1898), so he may have heard the above epigram, which was delivered many years before his death.

face, but agreed that his complexion was better than most people's. I think he had been heard to recommend the use of cold cream for the face, thereby anticipating the treatment of the beauty-doctors at the present day.

[*Lord John Russell*]

My mother was very kind in taking me about to places she visited, so that I saw much beautiful country, and many interesting people whom I am glad to remember now. There were, however, drawbacks to the pleasure of this country-house visiting. The post-chaise journeys of those days were very irksome to children: the hours of travelling were very long; for it was not convenient to take more than three days to get from one side of England to the other. Moreover, the windows of these old post-chaises were so small and placed so high that a child could not see out unless it stood, which was not always convenient. Another drawback was the lonely time spent with a maid (to whose duties the care of a child was, I should imagine, a rather unwelcome addition), my mother being far too considerate to inflict much of my society on her hostesses.—We had been visiting at Mount House, Dartmouth, a place belonging to Colonel Seale,<sup>1</sup> where I had been very happy with his children, when we went on to a hotel at Sidmouth.<sup>2</sup> Here began the *régime* of the

<sup>1</sup> John Henry Seale, created Baronet 1838.

<sup>2</sup> Spencer Walpole gives Torquay as the scene of Lord John's courtship of Lady Ribblesdale (Vol. I. pp. 229–230), and is, no doubt, right.



maid; for there were no children with whom I could foregather, and she and I took daily walks by the sea. These walks were soon much cheered, to her, by the companionship of one who, she told me in impressive whispers, was 'Mr. Myers, valet to Lord John Russell.' I soon perceived that the conversation of the pair was carried on in the cryptic manner which so particularly excites the curiosity of small listeners. Very soon the same kind of impression was made on my mind by the talks I heard between my mother and her friend Miss Seale—afterwards Lady Cranstoun,<sup>1</sup> I believe. Something was being discussed, and it was all about Lord John Russell.

One day I was brought into a room where a party of ladies and gentlemen were having luncheon, and led up to be 'introduced to Lord John Russell.' I wish I could remember what he said to me: the impression his appearance made upon me I *can* recall. It was very different from that made upon Mr. Creevey, whose 'papers' I have just read. He speaks of Papa's 'white face.' To me he seemed dark and small—more like Grant's pictures of him, but not so tall. This impression of him did not last later on when I knew him better. I should say that the miniature by Thorburn was the most accurate likeness of him in later life—pale, delicate-looking, with blue eyes; but not white, and certainly not dark.

These recollections are sadly vague: the time of the engagement is a perfect blank in my memory; but I remember the wedding at St. George's, Hanover

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Henry Seale, married 10th Baron Cranstoun, 1843.

Square,<sup>1</sup> and the evidences of Papa's great popularity at that time. No doubt my mother did what was customary in those days; but it seems strange now to think of her being dressed as a bride with wreath and veil, my sisters and I being bridesmaids. We remained in the church when the bridal party went into the vestry. Presently I heard a loud sound, which I supposed to be a blast of many trumpets: it was then explained to me that this was a crowd cheering Papa, who had left the church with his bride by the vestry door.

Not long after this, I think, came another tour in Devonshire,<sup>2</sup> and more long days in post-chaises; but they were very cheery days. Papa, as you know was always his wont, repeated poetry, and told stories of all kinds, many about Spain,<sup>3</sup> and legends very exciting to my imagination. One of the post-chaise drives was quite unique. We were going down into Ilfracombe (or were we leaving it?) when we were met by a large crowd carrying new ropes, and shouting. The horses were taken out of the chaise, and a number of men fastened the ropes to it and proceeded to drag us into the town. Never having seen a crowd before, or heard such a noise (except at the wedding), I thought this rather terrible. Presently we stopped,—when, to my unbounded astonishment, Papa stood up, and, opening his mouth wider than I could have thought possible, began to speak. Of course, I did not understand of what he spoke, but I have a distinct recollection of the tone of his voice

<sup>1</sup> Walpole's *Life of Lord John Russell*, Vol. I, p. 231. The marriage was celebrated April 11, 1835.

<sup>2</sup> See Walpole's *Life of Lord John Russell*, Vol. I. p. 248.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 80.

as he said the words : ‘ united in the same cause of Reform.’ There were, no doubt, other demonstrations of popular enthusiasm during the course of that tour. It must have been on one of these occasions that Lady Morley heard, as she told me long afterwards, one man in the crowd round Papa say to another : ‘ Keep back they maidens : they bees scrowging Sir John.’





## CHAPTER III

### CHILDHOOD—FROM A.D.'S MOTHER'S SECOND MARRIAGE (1835) TO HER DEATH (1838)

*Extracts from letters written by my Mother to Aunt Harriett*

‘Mamhead, 1835.

‘. . . OUR affairs seem to be going on very well. Lord Ebrington, who had been the least sanguine among our friends, told me yesterday he considered the aspect of affairs quite changed; and many people yesterday who ought to know said they calculated on a majority of not less than 300.<sup>1</sup> . . . We were most triumphantly received at Exeter yesterday. Such a procession, and such a show of hands when the Sheriff called for a show! Of course it was declared in our favour; and, though in fact it may not prove the good omen we all felt it, it gives the people courage, and it has much influence on the electors in deciding their votes. John spoke excellently well, I hear; but we could not hear the speaking except by report, being too far off. It was an interesting sight, the holding up of such a forest of eager hands, the shouting and waving of hats, and the immense enthusiasm of our people when they

<sup>1</sup> Lord John Russell was, however, defeated by Mr. Parker, the Tory candidate, by 627 votes.

made a press to get possession of the front of the hustings and to keep the Parker party off. It was like a great wave every now and then ; and I watched till I had all evening that sort of feeling that one has when having been long in a carriage—of not being able to get rid of the noise of the wheels and the sense of motion. The people gave me three cheers. Lord Seymour has been here, and remains ; and Lord Russell is come down. I talk to him, but he is very silent. He is quite eager, though, with all his manner of indifference, and came down seventeen hours outside the mail, because he could not get another place, in pouring rain. We have lost a cousin ; and I suppose I shall be obliged to wear mourning for a little time. I could not put it on here, having none ; but even if I had, I think, as a bride, the people here, knowing nothing of the relationship, would have been annoyed at seeing me in black.’

The next two extracts are from letters written very soon after my mother’s second marriage. She dates from Queen Street, where Papa lived before that event. Their home in Wilton Crescent was, no doubt, being prepared.

‘ . . . The Duchess<sup>1</sup> is all kindness, and I think we shall go on well together. She seems very fond of John, and said all manner of kind things about him, and told me how proud the Duke was of him. He is quite perfect, and I am the happiest woman in the world. It is a proud feeling, knowing what he

<sup>1</sup> Georgiana, daughter of 4th Duke of Gordon, Papa’s step-mother.—(Note by A.D.)

is and how he is considered, and finding him always devoted to me, caring for my opinion, and as much in love as if he was not the intellectual, refined person he is. I hope you will be able to come to London : I shall never feel you know him well unless you do. . . .’

‘Queen St.

‘MY DEAREST HARRIETT,—Here we are ; and I do not know when we are likely to get down to Woburn again, if we go at all. However, we are together, and I care very little about the inconvenience. It was rather provoking, certainly, having to leave Woburn when we were so quiet and happy. Then, the place is as magnificent and beautiful as possible, and, with all that, so extremely comfortable that it could scarcely under any circumstances be left without regret, and very certainly not under ours. We got here between two and three yesterday, and I called here to leave Lord John, and then went on to Kent House, while he went to Lord Melbourne. It seemed very strange, and I quite puzzled myself to know how it could all have been, and that yet there I was back again with Theresa and Mother George.<sup>1</sup> I came back here, and then we went together to dine at Kent House—only Theresa, Brother,<sup>2</sup> and Algy—Mrs. G. dining with the Morleys. John went after dinner to his father’s.<sup>3</sup> He is ill, I am sorry to say, but not alarmingly so. . . . There will be a contest in Devonshire, Mr. Parker being brought forward

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. George Villiers, mother of Aunt Theresa.—(Note by A.D.)

<sup>2</sup> My uncle T. H. Lister.—(Note by A.D.)

<sup>3</sup> John, Duke of Bedford.—(Note by A.D.)



by the Tories; and so he will be supported by Tory money. He used to say he would never sit in Parliament until our constitution was brought nearer the American. This, from a Tory, was absurd enough and inconsistent enough; but I wish he had preserved his consistency in this particular case, and saved us the annoyance of a contested election. I like the idea of Devonshire very well; and, as we cannot stay at Woburn, I had rather go there than anywhere. I hope something will be finally settled to-day about the Ministry. I cannot say I make myself uneasy or over-anxious either about the Ministry or the election, supposing the other arranged. I am too happy to be made very anxious: I recollect that we are married, and that nothing can separate us; and this is a fund of happiness that I find quite sufficient now. I cannot tell how ambitious I *may* grow, where the ambition is for his fame.

‘We were fortunate in having this house to come to. It is small; but the sitting-rooms are very comfortable and liveable-looking. He has a carriage and horses that I can use. I am here without my *femme-de-chambre*; but the housemaid I had so many misgivings of is a *charming* woman. So anxious about “my lady,” and just the sort of woman I like. Then, the boy looks very sweet in a new livery, and goes out with the carriage, and is evidently much amused—which shows a sense of the ridiculous on his part that I quite appreciate. It is the newest specimen of a honeymoon, ours, certainly. I think we show ourselves sensible people, above all vulgar prejudices, by submitting to our fate quietly. In

fact, I am very well contented with mine. I could not marry John Russell and expect to have only to love him unintruded [on] by other claims. I could not love him as I do if I were not willing to spare him to his country. . . .

‘. . . John very often says : “I like your mother extremely : she’s just the sort of person I like.” ’

‘ Wilton Crescent : 1835.

‘. . . We went to St. Paul’s yesterday, and it was very cold, and I was not well in the evening ; but I am very glad I saw St. Paul’s and heard Mr. Sidney Smith preach. We had a dinner and drum on Saturday. Mr. Spring Rice inquired after you, and some others, and Mr. S. Smith particularly. He put his hand to his heart, and said “he was touched, sensibly touched.” He was very amusing. The chicks are all well. Georgy is full of fun, and John dotes upon her. I am very busy, and I get up early to be with the chicks in good time. Bessy<sup>1</sup> is very good. She pondered very much over your letter as to the effect of good example. She did not like incurring the responsibility, I believe, for she said : “But they are naughty,” as if the case was hopeless. I shall be very glad when you are here ; and if I keep well, I mean to have people every Saturday certainly. . . .’

‘ Wilton Crescent : 1835.

‘ John is perfect with the children, but I have not found out yet in what relation he is not perfect.’

<sup>1</sup> A.D.’s youngest sister, afterwards the Honble Lady Melvill.

*Pets*

My brother and I had a little spaniel when we were at Gisburne ; but I do not remember our taking much interest in it. It was provided for us by our mother, who wished us not to be afraid of dogs ; but children seldom care for pets they don't find out for themselves. This we never did at Gisburne ; perhaps because we never played in the gardens and grounds by ourselves, but went for stated walks with nurses and governesses. Later on, however, we had opportunities. One summer, not long after my mother's second marriage, my brother and I were sent down to Tunbridge Wells, a few days before Papa and my mother, to a house they had taken for a short time. Here we played in the fields. Dear Tommy used to fill his hat with grasshoppers ; and we made a home for beetles in the dining-room sideboard. I do not think we had a governess at that time, and the upper servants had not arrived from town, as Papa and my mother were still there. So we spent a good deal of time, at my brother's suggestion, in making these beetles run races on the dining-room table. But the day of reckoning came. Clarke, the butler, came in one day and looked daggers at us when he saw the sideboard, his peculiar charge, full of grass and insects. I think our next pets were some frogs we found near the river at Endsleigh and kept in paper boxes which we filled daily with fresh grass. Bessy, being quite a little thing, neglected this precaution, and was seen one morning with her mouth very square and tears running down her cheeks, ruefully contemplating her box full of



perfectly dry frogs. At Wilton Crescent I kept a silver fish in a large tub in one of the attics. I had some idea that the usual glass globe was not quite what the fish required, and took the trouble to get water from the Serpentine daily in a tin can. The discovery of the true principle of keeping water in a fit state to support life had, I think, just been made by Mr. Ward, but was not generally known. Indeed, the great boom in aquaria did not, I imagine, begin before 1850. And so I had no weed in my tub, and poor Angelina, as I called my fish, did not live long. My next recollection of pets is that of a hedgehog given to me in Scotland. When dear Johnny (Amberley) was just beginning to talk, a pudding was one day brought in, stuck all over with almonds. 'Oh, Mamma,' cried Johnny, 'Addie's 'edgeaug!' He was much pleased with some little white mice which I used to let out on the schoolroom table, and called them 'Addie's little white 'orses.' At Unstead Wood (later on) Bessy had some poultry, to which she devoted much attention. One day Papa said to her: 'Bessy, where are those two hens of yours?' 'Oh, Papa,' said she, 'one's lost and the other's a cock.'

### *Belgrave Square*

When we lived at Wilton Crescent (from the time of Papa's first marriage till his second) we made great use of the very nice garden within Belgrave Square, as the Duke of Bedford let us call for the key whenever we liked. The garden was very pleasantly laid out, and the trees and shrubs in it

had attained a very respectable size, though this was a new neighbourhood. The lilacs in the spring were delightful; and there were many shrubs, the fruit of which resembled nothing so much as the dirigible balloons of which we had then so little idea. These light green receptacles, being full of air, made a loud pop when the thin envelope was cracked, and popping expeditions were often organised among us. But we had many good games less unwelcome to the gardeners. The children of many families assembled in the Square in the afternoons, and we made acquaintance with many of them. We played most with the Fitzgibbons—Florence, afterwards Lady Kimberley, a very lovely and amiable girl; Louisa, who married Mr. Dillon; and Helena (who was too young to play with us); also their brother, whom they always called Doaty, and who was, I believe, killed in action. So, too, was Hughie Drummond, who, with Francis Drummond, his brother, was one of my bodyguard when I was elected Queen of the Square. He died defending the real Queen's flag in the battle of Alma. I do not know in what my sovereignty consisted: I think its chief use was to be challenged by boys outside the bodyguard, and so to provide occasion for a hostile encounter. Other maintainers of my rights were the three Byngs,<sup>1</sup> George, Henry, and Francis, who all in turn became Earls of Strafford. George was very clever, and could repeat long poems by heart. We admired his skill; but such avidity to learn was not quite to our liking. We were often much interested in the

<sup>1</sup> George Henry Charles, Henry William John, and Francis William Cecil, successively 3rd, 4th, and 5th Earls of Strafford.

children we did not know, especially those belonging to Mr.<sup>1</sup> and Lady Harriet Drummond. We used at first to notice the tall young sons, who died very early; and then a number of adopted children greatly excited our curiosity. We knew them as the French young lady, the Italian boy, the Scotch boy, and the Swiss baby. Some years later, Lady Harriet told me that the young lady was a Princesse de Croy, the Italian boy was Ciro Pinsuti, who has achieved great distinction as a musician; but I don't think I ever knew much about the Scotch boy or the Swiss baby. Of Mr. Drummond's remarkable history and opinions I was to know more in the future.—Two families, the Warres and the Lyons, were not favourites with the authorities in the Square. The gardeners regarded them with suspicion, and the nurses considered them rightly named. 'We don't want no wars nor no lions,' said they. But I believe these rude boys achieved distinction in later life.

### *Creevey*

Papa's small stature was, of course, as great a boon to caricaturists as Gladstone's shirt collars became further on in the century. In the days when his marriage to my mother gave him the popular *soubriquet* of the 'widow's mite,' a contemporary diarist, Mr. Creevey, thus describes Papa's appearance at a dinner-party :

'My ears were much gratified by hearing the names "Lord and Lady John Russell" announced ;

<sup>1</sup> Henry Drummond, see pp. 235-237.



and in came the little things, as merry-looking as they well could be, but really much more calculated, from their size, to show off on a chimney-piece than to mix with and be trod upon in company. To think of her having had four children is really beyond ! when she might pass for fourteen or fifteen with anybody. Everybody praises her vivacity, agreeableness, and good-nature very much, so it is all very well.'

Papa was indeed short, but there was something manly and even vigorous in his bearing : his shoulders were broad, and he held his head erect. He was much amused, I remember, on being told the way in which our good Yorkshire nurse summed up his characteristics, when she said to Georgy : ' Your Papa's very kind and quiet here, but he's a little tiger in the House of Commons.' Grant's picture makes him too tall, and thus takes away any appearance of sturdiness : Thorburn's miniature is quite the most accurate of all the portraits of him in existence.

### *Papa's German*

Papa was perfectly acquainted with the French, Italian, and Spanish languages ; but he did not understand German. He took an interest in my German lessons, and often talked about the characteristics of the language. Some of these he had caught, as far as sound went ; and one day he and another man took in the Duchess of Kent by talking some gibberish with such a truly German intonation that she, who had been standing at some distance, came up to them,

delighted to find that they spoke German.—He told me one day of an amusing time he had once at dinner with a certain Serene Highness whose English was very imperfect. This distinguished person was full of an accident that had just befallen him, of which he gave the following account : ‘ I vos riding slowly along—tinking of noding at all—when dere came shorful, shorful, out ob de hedge a greater, fatter, blacker porker : my ’orse fell and I was on my ’ed in a ditch.’

Papa was very fond of Spanish. He often quoted proverbs and nursery rhymes in that language. When Sir Charles Elliot<sup>1</sup> (Chinese Elliot, as he was called) came home with his daughter Hatty (afterwards, I think, Lady de Clifford), they were often at our house. Hatty was a pretty and lively little thing, whom everybody liked. She used to sing Spanish songs, political and otherwise, such as *Ysabel Segunda*, *Yo que son contrabandista*, etc., very much to Papa’s satisfaction. Hatty told us many stories of the Chinese ;—how the little Chinese wives, girls of eleven and twelve years old, wore their hair dressed high in the shape of tea-pot handles, which their husbands utilised to box their ears with when the chatter and screaming in the streets rose to an unbearable pitch.

### *State Balls*

I remember my mother going to one, in the year 1837 probably, where fancy dresses were worn. Quadrilles were got up in which all the dancers wore the dress of some particular period or country.

<sup>1</sup> Admiral (1801–1875).

My mother belonged to a Russian quadrille. I was much interested in seeing her fastening her jewels on to the high, moon-shaped head-dress belonging to the national costume of Russia. As Papa was generally at the House of Commons in the evening, she often dined in her room when some late ball or party was in prospect, rested on her sofa, and arranged the details of her toilet. She often had for these little dinners a delicacy which seems now to have been crowded out by other things. This was laver, whether a seaweed<sup>1</sup> or a plant growing close to the sea I am not sure. My mother generally had me with her on these evenings, and talked of many things. I wish I had retained them in my memory. I do recall one chat about ghosts. She said they could only be the spirits of people like ourselves who had passed away; and tried to make me see how unlikely it was that people such as we knew and liked would ever alter so much as to wish to appear and frighten little girls. Another talk we had was about images and pictures of sacred persons. I had as a child an instinctive longing for something of the kind, and said so. But my mother maintained that these were very undesirable, as they could never be good enough to represent the originals, and would give a wrong idea of these.—In 1843 or 1844, the Queen gave a fancy ball at which all sorts of dresses were worn, and costume quadrilles made up. As I was not ‘out’ yet, I had no personal interest in this ball; but the great fuss and whirl in which the whole of London society was involved amused me very much. We were then settled in Chesham Place; and Mamma’s sister, Lizzy

<sup>1</sup> A seaweed of the genus *Porphyra*.



(who afterwards married Mr. Frederick Romilly), was with us, for this occasion I suppose. She belonged to a Chinese quadrille. All went well with her dress down to her shoes of green velvet embroidered with gold; but alas! a few days before the ball, she slipped downstairs, put a toe out of joint, and soon had a terribly swollen foot. The fashionable shoemaker everybody was employing for their fancy shoes was sent for in haste to devise a shoe that she could wear without too much agony. The sight of the very large foot, so out of keeping with a Chinese costume, was too much for the courtly manners of the shoemaker, who laughed unrestrainedly, exclaiming: '*Mais vous n'allez pas danser comme ça?*' However, he made a green-and-gold shoe which proved wearable, and I suppose the foot improved a little, for Lizzy did not disenjoy her ball.—Now my turn came. The Queen gave another fancy ball, in 1845, to which, as I had just been presented, I was invited. The dress was to be that of the period of George II. I don't know how long the preparation for this ball lasted, but it was very severe. The tables were strewn with prints showing the variety of court dresses from which we might choose. Nothing else was talked of; and I remember how strange it seemed that statesmen like Papa, and most of the busiest men of the day, had to interest themselves in their costumes. The great joke among us all, of course, was the hoop of the period: could we wear such a monstrous contrivance? and, above all, could we dance in those pointed shoes with heels two or three inches high? How little we thought, when trying on the hoop, that in little more than ten

years' time we should all wear cages quite as large, though not so ill-shaped, and wear them for more than another decade. Whatever some youthful writers of fashion articles may say, I can certify that no true crinoline or hoop was worn between 1827 and 1855, or thereabouts. At the time of this fancy ball of 1845 we were wearing petticoats stiffened with cord, which gives only a slight fullness to the skirt. The George II. hoop, therefore, startled us a good deal. It is, indeed, a peculiarly unwieldy and ill-shaped machine. The petticoat and train showed well upon it, if you looked at the wearer in front or at the back; but the side view was not so well. This formation gave rise at times to certain Hogarthian effects. Well, my hoop was made of thick wooden bars—quite inflexible: my costume consisted of a green silk petticoat trimmed with white lace and pearls, and a bodice, and very full pink silk skirt looped as a pannier over the hoop, with large bunches of pink convolvulus. My high-heeled shoes were of green satin lined with pink.

Mamma's costume was very good—a blue brocade petticoat and a black or very dark brocade upper skirt with a bright flower-pattern. Owing to the unmanageable nature of our hoops, I followed Papa's carriage alone in the brougham. This was rather alarming; for the crowd, though very good-natured, was very considerable. The windows were crowded with curious faces. I was asked how I liked going to the ball; and there were cries of 'Here's a duck!' and 'How do you like it, my little dear?' etc., etc. Well, the ball began with a polonaise. Mr. West, who was one of the first of our friends to meet us at

the door, took my hand, and we paced slowly and majestically along in the glittering procession of guests, and passed before the Queen and Prince Albert. Said the Queen to me: 'Where is your chaperon?' I explained that she was following in the polonaise. The Queen nodded and smiled, and we went on. Presently real dancing began, and the high-heeled shoes did very well.

I went to several concerts at the Palace, at which Grisi, Mario, Lablache, and Castellan always appeared, and were most delightful: they always seemed to sing so easily and naturally. They seemed such good friends that I was interested in them personally; and I much admired Grisi's smooth, good-natured, handsome face, and her beautiful black hair.

But no State ball ever made so much impression on my mind as one I attended much later on—1870, I think. Maura<sup>1</sup> had been presented in the spring, and this ball took place in the early summer. Young ladies do not expect to dance much at court balls, and I was much pleased when Lord Alexander Russell came up and asked Maura to dance. He offered to take her into the royal quadrille; but she made him understand that she would much prefer the 'second best.' Meantime I amused myself by noticing the expression of intense boredom on the countenances of the Duke of Devonshire and the then Duchess of Manchester as they danced this quadrille together. But the sensation of the evening was this. The Queen was represented at this ball by the then Prince of Wales and Princess Mary (Duchess of Teck), a most gracious and queenly figure.

<sup>1</sup> A.D.'s eldest daughter: died 1892.



I was much struck by the sweetness of her expression as she, walking by the side of the Prince, headed the short procession to the supper-room. It *was* short, consisting chiefly of the suite, for the ball was not a crowded one; and there were but few bystanders in the doorway as it passed out of the ball-room. Your Papa and I and Maura were among these. Suddenly, just as the end of the procession had entered the anteroom, one of the suite turned round, and, facing the ball-room and the now sparse array of guests, exclaimed in a clear voice, ‘Sulky little beggar!’ We all instinctively took this to mean that this uncourtly individual was dissatisfied with H.R.H.’s arrangements as to the supper-hour, and wanted to dance a little longer; but the matter has ever remained a mystery.

[*Lady John Russell to Harriett Lister*]

‘Bedford Hotel: Nov. 1837.

‘. . . We dined at the Pavilion yesterday, and to-day have just been to the Chain Pier with Her Majesty’s party. She has not been before. The day is beautiful, and the effect very pretty. They fired a salute from the end, and flags were flying in different directions. The Chain Pier was left clear, and the people only admitted on the steps and other entrance. The Queen told me yesterday how much she liked you; and she said she thought you were coming with me, and said she should be very glad to see you again. She has the most charming manner possible, I think. She told me about your running away into the fern, and laughed very merrily about it.’

*Aunt Theresa to Aunt Harriett*

‘New Year’s Night, 1838.

‘MY DEAREST HARRIETT,—I have to thank you for your letter, and to wish you a happy New Year! That is a wish that comes to you from the bottom of my heart. You deserve to be happy; and my wish that you should be so is not unselfish, for it adds to my own most materially when I think you are so. The year that’s awa’ has been singularly exempt from trials and afflictions,<sup>1</sup> and has brought with it many blessings. I like to think of those things, and to mark well all the good that befalls us, for it is easy to complain: and yet how immeasurably the good things of this life outweigh the evil. Of this there is no more striking proof than that, if we try to look back at any period that has passed without an active affliction, we shall find that all the good was substantial, and bears to be remembered and dwelt upon, and all the evil is frivolous, and seems too paltry to warrant a place in one’s recollection. I have always thought that a balance-sheet of good and evil kept every day would force the heart into greater thankfulness than we are always disposed to feel. How often should we find on one side:

The love of a husband,  
The health of children,  
The enjoyment of society,  
The blessing of ease and intellect,  
The approbation of parents,  
The union of a family;

<sup>1</sup> Before the next was over we had suffered the irreparable loss of our mother.—(Note by A.D., 1909.)

and on the other side :

The wind in the east,  
 The carriage too late,  
 The slight of an indifferent acquaintance,  
 An unbecoming gown,  
 A flushed face ! (that is very bad, you know),  
 An unpunctual tradesman.

‘ My idea of religion is one of thankfulness : my millennium is when peace on earth and goodwill towards men should reign throughout. The mercifulness of such a dispensation as shall combine our best happiness here with our most complete service to God and following of Christ is so striking that one cannot think of it without lifting up one’s heart and voice in thanksgiving ; and a year that has passed replete with joy and exempt from trial should always have a little tablet of gratitude raised to its memory.’

[*Lady John Russell to Harriett Lister*]

‘ July 27, 1838.

‘ . . . I believe we shall certainly go to Ryde for a month after August 15. We stay in London till then. The Queen prorogues Parliament in person ; and then, I suppose, all her loyal subjects of both houses will go into the country. She gave her last ball yesterday. She looked very well, and danced a great deal, and was very nice with me. I was very well, and stayed till half-past three. I was desired to sit upon one of the chairs near the Queen, and, having such a comfortable place and seeing so well, I stayed, enjoying looking at our precious little lady. The



Queen will go to Brighton, I believe certainly : I asked the Baroness [Lehzen]. I hope it will be during part of your waiting. Lady Abercorn goes there soon, and will not be gone when we go. I have seen a good deal of her lately. She goes out a little, and she comes and sits with me. She says I look so quiet and comfortable always. She looked so graceful and pretty yesterday, notwithstanding her state. The Parkers have been a week in London, and lunched and drove with me ; and I took them to see the Palace. I made her some presents, and we are very good friends, which is agreeable. Georgy Russell<sup>1</sup> is enjoying herself here very much. Cosmo is great fun. Frank<sup>2</sup> has got a ship, and all the family are very much pleased with John about it. Dear little man. Goodbye, my dear child. I was low the first few days of your being away, and still miss you.'

### *Shells*

We spent part of the summer of 1838 at Ryde in the Isle of Wight. My brother and I were alone there some little time before Papa and my mother came down. The villa they had taken had a garden extending from a green verandah, shading the drawing-room, to a sea-wall : a gravel walk ran down the two sides of the garden. These walks were embowered in a shrubby growth of very old nut-bushes. The sea-wall was the scene of great enjoyment. My brother and I had invested all our pocket money in small wooden boats of the simplest construction,

<sup>1</sup> Lady Georgiana Russell, afterwards Romilly.—(Note by A.D.)

<sup>2</sup> Lord Francis Russell : Cosmo, his brother.—(Note by A.D.)

which, tied together by a string, we floated over the sea-wall,—till one sad day some rough lads came by in a boat, and, cutting the string, carried off the whole flotilla.—Sometimes we were taken to the sea-shore, on which there were always long streamers of brown seaweed covered with brown and yellow nerites. These we made into a kingdom, the brown shells forming the lower classes, and the yellow representing the Court and aristocracy. The kingdom was the nucleus of my shell collection, which was one of the great pleasures of my childhood. It received, two or three years later, a great accession from a number of tropical shells given me by Papa's half-brother, Lord Henry Russell, who was a sailor.—He was very handsome, and rather strange in manner. So, at least, my governesses thought; for he used to come to our schoolroom dinner, and make curious mixtures of food on his plate; and this they considered a bad example.—To return to the shells: (I think it was after the gift of tropical shells, and some expeditions to the Pantheon, where boxes of them were sold, that dear Bunny had a satinwood cabinet made for my collection by an old carpenter at Penn. It was beautifully finished with black mouldings, and would do credit to the best London upholsterer. (This cabinet I still possess; but have long ago lost another solid piece of village workmanship—an oaken cradle for a doll, made by a carpenter at Gisburne.) I had at intervals some happy shell-gathering times: the best, perhaps, that I ever had was during a visit I paid with dear Bunny, when she lived with us after my mother's death, to Bournemouth, a place which then consisted almost entirely

of an hotel on the beach kept by people of the name of Toomer. There was no esplanade or anything of that sort in front of the hotel, but a sandy beach stretching away for miles around. Here I found really choice shells—Pectons of all colours (single valves only), a Strombus with polished wing, the lower valves of Anomia, semi-transparent, and deliciously coloured with pink, primrose-colour, and pale purple. Here I also found the exquisite Helix Janthina, one of the most fragile of shells: its colour is deep violet. The landlady of the hotel, seeing my delight in these treasures, gave me a shell of her own, a very large ‘guinea-pig’ cowry: it had a prosperous career in my shell kingdom, and was, I think, made a marquis in our peerage. Our premier peer was a large iridescent Trochus, such as lodging-house keepers use as ornaments. This shell was, I think, given me by a servant who, like the landlady, sympathised with the young collector. Early in this stage of my collection, Cousin Emma Sneyd<sup>1</sup> sent me a book on conchology according to the Linnæan system, with pictures and simple descriptions of the principal varieties of marine shell. This book was invaluable to me; but the box of specimens accompanying it did not afford me complete satisfaction, as they were arranged in trays in the order named in the book, and might not be removed to become subjects of my kingdom. I must mention here that in 1905, when many of the shells in my cabinet had been in my possession well-nigh seventy years, Monica most kindly washed them all, and thoroughly cleaned the cabinet, the mouldings of which were

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 232–234.



also repaired. We painted some of the specimens with a light varnish; to bring out the colouring, and also to protect them from a curious bacillus which appears to have the property of softening the lime of the shells and eventually forming a small round hole in their substance. When the hole is finished, the little workers appear to die, for there is no sign of the mischief ever extending in the close neighbourhood of the hole. We found the little circles quite soft; and this after the shells had lain undisturbed for many years.

[*Lady John Russell to Harriett Lister*]

‘ 14, Sussex Square, Brighton :

October 12, 1838.

‘ John was very happy at Windsor, and yet very happy to come back; and it was delightful to me to see his evident fondness for little Georgy, and how he liked to have her on his knee and to watch her. She was very good, and delighted when he came. I believe she felt it a good deal; for they say her little face went red, and her eyes sparkled, and she was quite excited when she heard the bell and they said it was “Papa.” We rather wish for a boy; but I should like to have the Queen’s name<sup>1</sup> so much that I believe a girl now would be well received. The Queen was extremely kind and gracious about it, John said; and she said: “If it is a boy, of course it must be called John.” This was very thoughtful of her, as

<sup>1</sup> Victoria Russell—afterwards Lady Victoria Villiers—was born October 20, 1838. She married Rev. Henry Montagu Villiers, son of Montagu Villiers, Bishop of Durham.

otherwise we might have felt some difficulty. Yesterday was the first windy day we have had, and I had a chair, and had an excellent sea breeze, and went on the pier to enjoy it thoroughly. I set to work at my frame when you were gone, and shall finish my work either to-day or to-morrow. I have just put in a snap-dragon, the flower that I worked from nature—which does very well.’

*Letter from Aunt Harriett to my Mother*

‘DEAREST ADELAIDE,—I suppose you may read and hear letters now; so I shall begin my court circular again. Lord John has been so good in writing to me, which was more than I expected from him, as he is such a busy person. I hope you will go on better now. It was such a delight hearing of the birth of the baby, and exactly the day we settled, so that I certainly expected to hear either Sunday or Monday; and then, when I had given up the hope of hearing on Sunday, as it was past post-time, in came the good Baroness, saying, “Little Victoria is come”; and for the first moment I could not think what she meant. You and Victoria the Little have been daily bulletined by Her Majesty’s Ministers; for Lord Melbourne wrote when away, and now gives the account to the Queen and me. He said one evening that Lord John said you were headachy, and low, and troublesome, which he knew Lord John did not say; but he thought it an excellent joke to tell me Lord John said so. He does not joke of it at all when he thinks you not so well really: you

can't think how kind and considerate he has been, talking about you as if he were an old nurse—he and the Queen both pretending to be so wise on these matters, which sometimes made me laugh afterwards ; but I suppose they know as little about it as most people. Lord Surrey, too, informed the Baroness that it was not surprising if you were less well after the first few days ; and in short, when you are well again, I shall laugh very much when I think of the Ministerial and Courtly discussions on monthly-nursing. All those who know Mr. Taylor say how clever and how kind he is in an illness. The Codringtons know him:—I suppose he attended Lady Codrington, for they speak so very highly of him. I hope you will go on nicely. We are rather *triste* to-day, for our dear Lady Lyttelton is gone. Sir Robert Otway we all tenderly parted with last night, and Lord Falkland I believe is also gone. Lady Charlotte Copley stays on till Thursday, as Lady Theresa Digby had a fall from her horse, and is not yet quite well enough to come. She was made very black and blue, and I believe it was more than any real injury ; and their going was a terrible loss to us. It all seems now so like a regular break-up : one cannot feel settled or allow oneself to get happy again. Lady Barham comes to-day : I should like that, if I had time to get to know her well. Lady Lyttelton is such a loss : she is so very good and kind, and so very agreeable. The Queen gave her and Lady C. Copley a bracelet each yesterday evening. All the Ladies and Women are to have one as their Order. The Ladies' is a miniature of the Queen ; the Women's a gold massive bracelet with the initials



V.R. in small turquoise, and the Queen's hair inside. It is very pretty. I believe we are to have a red ribbon bow for our Order. Blue was thought of; but it is like the Royal one for—is it George the 3rd's picture? I like red, as then it must be seen. Mine is not yet come, and the Queen says: "Poor Baby: it is very hard on you not to have it yet! but the tiresome man will not get it finished." That darling Queen! She is nicer than ever: she talks to me more than she ever did before, and is so merry. She intends to make a law (that is, she and I do), that Ministers should not marry; or, that for the future they should have no more children, if they have the misfortune to be married. Bless Her little Majesty: she delights in seeing children, and would have been terribly disappointed if you had not fulfilled the Baroness's prophecies. The Queen sees Lord John's notes to me, I believe, as I give them the Baroness to read often; and the Queen says: "In those notes to dear Harriett Lord John says so-and-so." Princess Augusta is come to visit the Queen to-day, before going to Brighton at four o'clock. I believe the Queen walks, which I am glad of, instead of riding, to-day. The Princess Augusta has stayed so long that I have no time to write more. Lady Mary Pelham was in attendance. She says how fond Lady Chichester is of Mr. H. Taylor. I hope you like him equally. I heard yesterday from Aunt Grove, who tells me that Honora Edgeworth is going to marry Captain Beaufort, Mrs. Edgeworth's brother, and that they like the match. I should think it was a very comfortable thing for her. She wrote to announce it, and asked her to tell us: as I had not written for

so long, I am ashamed to say, she would not trouble me by writing. I have written to congratulate, and to announce little Victoria to Aunt Mary. Princess Augusta (good old soul) is so fond of the Queen. "Is she not a darling creature?" she says to Lady Lyttelton, and goes on talking of her and praising her without ceasing. She asked tenderly after you.'

### *Brighton*

After a pleasant time at Ryde, Papa and my mother and the whole household proceeded to Brighton, where Papa had taken a house in the north-west corner of Sussex Square. Brighton, though not quite what it was in the reign of George the Fourth, was a rising watering-place. The day's journey from London was not considered too tedious in those days, when no greater speed was supposed to be possible. There was at this time no idea that Brighton would develop on the western side as it has done. Brunswick Square was the limit of the town in that direction; but Sussex Square, which occupied a similar place on the eastern side of Brighton, was believed to be but the beginning of a palatial suburb to rise on the property of Mr. Kemp. My mother always liked Brighton. She was very fond of driving in an open barouche, and found no place better suited to this amusement. I missed the beach at Ryde; for we had only the large Sussex Square gardens to play in, and no more shell-gathering could be enjoyed; but I amused myself very well indoors by

writing stories about the shells I had, and making bead crowns wherewith to adorn these treasures. The dark days came on apace, and on October 20<sup>1</sup> a little sister came. I was not so motherly as Bessy, who sat adoring the 'long-clothes baby,' as she called it. Three months or so later she was very angry with our nurse for short-coating the infant: 'What a shame,' said she, 'Marsden, when you know we can't have another long-clothes baby.' At any rate, lessons and play went on as usual, and I do not remember that we were at all affected by the cloud of fear and anxiety which soon after enveloped our elders. But I did notice the deep solicitude with which Papa said to me, as he took me in to pay my mother a visit: 'Say something to amuse her—tell her what you have been doing lately.' She lay very still with a bright flush on each cheek, and she did not move or speak. I felt then that there was something wrong; but, mindful of what Papa had said, I murmured: 'I've made a pair of muffetees.' There was a deep silence for a few minutes; then someone led me away. Two or three days after this we were enjoying the playtime we were allowed after our mid-day dinner: I was making bead crowns for the shells, when Clarke, the butler, came in, looking very sad, and beckoned our governess, Mlle. Perret, to come out of the room. Presently she came back, her eyes streaming with tears, and said: '*Mes pauvres enfants, votre mère n'est plus.*' How little these words conveyed to us the extent of our absolutely irreparable misfortune! Years and years of

<sup>1</sup> Victoria Russell.



youth had to pass before this was at all adequately realised. Gloom, and fear, and a wordless awe, fell upon us : it was intensified in my case by my being allowed to see our dear mother after her death. The form, which looked so terribly long, lying on the bed, and the white face, and the stillness of it all, were for long afterwards always present to my mind ; also the sad sound of Papa's bitter weeping when he paid his frequent visits to the dead was long in my ears. The catastrophe was indeed overwhelming, and was felt far and wide, as may be seen from the Queen's touching letter. There was a story—whether true or not I cannot say—that the doctor who attended her had been to see a niece of his who was ill with scarlet fever. The first person cured of the fever, then so often fatal to young mothers, was Lady Clarendon, sister-in-law to my aunt Theresa.—Soon after our great loss, we were all taken to Cassiobury, a beautiful place, which the owner, Lord Essex, lent to Papa for some months. I had a long illness there, attributed to shock, of which I remember little except that, when well enough to amuse myself at all, I was provided with some travels in China from the library. I took to the book very much—perhaps out of love for Uncle Titus' Chinese princess—and made a large Chinaman with cartridge-paper and cardboard, carefully painted. He also had removable clothes of painted paper.

I heard very few details of my mother's last days, and hardly anything of what she said ; but my nurse, Marsden, told me that, after the fever had taken hold of her, my mother asked for a watch. A small silver one was brought, and this she held

clasped in her hand when she died. Shortly before her death, she asked Papa to tell her the names of all the sovereigns of Europe; and this he did. These trifling incidents are actually all that I know of that sad time; and my memory is of so unkind a quality that it recalls scarcely anything of what I must then have seen or heard. This is also the case with regard to the last days of my father. His death, which took place away from home, was very sudden, being caused by the bursting of an aneurism. I only remember some autumn days in the year before he died—his firing off his gun in the approach as he returned home from shooting, his visits to our schoolroom in the twilight, and a great noise at the window on one of these evenings caused by an owl which, attracted by the schoolroom candles, tried to fly in. The circumstance revived an old superstition among the tenantry and servants.

### *Letters from Queen Victoria*

Among the letters of Queen Victoria, published in 1908, are the following :

#### *Queen Victoria to the King of the Belgians*

‘ Windsor Castle : Nov. 6, 1838.

‘ MY DEAR UNCLE,—We have all been very much distressed by the melancholy and untimely death of poor Lady John Russell, which took place on the 1st. She was safely confined on October 20 with a little girl who bears my name, and seemed to be going on very well; but on Wednesday she began



LADY JOHN RUSSELL

From a bust by Westmacott, in the possession of Mrs. Champneys





to sink from weakness, not disease, and died at 3 o'clock on Thursday. It is a dreadful blow to *him*, for he was *so* attached to her, and I don't believe two people ever were happier together. I send you his pretty letter to me, which I think you may be interested to see : he is *dreadfully* beat down by it, but struggles manfully against his grief, which makes one pity him more. She has left four children by her first husband, *now orphans*, the eldest<sup>1</sup> a sweet girl twelve years old ; and two by Lord John : the eldest of these is two and a half, and the youngest a fortnight. I had known her *very* well, and liked her, and I assure you I was dreadfully shocked at it. You may also imagine what a loss she is to poor Miss Lister, who has no mother, and whose only sister she was. I fear, dear Uncle, I have made a sad and melancholy letter of this ; but I have been so much engrossed by all this misery, and knowing you take an interest in poor Lord John, that I let my pen run on almost involuntarily.'

Eight days later the Queen wrote to her uncle as follows :

'I was certain you *would* take an interest in and feel for poor Lord John : he is, I hear, still dreadfully shaken, and quite unequal to do any business at present. His chief consolation is in attending to the children.'<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The writer of these recollections. She was actually in her twelfth year.

<sup>2</sup> On November 22 King Leopold wrote a sympathetic letter to Lord John Russell, which is printed in Spencer Walpole's *Life of Lord John Russell*, Vol. I. p. 311 (footnote).

*Letter from Lord Wriothesley Russell to Aunt Harriett.*

‘ Nov. 1838.

‘MY DEAR MISS LISTER,—John has desired me to send you the enclosed inscription. Nothing can be more touching or more true. I enclose the lines in his own handwriting ; but I hope you will not fail to let me have the paper back, as it is in truth a most valuable memorial to me of his own just appreciation of all that is most valuable. . .’

The lines were these :<sup>1</sup>

A. Russell, born . . .  
Gentle, affectionate, humble, pious, virtuous.  
She lived in the Christian Faith,  
In the hope of Life Eternal,  
And in charity with all mankind.  
She died Nov. , 1838.

<sup>1</sup> The suggested epitaph is given here as it was sent in MS., the dates incomplete.





## CHAPTER IV

GIRLHOOD—FROM A.D.'S MOTHER'S DEATH (1838)  
TO HER OWN MARRIAGE (1847)

### *Buckhurst*

WE spent the summer after my mother's death at a very pleasant place near Ascot. The house at Buckhurst was rather old-fashioned, but very comfortable; and the grounds were very large. Dear Bunny lived with us then, except when she was in waiting. She always delighted to gratify us, and gave us little gardens of our own. I have loved polyanthus ever since. We had all the delicious old-fashioned flowers—coloured primroses, oxlips, heart's-ease, etc. Mlle. Perret was still with us; and, as lessons were not allowed to weigh upon us very heavily, we had a really happy summer, working in our gardens and taking long walks. The cowslip time here was particularly delightful: we made cowslip balls, and our nurse gave us cowslip teas in the garden. The only noteworthy incident of our stay here was a surprise visit from the Queen. We were not warned of her coming, as she only came to see the place, Papa being away just then; but poor Bunny was in the garden when she saw the cavalcade coming, and had only just time to hide herself behind a clump of laurels.

*Bowood*

I went to Bowood with Papa, probably during the second winter after my mother's death. Lord<sup>1</sup> and Lady Lansdowne were great friends of his; and they had what are now called house-parties of the most distinguished people of the day, whether in politics, art, or science. This Lord Lansdowne was, I believe, the grandfather of the present bearer of the title. He was an elderly man at the time of my visit to Bowood, but he lived for many years after that. Indeed, a story told me by Mamma long after my marriage seems almost a recent recollection. She was dining somewhere, and was taken in to dinner by old Lord Lansdowne. The table was too small for the guests, who were uncomfortably crowded together. Mamma expressed a hope that she was not crowding Lord Lansdowne; whereupon he replied, 'The greater the propinquity the greater the advantage.'—Of Lord Shelburn, the eldest son, who married Mlle. de Flahault, all I remember is connected with Mr. Hullah's singing classes, for which there was a great rage in the later 'forties. One of these classes was held at Lansdowne House, which Theresa Drummond attended. The object was singing in the four parts of harmony, for which purpose the voices suitable to each sat together in groups; but Lord Shelburn would upset Mr. Hullah's arrangements by insisting on sitting with the sopranos.—To return to Bowood itself. I took my favourite toy-theatre with me, and in my many leisure hours (it was winter and we could not

<sup>1</sup> The 3rd Marquis (1780–1863). President of Council under Lord John Russell, 1846–1852.

get out much) I continued to paint scenes and figures for it. The *chef*, hearing of this, gave my maid quantities of gilt and coloured paper for it, which he used to decorate the bonbons such as, hanging on pagoda-like stands, adorned the table at dessert, flowers not being used for this purpose at that time. Lady Lansdowne heard of my little theatre and the play I had written for it, and wished to see them. The play arose out of my most cherished possession, a collection of shells which I had made into a commonwealth, with King, Courtiers, Lords and Ladies, soldiers, etc. Tommy and Bessie took part in this amusement but half-heartedly. Their kingdoms were small, and soon fell into my hands, their shells being exchanged for other things more attractive to their minds. My play, called *Ambition*, described the last conflict between Tommy's king and mine, ending in the overthrow of the former. Lady Lansdowne suggested that I should give a performance of this play; so my little theatre was placed on a table on a raised platform in a large room filled with chairs and benches, and here all the party in the house came to witness this minute tragedy. The performance might really have ended tragically, for Lord Lansdowne's chair, being too slight for his weight, collapsed, and he fell to the ground. Lady Lansdowne's tears and anxiety impressed me very much; but, as no harm had ensued, I was told to go on, and everybody was very good-natured about my play.—I think it was during this visit that Lord William Russell<sup>1</sup> spent the great part

<sup>1</sup> Elder brother of Lord John.



of one evening in showing me Retzch's<sup>1</sup> celebrated outlines illustrating Burger's *Leonora* and other ballads, the German of which I understood.—I do not remember the rooms at Bowood very well, but I greatly admired the panels over doorways in the suite of drawing-rooms. These all represented a little dark-haired boy and a fair-haired girl playing together. I thought them the loveliest creatures possible. They were probably painted by Etty.

### *Endsleigh*

Our stay in London during the summer of 1841 must have been very short ; for we went to Endsleigh<sup>2</sup> in glorious weather, and Papa and Mamma joined us there. I have never since seen, nor can I ever imagine, anything more delightful than that earthly paradise. We remained there till late in the autumn. Mamma used to go out with Papa when he went shooting. They also took long botanising expeditions in the green drives and on the wooded hills. They brought home specimens, and used to verify these in the evenings by means of books. On one occasion they were baffled by a tiny flower something like a harebell, but longer in the bell and growing closer to the ground.<sup>3</sup> At last it was christened the 'Johnia,' and the investigation was abandoned.—The

<sup>1</sup> Moritz Retzch (1779–1857), illustrator in line of poetical work—best known in connexion with Goëthe's *Faust*, and *Macbeth*.

<sup>2</sup> On September 26, 1841, see Walpole's *Life of Lord John Russell*, Vol. I. p. 382.

<sup>3</sup> Possibly *Gentiana campestris*.

lengthening evenings were as pleasant as all the rest. Papa used to read out loud after dinner, and I was allowed to sit up long enough to come in for this great treat. I specially remember his reading *Thalaba* and the *Curse of Kehama* by Southey, and then Walter Scott's *Abbot* and *Monastery*. The only drawback to the enjoyment of these evenings was the necessity of going through the long passage between the house and the children's cottage where I slept.—There was a second delicious Endsleigh summer, but the third was not so happy. I had a very bad fever and Mamma caught it (from me, I fear). Then I had to go to Bude, where I caught scarlet fever ; and so we were all scattered for a long time.

To return to that first bright summer. I am sure the readings began then ; and I have often thought since how kind Papa and Mamma were in having us so much with them. I cannot remember what were Mamma's chief occupations when she was not out of doors. She drew at times, and worked a good deal, knitting purses and making watch-guards with a little ivory instrument in the shape of a harp. She braided a good deal, wrote many letters, and kept up a journal. Apropos of letters, she told me—but I think this was later on—that she found it a good plan to write one letter a day, whether it was actually necessary at the time or not. No doubt she found this prevented a rush of correspondence. Mamma was very clever with her fingers. Once, when she was laid up, she made a complete set of drawing-room furniture in painted cardboard. It was on a very small scale, but very intricate and

elaborate. There was even a trellis-work *jardinière* containing pots of flowering plants. She encouraged us in needlework and drawing, and was highly delighted when I drew little sketches of herself and Papa botanising, etc., with much letterpress consisting of scraps of their (supposed) conversation.

### *Papa's Reading*

Papa read out loud delightfully. He threw himself entirely into the spirit of the work he was reading, and could scarcely command his voice when the story was very touching. I remember this being particularly the case when he read Dickens' Christmas story, *The Chimes*; also, when, at Endsleigh, he read *Thalaba* to Mamma and me, he could not go on with the passage which reminded him so acutely of his first great sorrow. The story of *Thalaba* tells how the young Moslem is chosen for the work of destroying the magician who troubles the Faithful, and how his marriage to his beloved *Oneiza* would have hindered his life's work had not *Allah* intervened by taking the bride to Paradise. . .

Who comes from the bridal chamber?

It is Azrael, the angel of Death.

Maurice and I were staying for two days at Pembroke Lodge, and came in for the evening reading of Miss Ferrier's *Inheritance*. Papa had been reading for some time, when he came to one of those crises in the story when, as usual in novels of that date, the heroine and most of her female relations thought it necessary to faint away. Becoming tired, he



handed the book to Maurice, and closed his eyes. Maurice rose to the occasion, made the most of the episode, and added: 'The doctor, whose bill was by this time a very long one, was summoned,'—when Amberley, who was sitting in a remote corner of the room, gave a sharp chuckle, and Papa started up, exclaiming: 'Come, come, what's this?—give *me* the book'; and the troubles of the heroine were again followed in a more sympathetic spirit.

*The Elliot Family*<sup>1</sup>

I think my first visit to the Admiralty, where I was invited to children's parties, must have been in the winter before my mother's death. I have no distinct first impressions of the grown-up part of the family, except, perhaps, of Lady Minto. Although children exaggerate the age of their elders, and seldom appreciate beauty except that of people near their own age, I did realise her great good looks. She had very regular features and a beautiful skin, with a soft rose-colour in her cheeks. Her hair was brown, worn in loops standing out a little from the face, and she always wore a cap or head-dress of some kind. Her manner was most kind and winning, and she had a pleasant voice. I am sure she must have been very even-tempered; and as I recall her image now, and the peace and serenity expressed in her beautiful face, I think she must have had a happy life. I never saw her otherwise

<sup>1</sup> This section was written as a contribution to Lady Agatha Russell's *Life of Lady John Russell*, where it is printed (pp. 31–33) substantially as given here.

than perfectly kind and gentle, and quite unruffled by the little *contretemps* which must have befallen her as they do others. With this gentleness there was something that made one feel she was capable and reliable—that there was a latent strength on which those she loved could lean and be at rest. But in speaking of these things I am going far beyond the impressions of a small child skipping about the large rooms of the Admiralty in the joyous company of Bobm,<sup>1</sup> Baby,<sup>2</sup> Gibby,<sup>3</sup> and sometimes Doddy.<sup>4</sup> Doddy was older, and, I think, was seldom with us except when there were theatricals. On one occasion he made a most buxom Britannia, for he was the picture of health, with bright eyes and rosy cheeks. Bobm (Lotty) had all this brilliancy of colouring with great delicacy of feature, and the most joyful spirit I have ever seen in anyone. Baby (Harriet) was quieter, I think, but quite ready for any fun on hand. Her skin was not as fair as that of the others, and her hair, which she wore in large, heavy curls round her neck, was dark. Gibby had a bright colouring and bright brown hair; but his eyebrows and eyelashes were rather dark, the latter very marked. He was as bright and full of fun as possible; and it was, I think, his contributions to the mirth of the children's parties that were my first introduction to the delightful games and entertainments at the Admiralty. Gibby dressed up as a bear, which startled me very much; but his next feat was so harrowing to my feelings that I'm afraid that, instead of applauding,

<sup>1</sup> Charlotte (afterwards Lady Charlotte Portal).

<sup>2</sup> Harriet, <sup>3</sup> Gilbert, <sup>4</sup> George.—(Notes by A.D.)

I burst into tears. To me it appeared that a little dwarf lay on the floor with a curtain behind it. It was evidently alive, for its eyes twinkled and shone. We gathered round it, admiring it for some minutes ; when, oh horror ! someone came forward with a large knife and severed the head from the body, which remained on the floor while the head suddenly and mysteriously disappeared !

There came a time when I not only went to parties and theatricals at the Admiralty, but went in the afternoons to play with Bobm, Baby, and Mailie Adam (Mrs. Antrobus). One great game was the ghost game. To the delightful shudders produced by this was added some fear of the butler's interference, for it took place on the large dining-room table. The company was divided into two parties—the ghosts, and the owners of the haunted house. At four o'clock in the afternoon (so as to give plenty of time to pile up the horrors), the inmates of the house got into bed—that is, got upon the table : the ghosts then walked solemnly round and round, while at intervals one of them imitated the striking of a clock. As the hours advanced the ghosts became more demonstrative, and the company in bed more terror-stricken. As the clock struck twelve, the ghosts jumped on the table ; and then ensued a frightful scrimmage, with ear-splitting squeals—and the game ended. I imagine it was this climax that used to bring the butler. We also had the game of giants, all over the house. The yells in this case sometimes brought Lady Minto on the scene, who was always good-natured. We were quieter when we got into mischief, as when



we made a raid on Lord Minto's dressing-room, and each ate two or three of his compressed luncheon-tablets, and also helped ourselves to some of his pills. This last exploit *did* rather disturb Lady Minto; but, as it happened, neither luncheon [tablets] nor pills took any effect on the raiders.

There were often delightful theatricals at the Admiralty. The best of the plays was a little operetta written by Lady Fanny, called *William and Susan*, in which Lotty and Harriet sang delightfully in parts; but this must have been later on than the game period.

I come now to my first distinct impression of Lady Fanny. It is as clear as a miniature in my mind's eye, and it belongs to a very interesting time. I think her engagement to Papa must have been just declared. She came with Lord and Lady Minto to dine with him at 30 Wilton Crescent, the house he owned since his marriage to my mother. As she passed out of the room to go down to dinner, Lady Fanny's face and figure were suddenly photographed on my brain. Her dark and beautifully smooth hair was most becomingly dressed in two broad plaited loops hanging low on the back of the neck, the front hair in bands, according to the prevailing fashion. Her eyes were dark and very lustrous. Her face was freckled; but this was not disfiguring, as a rich colouring in her cheeks showed itself through. Her neck, shoulders, and arms were most beautifully white; and her slim, upright figure showed to great advantage in the neat and simple dress then worn. Hers was of blue-and-silver gauze, the bodice prettily trimmed with folds of the stuff, and the sleeves short

and rather full. I think she wore an enamelled necklet of green and gold. Mamma long afterwards told me that at this dinner she went through a very embarrassing moment. Papa asked her what wine she would have ; and she, just saying the first thing that came into her head, replied ‘ Oh, champagne.’ There was none ; and, as you may suppose, Papa was sadly disconcerted.<sup>1</sup>—I used to take such interest at all times in Papa’s dinner-parties, and sometimes suggested what I considered suitable guests. I was much disappointed when I found my selection of Madame Vestris and O’Connell did not altogether commend itself to Papa.

Not very long after this, I suppose, we were all at Minto, in summer weather—a family gathering ready for the coming wedding. My delight in being with Lotty and Harriet, and in the pleasant things we did every day, was rather tempered with fear of the very steep bank down to the road. I thought Gibby was quite capable of pushing me down that bank ; but he never did. It was a very banky place, and, though I did not then attempt to climb the rocks, as I did later on, we often came upon hills covered with close, slippery turf, on which when I found myself I could neither move one way nor the other—to the great amusement of the rest. In the evenings, Lotty and Harriet always sang in parts ; and very well they sang. Some of our favourite songs were *Voga, voga, quel lago stagnante* ; *Crambambuli* ; *Oh ye voices gone*. Harrowing to think of now.—I think all the grown-up people were very busy at this

<sup>1</sup> Lady Russell recorded this in her diary. See *Memoir of Lady John Russell*, p. 34.

time, and I don't remember much about them ; but we children were very happy running about all day. Harriet and I used to take off our shoes and stockings, and walk up the stony bed of the burns flowing here and there. I think it was at this time that my dear brother was at Minto. He walked over one day to see Mr. and Mrs. Aitken at the Manse, and when he came back he told me that Mrs. Aitken had given him the most delicious cake he had ever had. He supposed (being well up in the Old Testament) that this was the *shewbread* required for the service of the Tabernacle. 'She said so,' he maintained. Subsequent experience makes me think she said *shortbread*—a good cake enough, though destitute of solemn associations.—I thought a great deal about Lady Minto just then : she was evidently so fond of Mamma, and so very unwilling to part with her ; and I could somehow feel that she had bitter moments while Lotty and Harriet sang those touching songs.

Strange to say, I cannot remember how Mamma looked on her wedding-day,<sup>1</sup> except that her veil hung very gracefully. There was a very large party of cousins and friends. Among them the Richardsons—Hope, Helen, Jemima, as we called her (Lady Colebrooke), and Juanna. Jemima and Juanna were young enough to belong to us. Jemima was most exceedingly amusing, with dark hair worn in bands with a long ringlet on each shoulder.—We remained at Minto while Papa and Mamma were away for their honeymoon. Lady Minto was sad ; and in the

<sup>1</sup> Lord John Russell was married at Minto to Lady Frances Anna Maria Elliot, July 20, 1841.



evening we used all to sing a very touching ballad she wrote at that time. It began :

<sup>1</sup> Oh saw ye the robber  
 That cam' o'er the border,  
 To steal bonny Fanny away?  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 But he thought that he could fleech  
 Wi' his bonnie southron speech  
 And wile awa' this lassie o' mine.

Of the journey home all I remember is that Mamma was very much amused by my pet hedgehogs, given me at Minto, being named John and Fanny. Poor Fanny committed suicide by crawling off a table in the hotel where we stayed previous to embarking on the short stretch of railway which at last took us to London. Mamma did a very clever drawing of me with John, who had become very tame, lying on my arm.

[*Letter from Harriett Lister to Lord John Russell* <sup>2</sup>]

‘ June 8, 1841.

‘ MY DEAR LORD JOHN,—Oh ! I am happier than I can tell you. God knows you have deserved all the good that may come to you. I always felt it *must* be, because of that. I long to be with you, and to see

<sup>1</sup> The entire poem is printed in the *Memoir of Lady John Russell*, pp. 47-48. It is quoted in A.D.'s MS. from memory, and incorrectly. I have restored it in the text to its original form.

<sup>2</sup> This letter was written by the sister of Lord John's first wife on hearing of his engagement to Lady Fanny Elliot. It is printed in Walpole's *Life of Lord John Russell*, Vol. I. p. 379. It may be noted here that the task voluntarily undertaken by his second wife was no light one. It involved the adoption of six children—four Listers, and two daughters of his first marriage. Lady Minto, Lady Fanny's mother, was naturally anxious about the responsibilities her daughter was incurring. She, however, fulfilled them lovingly, conscientiously, and with such impartiality that, as I have

her. . . . Oh ! I am so happy that I can scarcely believe it yet. I hope Lady Fanny will write, and then I think I shall believe it.

‘Ever your affectionate,  
‘HARRIETT LISTER.’

### *Minto*

It must have been in the early spring of 1843 that I had a most delightful visit to Minto. I was taken to Scotland by Lotty and Doddy (George). It was, of course, a very long journey, of which I remember little except that Doddy was seriously distressed because Lotty and I had neglected to have our boots cleaned at the hotel after the first day's journey. He said it made us look very disreputable.—Breakfast was a very merry meal at Minto. I particularly remember ‘Uncle John’ Elliot. He was tall and stout, and very genial in manner, full of fun and wit. He reminded me very much of Squire Bulteel,<sup>1</sup> with whom and with Lady Morley he would have held his own. Lotty seemed prettier and livelier than ever; and, with Harriet and Gibby, all the old-time fun and games began again with as much noise and uproar as ever at times, although we were then all sixteen-seventeen, or thereabouts. Gibby had a tutor, whom he called

already recorded (p. 2), her own children recognised no distinction between the several portions of the triple family. In this and in other respects the marriage was peculiarly happy. There was complete confidence between husband and wife in all matters private and public, and her devotion to him was fully recognised by all who loved him. (See *A Sad Heart*, pp. 291–292.)

<sup>1</sup> John Crocker Bulteel: married Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Earl Grey: stood with Lord John Russell for the Southern Division of Devonshire.

‘Long Smith,’ with whom he did a certain amount of work every day, and a very considerable amount of athletics and all sorts of outdoor amusements. The pair used to go out together to measure mountains, which I believe is a mathematical exercise ; but I greatly wondered how they managed (though good climbers) to measure Ruberslaw. Gibby, Doddy, and others used to practise rifle-shooting, standing on one side of a deep ravine and firing at a target on the other. Lotty, Harriet, and I took to sitting at the bottom of this ravine to hear the bullets whistle over our heads ; but Lady Minto put a stop to that amusement.—One of our games was to be all blindfolded and then catch each other and guess whom we had got hold of. One day we were playing at this (Doddy also being with us) in the highroad, which was, as we thought, utterly deserted. As we had plenty of space, we staggered about at a great rate with outstretched arms, when Lotty suddenly clasped a manly form in her arms. ‘Doddy ! Doddy !’ cried she. ‘It’s no’ Doddy,’ solemnly replied a good stout farmer who was calmly plodding home to dinner.—Our evening games were quieter, for everyone took part in them. They were ‘pencil and paper games,’ which, I understand, terrify the present generation ; but we enjoyed them very much. There was, I think, often whist for the older people, and Lord and Lady Minto played *écarté* and *bézique*. But some evenings saw our elders a very tired company. When they came home from hunting, little was done ; but there was a great interchange of recollections of the day. I remember one evening there was a most animated discussion about the happenings



round ‘the corner where you said, “Hullo!”’ Lizzy<sup>1</sup> became very animated on these occasions. She was a beautiful rider, and thoroughly enjoyed the hunting. She did not, generally speaking, seem quite as light-hearted as her brothers and sisters; but she had plenty of quiet occupations of her own when she was not riding, for she played exceedingly well, and could read at least three foreign languages. There was always any amount of chatter and laughter; but on one occasion Lady Minto warned us all to be extremely serious and well-behaved, as the very funniest man we had any of us ever seen was coming to spend a night at Minto. Lizzy was to be especially careful, as she would make one of the whist-party in which he would play. I don’t know whether we behaved properly or not. We may have done so, as we had a large table to ourselves for round games; but Lady Minto’s fears were certainly justified. Mr. Waldy was an elderly, thin man, with a small, nearly bald, head, at the top of which was a scanty fringe of red hair—a long face with very small eyes and a sharp ferret-like expression, and exaggerated *vieille cour* manner, and an intensely Scotch accent and diction. He wore a pea-green coat, with nankeen waistcoat and tights. This dress, though out of fashion even then, was not obsolete enough to be regarded, as it would be now, in the light of an admirable get-up. In fact, his appearance and his conversation *did* make up the most trying *ensemble*, and the game of whist was a time of acute torture to Lady Minto and Lizzy, who gave us a most amusing account of it next day.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Elizabeth Elliot, afterwards Romilly.

[*Mrs. Drummond to Lady Agatha Russell*]<sup>1</sup>

‘ 16, Eversfield Place,  
‘ St. Leonard’s-on-Sea:  
‘ August 30, 1899.

. . . . .

‘ I am so very glad to have this letter of dear Mamma’s. It is *most* valuable to me. It was, no doubt, the outcome of a delightful visit I had at Minto with dear Papa and, I suppose, Aunt Bunny. Mamma was very kind to me even then, as you see by that letter; and I took to her very much. I used to admire her bright eyes and her beautiful and very abundant dark hair, which was always exceedingly glossy, and her lovely throat which was the whitest possible. Also her sprightly ways; for she was very lively and engaging. Those green hills were rather a terror to me, for they were very steep, and the young people were in the habit of running down those sharp slopes, and I was always afraid they would ask me to do the like. They were such a nightmare to me that, I daresay out of nervousness, I asked “Lady Fanny” a great many questions about them. Perhaps I thought that, if Lady Minto could be induced to go up one of them, I should feel more safe there. I don’t remember my great works in the barn, but only the freshwater shrimps I encountered in my building operations. I can see them now, and I wish I had some of them; for my aquarium only contains some attenuated specimens I got out of watercress bought in the Edgware Road.’

. . . . .

<sup>1</sup> This letter refers to the visit recorded above.

*Chesham Place*

Mamma took a great interest in planning the garden of the new home in Chesham Place, then almost the only finished house in the row. The walls were covered with young creepers, yellow jessamine among others; and some borders were laid out in the middle for annuals. It looked very nice at first, and Mamma sat in it sometimes; but I think smuts and dust at last prevailed, and it was not much used later on. I remember it best in connexion with dear little Johnny,<sup>1</sup> who was sometimes put out in the garden tied into his little chair. That would be in 1845-6. On one occasion Johnny was alone in the garden, when by some means or other the chair tilted over, and he fell on his face. Mamma saw this from a window upstairs, and was so frightened that she was ill from the shock. She was passionately fond of her little boy, and her anxiety about him at all times was painful to witness. He was a lovely, dark-eyed child, and Thorburn's miniature does him no more than justice. He was born in the autumn (I think) of 1842, but was christened the February after, if my memory does not fail me. At any rate, it was in extremely dull and dark weather. This fact was particularly impressed on my mind because of a funny little *contretemps*. We were all in dark winter clothing, with no attempt whatever at smartness, when the Duchess of Bedford<sup>2</sup> arrived in a beautiful white

<sup>1</sup> Lord John's eldest son, John, afterwards Lord Amberley, was born December 10, 1842.

<sup>2</sup> Lord John's stepmother.



satin gown with turquoise buttons. She said to me afterwards, looking rather uncomfortable : ‘ I thought this dress would be right for a christening.’ This Duchess of Bedford was rather eccentric in dress, or perhaps her taste appeared so in days when dress was so much less overdone and often ridiculous than it has been since then ; but she was the kindest of women, and had a great deal of shrewd common-sense, which she kept very much to herself, but would bring out upon occasion, when she felt it would be of real service to anybody. She always had a page to wait upon her, and took pains to train him properly. One day I heard her ask him a question, to which he replied : ‘ I don’t know, your Grace.’ ‘ Archibald,’ said she, ‘ never say that : say, “ I’ll find out.” ’

### *Little Johnny*

Little Johnny and I were always great friends. He used to call me ‘ Naughty Neddy,’ and run about after me everywhere. I used to help him to make trains in the dining-room, putting all the chairs in a long row. He was always deeply interested in trains, and used to question all our friends on railway matters. At last, one day in the last year I was with him, he said to me : ‘ I don’t wish to hear any more about trains. Mr. West has told me all about the shunting, and now that’s enough.’ The most amusing time I had with him was in Edinburgh. Mamma went there in the autumn of 1845, and remained there till the spring of 1846. She was out of health, and was under the care of Sir James

Simpson, since so celebrated as the pioneer of the greatest medical triumph yet achieved in this world—the discovery of the use of anæsthetics to relieve pain. Papa was sometimes obliged to be in town, and Mamma was alone with little Johnny and me. He was now old enough to walk pretty well, and perambulators were unknown; so there was a daily procession along Princes Street, consisting of Johnny walking in front at a pace much too stately for the temperature, followed by his nurse, Denny, an exceedingly tall and stern-looking woman (devoted to him), and myself. All would have been well had not Princes Street been a business thoroughfare. There were shops in the basements, some of which Johnny could not be induced to pass without serious inspection. The other side of the street was open; and from thence one looked down upon a wilderness of railway lines, and all the bustle of a great terminus. This also was a source of distraction to Johnny, and, as he insisted on setting the pace, our progress was slow.

### *Bude*

In the autumn of 1843,<sup>1</sup> when Mamma and I had typhus fever at Endsleigh, Papa took a house at Bude for us children; and, as he and Mamma left us after her recovery, Bunny, who was not in waiting, came to stay with us there. It was, I think, almost the only house on the beach, and belonged to Sir Thomas Acland—indeed, I think he lent it to Papa. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves here, and Bunny

<sup>1</sup> See Walpole's *Life of Lord John Russell*, Vol. I. p. 390.

not the least of all. The beach was perfection, all rocks and sand; the sand covered with shells, the rocks teeming with life. I don't know how long that pleasant time lasted; but it came to a very sudden end. I was seized with scarlet fever: the other children were sent away at once, and dear Bunny actually elected to stay with me. This was a really extraordinarily kind decision on her part. I fear I took it much as a matter of course at the time; but even then I might have realised what a sacrifice it must have been of country-house visiting and all sorts of pleasant things. Our only visitor, of course, was the doctor—one quite of the old school. He was, indeed, an old man, and wore the tight black suit, knee breeches, gaiters, etc., which were still not altogether out of date. When I was recovering, this good-natured old man observed that we were badly in need of amusement and occupation. Circulating libraries were scarce in those days anywhere, and certainly a place so primitive as Bude did not possess one. Picture papers there were none, and very few magazines. 'Well,' said the old doctor to me, 'I'll send you some light literature for your aunt to read to you. I possess some delicate essays that have always been considered eminently suited to amuse and instruct young gentlewomen.' It was not long before a parcel arrived, 'with the doctor's compliments.' It contained several volumes of Addison's *Spectator*. Bunny looked rather dubious when she saw these, but said we might try. She accordingly began to read at haphazard, but soon came to an ignominious full-stop. 'I'm afraid,' she said, 'the doctor's taste is rather too old-fashioned for us.'



*Theatricals in Store Street*

I think I was nearly grown-up, if not quite, when Aunt Theresa took me to see some theatricals got up by Charles Dickens, Mr. Forster, and other friends. I must mention here how very kind Aunt Theresa always was in taking me to see amusing and interesting things. In my childhood, before Papa's second marriage (it was then more easy for her to do this than later on), she took me to all possible shows—the Industrious Fleas, the first General Tom Thumb (Stratton), the Giant Horse (a great blue beast of enormous dimensions), the Zoological Gardens, Madame Tussaud's, and any number of dioramas and panoramas, which were nothing more than long landscape pictures moving slowly along. These latter shows were not lively. Neither was the play in Store Street. It was an Elizabethan play—*Every Man in his Humour*.<sup>1</sup> Dickens took the part of a swaggering sea-captain, who was supposed to create much wonder and admiration by lighting a pipe on the stage. This was, no doubt, a *chic* thing to do on the stage in Elizabeth's time, when tobacco was a novelty, but was not very impressive in the nineteenth century. The heroine was played by Miss Mary Boyle, who, though not young, was quaint and pleasant to look at, and no doubt acted well; but the story was so dull that I cannot remember it at all. Aunt Theresa did not, I think, care for Dickens' acting; and as to the play, she said there was no dramatic interest in any scene of it except in the last—the meeting at Cobb's house.

<sup>1</sup> *Every Man in his Humour*, by Ben Jonson. Dickens' part was *Bobadill*.

*A Second Marriage*

In the summer of 1844, Aunt Theresa took me to Newsells with her. This was a place near Royston rented by Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, Maurice's father and mother. Mary<sup>1</sup> (afterwards my sister-in-law) was a great friend of mine, and I looked forward to a good time with her.—We travelled by road, and had a thorough good chat in the carriage. Among other things Aunt Theresa talked of past days, and of the grief she had felt when my uncle died, and of the time she spent at Grove Mill after his death. I had been with her there, and always retained the impression of her great beauty when dressed in the deep mourning she wore in her first year of widowhood, and the stately figure she made in her armchair, reading Sir Charles Grandison aloud to me. Now, however, she had no signs of widowhood about her; yet it never occurred to me that she would ever be other than a widow. So—very inopportunately, as it happened—I tried my hand at consolation;—said I knew she could never be happy again in this world, that her loss was irreparable, and so on, and so on. This obliged her to make another circuit;—and she talked of the changes that take place in life, and how joy and sorrow seldom fill up the whole of it; and so she led up to what she had intended to tell me—that her marriage with Sir George Cornwall Lewis was arranged. I have copied a letter which shows how kind a friend he was to Maurice and me.—We arrived at Newsells, where my anticipations of a happy visit were amply fulfilled. Theresa, Ella, Mary,

<sup>1</sup> Mary Drummond: married Richard Wellesley.

and all my future brothers-in-law, made things very lively for me ; and Aunt Theresa, who was more charming than ever, was foremost in all our fun and enjoyment. Aunt Theresa used to sing in the evenings : the ballad of young *Romilly* was our great favourite. Maurice especially delighted in it. Aunt Theresa's voice was very sonorous and solemn when she came to the climax of the tragedy, when young *Romilly* bounded across the Strid, and

The greyhound in the leash hung back,  
And checked him in his leap.

Then, with a terrible rumbling accompaniment down in the bass, she sang how

The Boy is in the arms of Wharf,  
And strangled by a merciless force ;  
And never more was young Romilly seen,  
Till he rose a lifeless corse.<sup>1</sup>

Another favourite song of ours was Josephine's farewell to Napoleon. She promised him

Joy when they praise thee, regret when they blame,  
And tenderness always, beloved one.

Our best composers of gentle drawing-room songs were Mrs. Arkwright and Lady John Scott. Mrs. Arkwright set to music many songs by Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Norton, L. E. L., etc. Most of these were full of innocent sentiment : they were simple, unaffected, and free from the modern vice of obscurity. This tendency in writers of the present day tries

<sup>1</sup> *The Force of Prayer, or The Founding of Bolton Priory*: Wordsworth. The first word of the fourth line should be 'For,' not 'Till.'



my patience very much. If a good idea must be expressed in verse, its meaning should at least be made evident. I am often reminded by contemporary poetry of Maurice's parody of Tennyson :

Oh, do not ask me what I mean :

I've said before I do not know.

I only sing because I'm low :

I sing because the trees are green.

To return to Aunt Theresa. Her marriage to Sir George Lewis took place soon after this visit to Newsells. I was present at it, and have a vivid recollection of the bride's good looks, and even of her dress. It was of white lace, with three flounces, over which she wore a short purple velvet cape with a large bright clasp. Her bonnet was of white lace covered with tiny green velvet leaves. When the newly-married pair returned home to Kent House, Villiers<sup>1</sup> was having tea with us at Chesham Place, and he left us earlier than usual, saying : ' I must go home now : the new fellow's coming to-day.' We all liked the ' new fellow,' though more than usually grave and calm even for so great a philosopher and statesman as he was : his benevolent spirit, and a certain dry humour he possessed, came to the surface when he was with young people. The solemnity with which he would read the most amusing parts of a story by Dickens brought out the comic element in it with far greater effect than a lighter rendering would have done. I have never heard anything better, except, perhaps, when many years later Lord Northbrook read *The Jumping Frog* to

<sup>1</sup> Villiers Lister, Lady Theresa's son by her first husband, Thomas Henry Lister.

a house-party at Stratton.—When Maurice was private secretary to Sir George, he often told me interesting things his chief had said. He had a rather pessimistic view of the present position and future prospects of the human race, and of this country in particular. The present view of our colonies, as permanent appendages to an immense, and therefore probably unmanageable, Empire, would not have met with his approval. He told Maurice that he doubted their utility, and thought we should be better without India. It was always impressed upon my mind in early days, though I hardly know by what means, that our colonies were all, by degrees, to follow the example of America and become independent empires—that they were all to embrace free trade, and so make war impossible. But I don't suppose Sir George Lewis held any such rose-coloured views. He said on one occasion that he thought the world was arranged on a system which permitted the maximum of evil and the minimum of good. But this was in speaking of the untimely death of his step-daughter Thérèse, the first wife of Sir William Harcourt—a death which he felt deeply on his own account, as well as on that of her mother. Of course he and Maurice often discussed politics together. Sir George's opinions were always quite dispassionate, moderate, and temperately expressed. Talking one day of changes in popular feeling, he said: 'The depositary of power in this country has always been unpopular, wherever it may reside,—whether in the King, the aristocracy, or the House of Commons.'—One opinion he expressed on another subject surprised me. He said: 'Women cannot

converse on any subjects but cooking and education.' I should have thought that the husband of Aunt Theresa would have added politics and literature to the list. In these subjects, and in education, she was certainly deeply interested; but I do not imagine that she had much knowledge of cookery. Sir George Lewis's death was a great blow to Aunt Theresa; and, indeed, she never recovered from it. It seemed to Maurice and me that our kind friend Sir George might have lived much longer but for the strange impulse which still leads many, even elderly, people to leave a warm house, in which they have safely spent the winter, for an Easter holiday in some cold country-house, or sea-side hotel. The change from London to Harpton<sup>1</sup> was fatal.

### *Early Victorian Accomplishments*

There is something pathetic in the recollection of the interest taken by the cultivated circles of early Victorian society in the rather questionable accomplishments of its members: the feeble warbling of the ladies of the family, and their still feebler attempts at drawing and painting, were always brought forward after dinner-parties usually composed of persons for whose conversational powers we often now look in vain. Of course there were many good musicians and artists among this multitude of amateurs. Lady Waterford really, I imagine, achieved some very good work; but one cannot but feel sorry that the disheartening result of so

<sup>1</sup> Sir G. C. Lewis's place in Radnorshire.



much inadequate teaching was so often displayed in preference to fine needlework, in which real excellence could have been achieved. The necessity of a perfect technique to the enjoyment of music or painting does not seem to have dawned upon the domestic circle. As in my individual case, a good idea for a composition was allowed to make up for the utmost poverty of execution.

### *Singing and Drawing*

I had a few singing lessons from a Miss Masson, a very handsome and amusing person, who had been a pupil of Pasta. This takes one a long way back; for I think Pasta was a great singer when the allied armies entered Paris and the first Empire came to an end. Miss Masson adored Pasta, and was certainly well acquainted with that artist's method; but she lost ground in Aunt Theresa's estimation by remarking that my nose was well formed for singing. This opinion must have been founded on the fact that Pasta's nose was slightly aquiline; and as mine was rather decidedly so, she argued favourably for my chance of becoming a good singer. The result did not tend to justify this view.—I had drawing lessons in 1845 from W. Mulready, a most good-natured old man—or so he seemed to me; but he was, very likely, only elderly. I had drawn a good deal during my childhood, chiefly in outline, with much help from Retzch's outlines, and also from Flaxman's. By means of these, I illustrated ballads—Byron's dream, etc. Mulready let me continue these imaginative drawings

in outline; and his teaching consisted of criticisms on what I had done, supported by admirable sketches of my work, much of which was, he often said, 'simply atrocious.' But he was much satisfied on the whole with my compositions, and sometimes said he wished I was a man and had to earn my own living. 'Of course,' he said, 'you can never do anything real as it is.' No one in those days dreamt of giving a young lady any real insight into figure-drawing. Nevertheless, he did me the unusual honour of teaching me a little anatomy. I got many hints for my drawing in Mr. Westmacott's studios, which I often visited when he was making a bust and medallion of me for Papa. When I had been there, my Flaxman was my favourite study at home. I was deeply interested in the work of the sculptor's studio and in the conversation of the artists who visited Mr. Westmacott. After a time I was told to leave off going to the studio; and was afterwards told that it was because a statue of *Ariel* bursting from a tree when released by *Prospero* had been exhibited at the Royal Academy, and that the face was a portrait of myself. I have an earlier recollection than this of a portrait being painted of me—by Egley,<sup>1</sup> I think. This was at Gisburne, when both my father and my mother were alive. I remember our being in the large dining-room where the sittings were to take place. The first discussion as to the picture about to be begun arose on the best arrangement of my hands. All at once the artist drew attention to the position in which

<sup>1</sup> Miniature painter, 1798–1870. The miniature, lent by Lady Agatha Russell for reproduction here, and given opposite, may possibly be by him.

I had unconsciously placed them—that is, one hand clasping the wrist of the other. ‘There,’ he said, ‘nothing can be better than that. Trust a child’s own attitude for being the most graceful.’ And accordingly the hands were so painted—or rather, sketched in; for the picture remains unfinished, as my mother did not like the drawing of the head.

### *Mulready*

Mulready’s drawing lessons, which I enjoyed in 1845, were rather delightful *causeries* on the subject of this art than actual instruction in it. In fact, he made it quite clear that he considered anything serious of that sort as quite incongruous and unsuitable. It was, indeed, very seldom attempted; and so his plan was to look over the outline drawings (then fashionable) at which I was generally busy, and which had little or no merit besides, perhaps, the general idea, the subject, and sometimes the composition. Bunny had always kept me to outline drawing of figures, for at least one very good reason—that one cannot conceal incorrect drawing without shading or contour. Well, Mulready used to talk over these productions, showing my ignorance of anatomy, and similar faults which he evidently considered natural and proper, and not to be lightly removed by the intrusion of too much reality. Of course I got many excellent hints from these lectures—as, for instance, the power of the true line. ‘If it is very difficult to erase the erroneous line, just draw the true one under it, and the eye will follow



it in preference to the false.' But, thinking of Bunny's beautiful water-colours, and Isabel's and Bessy's nice sketches, I have often wished I had had some help in the less ambitious style.

*Drawing from Casts*

Though of course Mulready was the most distinguished artist from whom I was privileged to learn something, I ought not to forget M. Boileau, an elderly Frenchman, who used to teach drawing by the use of plaster casts. These models, left behind him by M. Boileau when he ceased to teach me, afforded an occasion for some valuable hints from Mulready when he examined those I had been copying. The Frenchman had provided me with a cast of 'such elegance and feminine refinement' that the really good points of the hand (as the tapering of the fingers, which must have been natural) were neutralised by the affected and pretentious pose into which they had been forced. Then Mulready pointed out these defects to me, and brought me a cast of a well-shaped, unsophisticated hand looking capable of better things than the display of a manicurist's ingenuity. But, after all, my best teacher was my mother. As soon as I could make anything like a copy, she set me to work at Harding's lithographed sketches, which were much admired in the 'twenties, and probably earlier. The features I best remember of these sketches were the conventional touches by which Harding differentiated the foliage of trees: the walnut, the elm, the chestnut, the oak, are all well expressed in an effective and yet easy manner.

*My Presentation*

I was presented at an early drawing-room held at St. James's Palace in 1845. As Mamma had the *entrée*, I did not see the crowding and endure the long wait that fell to my lot in later years. I wore a white watered-silk body and train trimmed with blush roses and gardenias—my favourite flower at that time—and a white *glacé* petticoat. I had not noticed the formation of the train when being 'tried on,' and had something full, flowing, and picturesque in my mind: so, when Mamma's train and that of dear Bunny were let down, I was surprised and disappointed to see only a long, ungraceful, narrow strip of satin lying on the ground.—I was not much impressed by the ceremony I thought the room rather small, and the *coup d'œil* less brilliant than I expected. As very little had been said about it beforehand, I was by no means frightened; but I afterwards wished I had been better prepared. I don't know whether the present 'charity-bob' was already in use on these occasions; but I made the old-fashioned curtsy and recovery, which is not well adapted to the ceremony of kissing the Queen's hand. Mamma presented dear Bunny on her marriage to her cousin Edward Grove (afterwards Cradock), and of course Bunny followed Mamma, and I followed her. Bunny was amused, and I think rather pleased, at one incident of our progress. When my name was called out and I appeared, the old Duke of Cambridge exclaimed quite audibly: 'Ah! Miss Lister: d——d pretty girl!'

*Eden Lodge*

In the summers of 1845-6, Papa used often to take me to Eden Lodge on Sundays. We walked from Chesham Place, through market-gardens and old hedgerows, to get there. This was the London home of the 2nd Lord Auckland<sup>1</sup> and his sisters, Emily and Fanny Eden. The house and garden stood on the ground now occupied by Lowther Lodge. All sorts of pleasant people were to be met there, and I much enjoyed those Sunday afternoons ; for, besides the political friends most interesting to Papa, I often had a chance of meeting Theresa and Mary Drummond. Lena Eden was almost always

<sup>1</sup> 1784-1849. He had been President of the Board of Trade, and Master of the Mint, under Lord Grey, 1830 ; First Lord of the Admiralty under Lord Melbourne, 1834 ; and had held the same office under Lord John Russell in 1846 : Governor-General of India, 1835-1841.

Emily Eden (1797-1869) was the author of *Up the Country, Letters written to her Sister from the Upper Provinces of India*, and of *Portraits of the People and Princes of India*.

She was also the author of two novels, well known in their day—*The Semi-detached House* (1859), and *The Semi-attached Couple* (1860). The former was issued as 'edited by Lady Theresa Lewis.' 'Editing' in those days seems to have meant little more than covering by a better-known name, and possibly supplying some friendly criticism. Similarly Harriett Lister's novel, *Anne Grey*, was published as 'edited' by her brother, T. H. Lister. *The Semi-detached House* is brightly written, and is interesting as conveying a tacit assumption, now more or less obsolete, that the ultimate reward open to the middle class in the practice of its humble virtues is a patronising recognition by the Aristocracy.

Mary Dulcibella Eden, a younger sister, was Maurice Drummond's mother. The eldest, Eleanor Agnes, was the 'first and only love' of William Pitt, and subsequently married the 4th Earl of Buckinghamshire.



there. At that time Lord Auckland and his sisters were a little alarming to me ; but in 1847 they became my uncle and aunts, and also most kind friends. They much appreciated Maurice's talents, and entertained great hopes of his success in life. But this they did not live to see. The first break in the happy circle at Eden Lodge came with the sudden death of Lord Auckland in January 1849. He was deeply mourned, not only by his sisters and the nephews and nieces, some of whom felt for him the affection and devotion of children, but by his colleagues and many friends. A letter from Mary Drummond to me at the time contains the following paragraph : ' The Queen wrote very kind letters to Lord John [Russell], enquiring after the family, and saying how grieved she and the Prince are, and how much they esteemed and lamented him.' She says so naturally : ' The Queen felt so glad that dreadful '48 had closed ; but how sadly has the New Year begun for *us*, and what a melancholy letter for the Queen to write as her first in the New Year.'

### *Duels*

We were all sitting round Papa, who was telling us stories about duelling. He said he himself had once received a challenge.<sup>1</sup> ' What did you do ? ' cried Bessy ; and we all drew closer to him, expecting to hear of a deadly encounter. ' I apologised,' said Papa. Duels had become uncommon even so long

<sup>1</sup> This does not seem to have been otherwise recorded.

ago as my childhood ; but I remember, one summer at Broadstairs, one of the principals in a serious duel being pointed out to me. This was Captain Harvey Tucket, who was wounded by Lord Cardigan (the future hero of Balaclava). I think he had his arm in a sling ; but perhaps my imagination has supplied this detail. The quarrel arose about an undecanted bottle of wine having been placed on the mess-table. I saw Lord Cardigan at Woburn some time after this, and conceived a great admiration for him, much to Papa's amusement.<sup>1</sup>—Frederick Romilly, who afterwards married Mamma's sister Lizzy, fought a duel, which had the merit of finally stamping out these encounters, because it was made ridiculous by the fact that the first shot fired put up a cock pheasant. Since then, I imagine, Papa's expedient has been usually adopted, with pacific results.

<sup>1</sup> Lord John Russell was naturally amused at a young girl's admiration for one who had such a reputation for truculence. Sir G. Trevelyan, in his *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, c. viii., says of Lord Cardigan : ' Within the space of a single twelve-month, one of his captains was cashiered for writing him a challenge : he sent a coarse and insulting verbal message to another, and then punished him with prolonged arrest because he respectfully refused to shake hands with the officer who had been employed to convey the affront : he fought a duel with a lieutenant who had left the corps, and shot him through the body ; and he flogged a soldier on Sunday, between the services, in the very spot where, half an hour before, the man's comrades had been mustered for public worship.' Quoted in a note to a letter from Lord Melbourne to Queen Victoria of April 24, 1841, which letter (and that which follows it) discusses the matter. ' Captain Harvey Tucket ' may have been the officer whom Lord Cardigan shot.

[*Letter from Adelaide Lister to Lady Russell*]

‘ April, 1845.

‘ MY DEAREST MAMMA,—Papa took me to the Duchess of Buccleuch’s<sup>1</sup>—thereby hangs a tale. There were not very many people—but all the cream of society. There was but little talking, however; for the Queen and Prince Albert and the D. of Kent came round to speak to everybody. Well then, the Duchess of Buccleuch presented me to the Queen,<sup>2</sup> and she asked me how I liked going out; so I looked very much gratified, and said I liked it very much. Then Papa left me with Lady Georgiana; and she sat down on an ottoman just in front of the Royalty. The Queen and the Duchess of Kent smiled at me a little now and then. But a more alarming position cannot be conceived. However, I bore it with great composure; but it was like this.<sup>3</sup>

‘ Then came Mario; and Madame Vera began to sing; but I was not in raptures. At last, though, in walked Grisi and Lablache. And I did like their singing most exceedingly. Grisi is perfectly astonishing—she sang *Nel Raggio* out of the *Semiramide* so beautifully, every little twirl so clearly and so naturally; and she is so handsome. Lablache amused me very much. His notes came out so abruptly and deep, and his quick passages are so excellent. One half of the time I could not see the singers for fear of turning my back to the Queen, as you will see by the map—but that was only while

<sup>1</sup> The Duchess was Lord John Russell’s cousin.

<sup>2</sup> Papa presented me to Prince Albert.—(Note, in letter, by A.D.)

<sup>3</sup> A diagram is given here.



Mario and Mme. Vera were singing, because Grisi and Lablache were at the Opera, and kept the Queen waiting without scruple—so we went to tea, and when they arrived, we found out a less alarming place.

‘Papa<sup>1</sup> was so clever as to get me asked to the Queen’s ball—which is an excellent thing ; but I am to be presented all the same. Lady Georgiana is going to take me to Mme. Brunow to-night, because she takes Rachel. I should like to know when you are coming home, for I disapprove of your absence.

‘By-the-bye, the Duchess of Kent talked a little German to me, which was quite right of her.

‘Lady Georgiana and I were near behaving ill ; for the Royal Duke, who sat on the same ottoman as we did, got up and sat down again very often, and every time he sat down the ottoman shook to its foundations, and Lady Jocelyn smiled at the Queen, and we were in suppressed convulsions. Then he became so touched by the music that the ottoman began shaking again. I have not yet done laughing at that. Lady Canning, by-the-bye, looked really lovely.’

### *Woburn*

This name ‘surprises by himself’ so very much that I can only jot down a few things that impressed me most. My first recollection is of (to me interminable) white façades of no great height, formal gardens, and a large sculpture-gallery, terrible to contemplate in winter, owing to everything in it

<sup>1</sup> Papa looked very nice, and wasn’t too tight.—(Note, in letter, by A.D.)

being so white. In summer the gardens seemed rather shadeless ; and I often mused on the future glories of the araucaria avenue, which, when I last saw it, was composed of shrubs about three feet high planted at distances befitting the size they were expected to attain. Of course I delighted in the menagerie—especially in the pond, round part of which the animal houses were built ; for this pond was the home of a great variety of foreign water-birds. There was also a large blue-and-red macaw, seventy-two years old, who made a few remarks in a very hoarse voice. The Duchess<sup>1</sup> was fond of arranging little pleasant places in the gardens and grounds wherever she lived. This was especially the case at Endsleigh, an earthly paradise in Devonshire, where, in the wooded hills and dales around the house and gardens, she had a dairy, a Swiss cottage, and a fishing cottage. I think that, at Woburn, the evergreen drive—a most beautiful and cheering place in winter—was also arranged by her. Well, that first visit to Woburn was in cold weather, and I was much indoors with Rachel.<sup>2</sup> Rachel was a little older than me ; and, when we first met, this slight advantage made me regard her with some veneration. Her rather independent ways also excited my wonder, if not admiration. She was in some measure what we now call ‘emancipated’ (the word and the thing were then almost unknown) ; and as I, in common with most children at that time, was kept in great

<sup>1</sup> Lord John Russell’s stepmother. She was Georgiana, fifth daughter of 4th Duke of Gordon.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Rachel Russell, half-sister to Lord John Russell.

order, this peculiarity struck me very much. I rather think my mother saw this; for she did not encourage our intimacy. I much admired Rachel's pretty clothes and hair. Little girls then wore their hair plaited at the back and tied with ribbon: this, when the hair was short, did not look graceful. Rachel's plaits were very long and entwined with ribbon, and were really ornamental. Next to admiring Rachel herself, I regarded her dolls with admiration mingled with awe. They were so much larger than anything I had ever imagined. I was overjoyed when Rachel gave me an enormous golden-haired wax doll that had out-lived her affections. And so this first visit to Woburn began propitiously, and I had very pleasant times in Rachel's school-room. She had a bright, good-natured French governess, Mlle. Eugénie — I forget what. She was always called 'Maddy.' She used to tell us stories—sometimes about her own naughtiness as a child. We loved 'the peach story'—of how Maddy was at school in France, a school with a fine kitchen-garden in which glorious peaches were grown; of how she stole a number of these great peaches for her companions, and, in order to carry them up safely without detection, sewed them up in the hem of her petticoat. As she entered the hall the mistress met her, and said: 'Run upstairs, Eugénie, and fetch me my work-box.' Eugénie attempted to obey; but the great number of heavy peaches, bobbing about her ankles, sadly impeded her progress. '*Mais qu'as-tu donc, Eugénie?*' screamed the mistress: '*tu montes comme une vieille femme.*' Alas! the *dénouement* escapes my recollection.—Well, we were



very happy till our Eden was invaded by two serpents in Highland costume—Rachel's two young brothers, Lord Alexander and Lord Cosmo Russell. Rachel, Maddy, and I had been out walking one morning ;—a disagreeable morning it was, with snow lying. (Woburn is a very cold place, and I have seen deeper snow there than anywhere else.) When we returned to the schoolroom, we saw something white in the window. Running to it we recognised to our horror our poor dolls, Rachel's darling and mine, got up like condemned criminals, and hanging from the window. They were irretrievably ruined, having, if I remember rightly, been previously 'tortured' by fire. However that may be, Lord Alexander made this up to me by dancing with darling Maura at a Queen's ball. A very good-natured act on his part.

[*To Lady Russell*<sup>1</sup>]

'Sept. 25, 1845.

. . . . .

'Charles Howard looked very miserable, I thought ; but his natural expression is melancholy. Chas. Greville did not talk much to me. Lord Stanley flattered me the most in that respect. There is a delightful party here now : those I like most are—Mr. and Mrs. Delmer<sup>2</sup> Ratcliffe ; Mr. and Mrs. Portman (both amusing and good-natured) ; Lady Suffield, whose miserable fate does not prevent her making herself

<sup>1</sup> The following letter seems to relate to the visit recorded in the previous section.

<sup>2</sup> *Sic.* It should be Delmé. A.D. had heard the name and not yet seen it written. It is given correctly in the Recollections.

as agreeable as she can ; Mr. Shelley, who is quite the star of the company ; Lord Mandeville, a very merry and nice young creature ; Lord Gerald Fitz-ditto, who is very alarming, because we suspect him of being very satirical ; and Lord Foley. The others are General and Mrs. Grosvenor (I like him very much), Colonel Bouverie, and Lord Francis as before.

‘Mr. Westmacott was here. The Duchess is really too kind. How very much more she has of everything than I supposed—feeling enough, indeed, and a great deal of good sense, I think. She gives me flowers and ribbons till I’m quite shocked. And I’ve just been having a nice coze with her about the people here, and various things. The Duke, too, is very kind.

‘I am very happy and very much amused. We play at Nubian billiards in the evening, and dance a little. The races I thought very pleasant, never having seen one before, and being of a gregarious nature : there were a great many people there. We were a large party, both going and coming, in the omnibus—outside all smoking, four horses ; and great merriment inside—Mr. Shelley and Lord Mandeville making incessant jokes. The ball is to-night, and will be very nice. We have been practising a little this morning. I am made to sing sometimes : you will laugh at that—but my voice is stronger than it was, and I sang a good deal at Cranley. This morning Lady Suffield sang, and I played her accompaniments. The Duchess, Mrs. Portman, and I, sang in three parts the other night. I must own it is a comfort to me not to be shy, for

I think the Duchess likes me to make myself useful and agreeable *if I can*, and the sort of *company state* I am always in is very good for me, for I cannot *think* except when I come to draw, etc. Cranley was very nice; but I felt very wretched. I hope the Duke and Duchess are not very much bored with me; but I'm afraid they must be. Good-bye, my dearest Mamma. I will write again to-morrow.

‘Ever your affectionate child,

‘ADELAIDE LISTER.

‘My drawings are more approved of than I could suppose.’

### *Things Theatrical*

When my mother used to go to the opera, the ballet was a very important part of the performance. There was a real story to these ballets: one of them, called *Véronique*, she told me. The heroine was a discontented milliner's apprentice betrothed to a worthy youth who could never give her the fine clothes and jewels she longed for. Thinking of all kinds of unattainable splendour, she went to sleep and dreamt, first of a selfish life of wealthy leisure in which she discarded her faithful lover, and then of prospects marred, unavailing repentance, and dire poverty—without friends, without hope. Then she awoke and took the lesson to heart. I think the ballet my mother liked best to see was *La Sylphide*, in which Taglioni danced. She told me much about this, but I cannot recall the slight story on which it was founded. I am not sure whether I was taken to my first play in my mother's life-time;



but I was certainly very young. When I first came into the box, I thought the people on the stage just like wax figures: the make-up had an unnatural but very becoming effect. The play was *Julius Cæsar*, carefully chosen for me among the many plays going on as being less exciting than others; and, indeed, I really was disappointed in my expectations, owing to the nature of this somewhat austere drama. I hoped to see a great number of beautifully-dressed ladies; and the very rare appearances of *Calphurnia* and the anxious wife of *Brutus* did not please me. My second visit to a theatre made up for this disappointment by the intense interest of the story and the terribly weird and gruesome manner in which it was presented on the stage:—my brother and I were taken to see the *Freischütz*; and it was some time before we could recover from the impression made upon us by the incantation scene—a perfect nightmare of gigantic skeletons stalking through clouds of red fire in attendance on the wizard Zamiel.—I was nearly grown up when I saw the great Rachel in *Les Horaces*.<sup>1</sup> Of her nothing remains in my memory but a vision of clinging draperies on a slight and most graceful form, two penetrating black eyes, and the heartrending intonation with which she cried, ‘*O mon cher Curiace,*’ when she heard that her lover was slain.—It was, I imagine, in the early ’forties that the great vogue of Balfe’s English opera arose. We were taken to see *The Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana*, airs from which are still to be heard on street-organs. Certain songs from these operas delighted the public for years. Hatty Elliot

<sup>1</sup> By Corneille.

went with us to hear *Maritana*, and added very much to our pleasure by her amusing remarks. She was delighted with the pretty tinkling accompaniment to 'Oh smile as thou wert wont to smile,' and noted the rather unfortunate line in the lament of the bass for the heroine about to die: 'She of all hearts the pride, shall in her beau—shall in her beau—shall in her beauty fall.'

Hatty also called our attention to a member of the ballet who was much larger and taller than the rest and much the worst dressed, and was very amusing about the poor thing's deficiencies.

We did not as children go often to the play: but we sometimes had the still greater amusement of acting ourselves. While dear Bunny was with us, before Papa's second marriage, Aunt Theresa took a great interest not only in our education but in our amusements. We were a great deal at Kent House, and in the summers of 1839-1840 spent an afternoon in its large gardens at least once a week. The lilac season was delightful there, and the large pond, full of gold and silver fish, kept us amused even when there were no little friends to play with. This, however, was seldom the case. Every now and then we had times of great festivity. Aunt Theresa wrote plays for us, and we acted them in the very large pillar-room which occupied almost all the dining-room floor of Kent House. The first she wrote for us was *Beauty and the Beast*. Great preparations were required for the performance of this play; and they necessitated many teas at Kent House, and many rehearsals, at which there was more play than work. We were told, on the first announcement of

the coming theatricals, to make paper flowers for decoration, and we spoilt a great deal of material throughout one afternoon, with poor results ; but when we returned a day or two later to resume our task we found that bunches of flowers had been made by Mrs. Villiers' maid, Simmons, one of those invaluable people who can do anything at a moment's notice. This Simmons was a favourite of ours ; for although her appearance was stately enough, she had a fund of dry humour which made her an excellent storyteller. The teas were often enlivened by her stories, which were, I imagine, told chiefly for the benefit of the presiding nurse, a mild Quaker-like person of the name of Taylor. I think this, because she often indulged in flights of description which went a good deal above our heads as then constituted and called forth warning winks and nods from Taylor. Aunt Theresa's play provided parts, not only for my sisters and cousins—Villiers and Theresa<sup>1</sup>—but for several of our little friends. I cannot remember who filled the title *rôles* ; but the principal fairies were my sister Bessy and Fanny Coryton (who long afterwards married my cousin Villiers). Bessy, being fair, was dressed in blue muslin with yellow roses ; and Fanny, being dark, wore yellow muslin with blue roses. This 'colour scheme' might now be considered crude ; but it evidently impressed me, as I recall it so easily. But what makes me especially remember these two fairies was, I think, Fanny's neat and incisive way of reciting her part.—The next play we had was *Cinderella*. I had the heroine's

<sup>1</sup> Son and daughter of Thomas Henry Lister, and of Lady Theresa, his wife.



part in this, and enjoyed it extremely ; but the play was so much liked that it had to be repeated ; and this time I was not allowed to act, as the excitement was supposed to bring on headache. That winter, however, I acted *Cinderella* again. Papa, Bunny, and I went to Woburn in some of the severest weather I have ever seen. The snow lay on the ground for many days, and there was a large party to be amused ; so the Duchess of Bedford bethought herself of theatricals. Aunt Theresa's plays had become known ; and as the grown-up people thought it would be amusing to act a child's play, *Cinderella* was chosen. As I knew the part, it was given to me, with Lord Francis and Lord Cosmo Russell as my sisters, and a most amusing person who always spoke of himself as T. V. Shelley<sup>1</sup> (perhaps afterwards Sir John Shelley) was my father. He was splendidly got up as an elderly man in mediæval times, wearing a velvet pelisse trimmed with fur. He made a most imposing appearance, but did not frighten me till it came to my betrothal with 'the Prince'—(who this was I cannot remember). At this stage T. V. crossed the stage with the very stagiest of stage strides, and was about to embrace me, when, seeing that I was about to turn and fly at this very important moment, he changed his mind, and all ended well.—As I may not write any more recollections of Woburn, I think this is a good time to mention something that happened the last time I was there. It was in the autumn of 1845. There was a large party, of which I particularly

<sup>1</sup> He was John Villiers Shelley, son of the Lady Shelley whose correspondence has been lately published. Why he called himself 'T' does not appear.

remember Lady Suffield, the young Lady Jersey, Lady Clarendon, Poodle Byng,<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Delmé Ratcliffe.<sup>2</sup> On the day he was going to leave Woburn, the last-named sang, when breakfast was over, some verses he had composed. They were supposed to be remarks made by the ghostly monk, said to haunt Woburn Abbey, upon the company then present, each member of which had a verse to him- or her-self. We were much amused by most of this song, but really touched when Mr. Delmé Ratcliffe read out the last verse, which was as follows :

God bless the Duke and Duchess ;  
And may they live in love,  
And only leave this happy home  
For a happier home above  
Than this old Abbey, this old Woburn Abbey,  
Than this old Abbey, all of the olden time.

### *Edinburgh*

Mamma was well enough to drive ; and the winter we were in Edinburgh must have been a fine one, for I remember taking many very interesting drives with her. There is so much to see round Edinburgh. Mamma had, of course, many visitors, especially when Papa was with us. One celebrity after another was ushered into our hotel drawing-room. I was much struck by the democratic touch given by the waiters, who always announced ‘Macaulay !’ without a prefix. He was then member for Edinburgh ; and this style of announcement seemed to me well-befitting a ‘tribune of the people.’

<sup>1</sup> Elder son of 1st Earl of Stafford : held office under Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell.

<sup>2</sup> Of Hitchin Priory.

When this visitor had settled down, he appeared to have plenty to say ; and, indeed, there was enough to talk about, for these were stirring times, and the impending change in the Corn laws was at least at the back of all thinking minds. Lord Jeffrey used often to call and discuss this subject, but as yet, I think, only tentatively. The crisis soon came, however. One day early in December 1845,<sup>1</sup> Papa came into the room holding out a letter to Mamma. She glanced at it and said, ‘What does the woman want?’ ‘Don’t you see who it is?’ said Papa. She gave a startled cry, and I hastily left the room ; for I too understood what was the matter. It was a letter from the Queen inviting Papa to form a Ministry. In this, as you know, he was not at that time successful.<sup>2</sup>

Mamma’s mornings, when Papa was away, were at one time, occupied in taking Italian lessons. These took the form of reading from the poets, especially Manzoni. We were both much interested in these lessons, and I remember the *Ode to Napoleon* well even now.—It seems to me, but perhaps it is only because I was young then, that there was at this time a great hopefulness, a sense of rapid progress going on, which one misses now. The development of the railway system, the great demand for English engineers all over the Continent, the breaking-up of many old abuses, may, no doubt, have created that wholesome stir in men’s minds

<sup>1</sup> December 8.

<sup>2</sup> The attempt broke down because Lord Grey refused to serve if Lord Palmerston was re-appointed Secretary for Foreign Affairs. For further details see Walpole’s *Life of Lord John Russell*, Vol. I. p. 409 *et seq.*



which even the humblest individual must share in at such a time. There was, moreover, in Edinburgh much excitement, not only political but religious. The disruption of the Church of Scotland was quite recent,<sup>1</sup> and the immense sacrifices made, and the energetic action taken, at the time, by half the nation had quickened spiritual and intellectual life to a remarkable extent. Papa took me to an immense church built for Dr. Guthrie, one of the foremost ministers of the Free Kirk. I heard him preach; and though I did not then understand much of Scotch theology, I was deeply impressed by his enthusiasm, and especially by that of the vast congregation. Their united singing of the psalms without accompaniment was a thing never to be forgotten.—I do not think this great movement interested Papa and Mamma very much. I cannot remember their talking it over very often. There is something about their attitude towards this and other religious upheavals which I have never quite understood. But I now think they had an instinctive dislike to anything resembling party feeling in such matters. Not long after their marriage they left Dr. Thorpe's chapel for St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. Now Dr. Thorpe was a warm Evangelical partisan, while Mr. Bennet of St. Paul's was one of the first teachers within the Established Church of a pretty fair imitation of the Sacramental system of the Catholic Church, which system certainly never commended itself particularly to Papa and Mamma. Again, among the many books I heard them read out loud were Jeremy Taylor's *Golden Grace* and the *Life of*

<sup>1</sup> May 18, 1843.

*Dr. Arnold.* Now Jeremy Taylor is an ascetic writer, and almost as definite in his theology as a Catholic priest, while Dr. Arnold, though teaching a lofty morality, was by no means so clear on many points. But I think they enjoyed both these writers. It is very possible that they, Mamma especially, did not care to discuss subjects of this kind before me at this time. She was always anxious to keep us young, and never encouraged our talking much on subjects which at our age we could only understand superficially. I think she always seemed happiest in the country, because there the birds and the flowers, the outdoor fun and domestic happenings, crowded out the graver subjects of which she had only too many to consider. I don't know that she needed rest from them herself, but she was always most anxious that Papa should have a chance of laying these aside when he was with us. I think she sometimes disliked our mentioning popular crazes, party cries, and such things as even children pick up whose parents live in the centre of public affairs. I remember an instance of this. I have told you that Mamma liked my little domestic caricatures, home jokes, etc. Well, I was staying with a relation, when I drew some little cartoons making fun of the provisions of the Irish Arms Bill—a measure which Papa, then Prime Minister (August 1846), renewed very unwillingly (according to Mr. Stuart Reid).<sup>1</sup> These my aunt praised very

<sup>1</sup> Lord John's Coercion Bill was not introduced till January 10, 1847, two days before Mrs. Drummond's marriage. It had, however, been under consideration from the time that his Government had been formed, July 6, 1846. Lord John was naturally reluctant to re-introduce a measure, similar to that on which

much. I was so elated by her approval that I sent them at once to Mamma, and was much mortified when she wrote back that she much preferred my domestic sketches. Of course, I see now that if that measure was, as I have no doubt it was, a subject of regret to Papa, any jokes about it were peculiarly unfortunate.

*Lady William Russell*<sup>1</sup>

This was the lady immortalized by Byron as possessing beauty that shone undimmed at the end of 'some London or Parisian ball.'<sup>2</sup> Papa told me

Sir Robert Peel had been defeated under his leadership of the Opposition (June 27, 1846), and the measure must have been a sore subject to him. The Bill, however, can have been but in contemplation when the cartoons were drawn. His wife was in his full confidence in political matters, while his step-daughter would have been ignorant of the dilemma. See Stuart Reid's *Lord John Russell*, p. 154.

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, daughter of Hon. John Theophilus Rawdon (brother of the 1st Marquis of Hastings), and niece of Lord Moira, married George William, elder brother of Lord John Russell.

<sup>2</sup> Quoted from memory. The passage referred to must be *Beppo*, st. lxxxiii.:

'And though I've seen some thousands in their prime,  
I never saw but one (the stars withdrawn)  
Whose bloom could, after dancing, dare the dawn.'

That this passage refers to Miss Rawdon is confirmed in *Lady W. Russell: a Memoir*, 1874, and, further, by a note in one of the late John Murray's copies of Lord Byron's works, in which he has written: 'The Hon. [she, however, did not hold this title] Miss Rawdon, afterwards Lady William Russell, mother of Lord Ampthill.'

Her son, Lord Odo Russell, was created Baron Ampthill, 1881. His career as a diplomatist needs no record; but it may perhaps not be generally known that he was the author of probably the best *jeu de mot* ever made by an Englishman in a foreign language. The story is that, at an evening assembly



this about her when I was first introduced to her as a child. She always interested me very much. She had then three young sons, who formed the principal subject of her conversation. She had her own ideas about the education of young men, and these differed entirely from the view usually taken by Englishmen on the subject. The value of public-school education and of English University life was then, even more than now, absolutely unquestioned among Englishmen, and even among the wisest and best of them. Did not my father, a kind-hearted and excellent man, arrange by his will that my brother, when a babe of seven, should be sent to one of the terrible private schools of the day, in preparation for Eton? The thought of what the children of that generation suffered, and of the consequent ruin of many a promising youth, is bitter indeed. Sometimes, as in the case of the good Lord Shaftesbury, good came of it. His recollections of cold, hunger, starvation, and ill-usage worked in him a deep sympathy for the poor and the oppressed; but too often starvation induced self-indulgence when the time of emancipation came, and constant misery and the endurance of senseless cruelty resulted in the craving to inflict the same on others. All this Lady William, whose strong intellect was combined with the clearest feminine intuition, saw plainly; and she had courage to plead, in all companies, for a more enlightened and more

in Vienna, the Shah of Persia, who was a visitor there, made his appearance in a very drunken condition: thereupon Lord Odo quoted the French proverb: '*La nuit tous les chats sont gris.*' This admirable double pun is said to have delighted Bismarck.

natural treatment of youth. As I got older, this struggle of hers with prevailing opinion appealed to me increasingly. Perhaps she saw this, for I remember her even explaining her views to me. 'Their only idea,' she said, 'is to get him away from his mother.' I believe that she succeeded in a great measure in securing for her sons such an education as she thought right, and that she never abdicated her right to guide the principles and conduct of her sons as she thought best; and now no one can say that such a man as Lord Odo Russell (Lord Ampthill) lost any measure of his success in life owing to the influence she exercised with so much determination at the outset of his career. Lady William was very kind to us as children. On one occasion, when she was staying in the house, she told us a wonderful story. Not long after the death of her grandfather, Lord Moira, she was sitting alone, thinking, when he suddenly appeared before her, looking exactly as usual. After the first shock of surprise was over, curiosity overcame awe, and she exclaimed: 'Oh! what is dying like? What is it like to be dead?' 'Not at all what you think it is,' was the reply.—Lady William's last visit to me was at the Lawn, Hampstead, a short time before Lister's birth. It was just after Papa's elevation to the peerage as Earl Russell.<sup>1</sup> She told me all about it—how his brother the Duke of Bedford had given him the estate of Ardsala,

<sup>1</sup> A.D.'s only son, Lister Maurice, was born in 1856. Lord John Russell was not elevated to the peerage till 1861. This is one of the very few instances in which the writer's memory is at fault.

and what financial arrangements were necessary in order to maintain a peerage in a suitable manner. Then we talked of other things, and something was said about the event impending in our little household. 'My dear,' she said with much solemnity, 'I regard the prospect with horror. Remember that anything of this sort is more expensive than the upkeep of Ardsala.'—I should have begun by saying that this kind old friend was the widow of Papa's brother, Lord William Russell.

### *Tommy Moore*

I mention elsewhere our acquaintance with the poet Moore, and his delightful singing of his own songs. One peculiarity he had on these occasions, which greatly amused us. When he had finished a song, he always twirled the music stool round with a jerk so as to bring himself round facing the company to receive their applause, which, indeed, was never wanting. I remember his coming to Tunbridge Wells and taking drives with my mother in an open carriage, on the back seat of which I was always perched—not always to my liking, for children do not care much for scenery. The poet talked of his Bessy with much pride and affection, but we never saw her. Distinguished poets, musicians, writers, etc., were asked to the houses of those who then formed Society with a big S, but it was not then considered a breach of good feeling and good manners to invite them without their wives.



*Lady Morley*

Lady Morley's<sup>1</sup> ready wit was, in its nature, like that of a man; and she laughed very loudly; but I cannot agree with Creevey<sup>2</sup> that she was masculine. She was, on the contrary, a very motherly person. I saw a good deal of her at the house of my Aunt Theresa, and at her own which communicated with Kent House by a narrow passage on the drawing-room floor. She used to teach me painting after the manner of Pinnelli, whose figures, slightly washed in with colour, were always outlined with Indian ink. This plan is a good safeguard against the

<sup>1</sup> Lady Morley figures largely in these recollections. She was the daughter of Thomas Talbot, of Wymondham, and married John Parker, 2nd Baron Boringdon, created 1st Earl of Morley, of Saltram, near Plymouth. He was an uncle of Lady Theresa Lister, Mrs. Drummond's aunt by marriage. Hence, no doubt, the association.

<sup>2</sup> Creevey's description of her is as follows (*Creevey Papers*, Vol. II. p. 243): 'She has a great deal of natural waggery, with overflowing spirits; but she is more of a noisy man than a polished Countess.'

Her loud voice was a subject of remark to others besides Creevey. Fanny Kemble records the following story: Rogers, speaking of 'that universal favourite, Lady Morley,' said: 'There is but one voice against her in all England; and that is her own.' This 'pretty epigram' Fanny Kemble repeated to Sydney Smith, who at once challenged it as not being in Rogers' manner, and not original. Shortly after, he sent Fanny Kemble a quotation from a French lady of the eighteenth century: '*Dans toute l'Angleterre il n'y a qu'une voix contre moi, et c'est la mienne.*'

She was also the recipient of some of Sydney Smith's most witty and whimsical letters, which she answered with scarcely inferior wit.

The testimony to her personal charm is overwhelming. Sir Henry Taylor speaks of her as the wittiest talker of her day except Lady Charlotte Lindsay, for whom see p. 226.

common habit of using paint to conceal faults in drawing. Lady Morley was as kind to Sarah Gordon<sup>1</sup> (afterwards Lady Augustus FitzClarence) and her sister Louisa as to me, and used to take Sarah and me about together sight-seeing, one on each arm, calling us *Liveria* and *Gizzarda*. The exquisite fun she made was always suited to her audience. It seemed to bubble up just as much with us children as when she was in the company of the greatest wits.

### *Lady Morley's Stories*

I suppose I was about seven or eight years old when I found a most terrifying book on the drawing-room table at Kent House. If the goblins in *Pickwick* frightened me, the effect of this book was still greater. It was the *Legend of Wodenblock*, invented and illustrated by Lady Morley. It represented the adventures of a burly Dutch merchant who was obliged to lose his leg in consequence of an accident. The operation was portrayed; then the recovery of Herr W., his reception of a newly-invented mechanical leg, and his first trials of the wonderful limb, which seemed to carry him even better than the natural leg. But now the tale turned to tragedy. Herr W. took an expediton to a vast forest in the neighbourhood. Here the leg began to move with surprising speed, and carried its owner through the mazes of the forest, with what at first was an exhilarating and delightful motion. But the day

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of Lord Henry Gordon.

wore on, and poor Wodenblock became weary and tried to stop the machine. It would not stop: it never did. And now Lady Morley's pictures became no longer comic but gruesome. The poor Dutchman's figure was depicted in the various phases of exhaustion, death, and decomposition, flying through the forest glades till he was reduced to a skeleton, which in the last picture seemed by its exulting gestures to rejoice in sympathy with the demon leg.—I wish I could remember all the quips and quirks and stories, grave and gay, with which Lady Morley delighted Sarah Gordon, her sister, and me, as we sat watching her painting the water-colour sketches in which she excelled. One I do remember. It was the story of the Deserted Baboon. 'Once upon a time,' said Lady Morley, 'a beautiful lady, voyaging in Southern Seas, was wrecked on an undiscovered island, and warmly welcomed by the inhabitants. These were a race of highly civilised baboons. The lady became accustomed in time to their looks; and when the baboon king proposed to her, she accepted him, and their marriage was a happy one. They had two children: one, a girl, was as lovely as the mother: the other, a boy, was the image of his father. When the children were still very young, a ship belonging to the lady's own people called at the island. No sooner did she see them than she determined at once to leave with them, and take the beautiful child with her. The baboon king used all his eloquence to persuade her to stay, and implored her, if she would not remain for his sake, at least to do so for love of the boy. But she was obdurate; and, as her people were



strong enough to take her away by force, the baboon husband had to give way; and she entered the ship's boat with her little girl. The baboon then bethought himself of the last appeal he might make to her maternal feelings. Claspings his darling baboon-child to his breast, he ran up a steep rock overlooking the sea, and pretended to be about to throw the little creature into the sea. "Surely," he thought, "such a child as this could never be forsaken." But his lovely wife took no notice of his actions, and kept her eyes upon the ship while the boat went on and on, till at length she stood on board. The sailors hoisted the sails, and as the vessel disappeared upon the horizon, the baboon, with one long cry, threw himself and his beloved child into the sea.' We were cut to the heart by this cruel *dénouement*, but asked for the story again and again. This is but a poor outline of the tale; and no words of mine can convey an idea of the facial antics and amusing gestures by which the story was accompanied. Lady Morley used sometimes to give us studies in expression, accompanying the funniest and also the most terrible grimaces with announcements of the feelings portrayed—as: 'Behold disapproval softening into complacency!' Now: 'Apprehension deepening into horror.' Again: 'Astonishment not unmingled with fear.' Or: 'Shyness contending with a desire to please.' And so she ran on and on, amusing us mightily. Sometimes she would sing us an old song, of which the refrain was: 'I wish his soul in Heaven may dwell, Who first invented the leather bottél'—the tune of which still runs in

my head. Another song she used to sing with amazing spirit was this :

As I was going to Derby upon a market day,  
I met the finest ram, Sir, that ever was fed upon hay, upon hay :  
I met the finest ram, Sir, that ever was fed upon hay.

The last verse was a great favourite, being very 'bluggy'—too much so, indeed, for this page. Lady Morley's quotations from poets of all sorts, some by no means classics, were as many and as sparkling in the company of us children as in that of Sydney Smith or Squire Bulteel. When bantering Sarah and Louisa Gordon about their remarkably good looks, she would quote Byron's description of Circassian beauties—'their eyes' blue languish and their raven hair.'<sup>1</sup>—How disappointed I was one day about this time, when, being told of Papa's intended marriage, and flattering myself that no one but Lady Morley could be the chosen bride, I found that no such alliance was contemplated.<sup>2</sup> It would have suited me so well, thought I. Lady Morley was at my mother's second marriage. The reception was at Kent House ; and when the bride returned to the drawing-room after the breakfast, in her travelling gown, Lady Morley cried : 'Here she comes, all in chocolate brown !' I have always since then had a high opinion of this particular colour, as being very

<sup>1</sup> The phrase 'blue languish' occurs in Pope's *Homer's Iliad*, xviii. 50, as a somewhat surprising translation of *βοῶπις*. Byron was a close reader of Pope, and would have been likely to annex the phrase ; but I cannot find the line, as quoted, in his published works.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Morley died in 1840. Lord John Russell's second marriage was in 1841 ; cf. footnote, p. 166.

becoming to anyone at all fair with some brightness in the colour of cheeks and lips ; but her hair was a rather dark brown. This travelling-gown was of thick brown satin, made with a perfectly plain 'pen-wiper' skirt, sleeves very full just under the shoulder and tightening towards the wrists (the 'leg-of-mutton' sleeve, in fact), and a small, triangular shoulder-cape trimmed with a *ruche* of brown satin ribbon. To complete this costume, a brown satin band with a gold and jewelled buckle, shaped like the figure of eight, was worn. I wish I could remember the bonnet. This was probably of Leghorn straw, very large, and trimmed with white ostrich feathers.

I saw nothing of my old friend in her later years, and shall probably remember and relate no more of her words and ways. How I regret now that I knew, or rather perceived, so little of the serious side of her life and thought. On glancing again at the trifles I have recalled, I feel like the poet who could bear reading the letters of his dead love as long as she wrote sadly, but could not endure to see

. . . . . 'a hurried happy line,  
A little jest, too slight for one so dead.'<sup>1</sup>

### *Cambridge Terrace*

Dear Lady Morley used to say that Belgravia was divided into Belgravia Proper, where the unmarried dwelt, and Belgravia Felix, where the married made their home. Belgravia Felix, however, may be said to have had an *annexe* consisting of a row of

<sup>1</sup> Poems by Stephen Phillips. Lyrics, No. IV.



pleasant houses not far from the northern <sup>1</sup> boundary of Hyde Park. These houses, being new, and their situation airy, were sought out by young Belgravian couples wherein to spend the few years of married life likely to intervene before the progress of events should naturally call them to the centre of the world of fashion and politics. Hither came, about the time when Papa and my mother took possession of 30 Wilton Crescent, Aunt Theresa's brother, Edward Villiers, with his young and beautiful wife.<sup>2</sup> They were very good-natured to me, and often asked me to spend Sunday afternoon with them. I was taken to and fro by a maid, in a large hackney coach, the floor of which was covered with straw. These were the only public carriages in which ladies could possibly be seen. For men, there was a rough sort of cabriolet, the driver sitting on a small perch by the side of the hooded seat in which the fare sat. There were omnibuses, in which our servants sometimes went; but they turned up their noses at these, and said one might just as well walk, so insufficient was the service. Cambridge Terrace looks much the same now as it did seventy years ago; but many of the saplings, then giving promise of great things, have been pollarded over and over again, and the tallest of the trees look old, while the shrubs present a gnarled and venerable appearance.—I am not good at remembering faces, but I have a very vivid recollection of the face and figure of 'Aunt Edward,' as I used to call her, and can see now the glitter of her waved bands of fine

<sup>1</sup> No doubt a mistake for 'southern.'

<sup>2</sup> Edward Ernest Villiers married Elizabeth Charlotte Liddell, fifth daughter of 1st Lord Ravensworth.

hair. She was tall, with a graceful, willowy figure which was very much admired. A great friend of 'Uncle and Aunt Edward' was Mr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Taylor,<sup>1</sup> the poet. Their talks were long and interesting; and as they never seemed tedious to me, I fancy I had some faint idea of the meaning of what I heard. Then Mr. Taylor recited a good deal, and in one of these recitations he used to include me, after a fashion. I lay on the sofa personating *Desdemona*, while he declaimed *Othello's* speech before the murder. The smothering with the sofa-pillow was a climax which I bore indifferently well; and here Aunt Edward lifted up her voice: 'Gently, gently.' Sometimes, in the course of his declamation, Mr. Taylor, I imagine, kept too close to the text; for Aunt Edward would occasionally shake her head and say reprovingly: 'Mr. Taylor! Mr. Taylor!' These were very happy Sunday afternoons to me. One alone was an exception. I think I have already said that the education of children was in those days much less easy and comfortable than it is now. One of the strictest rules we had to observe was: 'Keep off the rug.' Being left alone in the room for a few minutes on this occasion, I promptly stepped upon the low fender to look at something on the mantelpiece. Alas! I had on a new silk frock which I not only admired myself but knew to be an object of much solicitude to my nurses. That afternoon I went home in my hackney coach with a heavy heart, for on the front breadth of my frock was a palpable scorch! I had 'been on the rug.'

<sup>1</sup> Best known as the author of *Philip van Artevelde* (1834). He published an autobiography in 1885.

‘ *Old Rogers* ’

The first time I saw this remarkable old man was, I think, during the life-time of my mother. I was taken by her and Papa to Bowood, where there was a large house-party consisting of many celebrities political and artistic, and among them was the poet Moore. I knew well and greatly liked Mr. Moore. He often came to our house, and sang his own songs delightfully—without much voice, but with infinite *verve* and energy. His conversation, I imagine, was as pleasant as his singing. Well, at Bowood I gathered, from the remarks of my elders, that there was a keen rivalry between him and ‘ old Rogers.’ He might well be on his mettle, for his aged antagonist had a sharp and bitter tongue, and the acerbity of his remarks was heightened by a slow and incisive method of utterance. On another visit to Bowood, when my sisters also were invited, Papa happened to mention that he had been very busy all the morning. ‘ So have I,’ exclaimed Bessy, ‘ with these dolls of mine.’ ‘ At any rate,’ put in old Rogers, ‘ *she* did no harm.’ I used to see the old man for many years now and again. He was very kind to me as a child, and gave me two editions of his poems. He always looked much the same, with an absolutely bald head and wizened features, a senile figure and walk. He always wore a very large and high collar, into which he seemed about to disappear like a tortoise into its shell. It was a common joke to draw a portrait of ‘ old Rogers’ in three lines—so:<sup>1</sup> his bald head and coat collar. When I



<sup>1</sup> It is of course a back view of the banker-poet which is intended.



was eighteen, I met him at Woburn. We took a walk together, and stopped in a summer-house to rest. He repeated to me, slowly and with infinite pathos, Mrs. Barbauld's lines to her life :

Life ! I know not what thou art,  
 But know that thou and I must part ;  
 And when, or how, or where we met  
 I own to me's a secret yet.  
 Life ! we've been long together  
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;  
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—  
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;  
     Then steal away, give little warning,  
     Choose thine own time ;  
 Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime  
     Bid me Good Morning.

Seeing my eyes filled with tears, the old man said : ' You are thinking of your lady-mother ' ; but it was not so :—I was thinking perhaps my first serious thoughts of the great mystery, of the seemingly far off but inevitable end, of its nearness to him ; and I was physically under the spell of that slow and measured utterance, so fraught with meaning, yet with senile weakness trembling through its sound. Not very long before his death,<sup>1</sup> Rogers was knocked down by a cab, and fell almost unconscious in the roadway. When the bystanders gathered round him, anxiously asking his name, he murmured : ' I *was* old Rogers.'—I once, many years before this, went to one of his celebrated breakfasts ; but I am sorry to say that the distinguished company assembled there has left no impression on my memory. He came to see me sometimes in the early days of my married life ; but of these visits I only recollect that the mental

<sup>1</sup> In 1850, five years before his death.

effort of keeping a conversation on his own high level was rather irksome to me. My dear sister-in-law, Theresa<sup>1</sup>, used often to go and see him during the last few months of his life. She told me he seemed to have much natural religion, but not much grasp of definite doctrines. He said to her one day: 'You know Jackson<sup>2</sup> [then, I think, Vicar of St. James's] comes to see me very often. He talks to me of these things. I tell him my heart is full of gratitude to God. When I see the green trees in the Park, and the nursemaids and children walking about, and the sun shining, I feel full of thankfulness; but this does not seem to satisfy Jackson.'

*'Old Rogers' Ghost Story*

It was either at Woburn or at Bowood that 'old Rogers' had collected a few young and eager listeners, myself among them, in a corner of the library, and there held us spellbound by his low, thin voice, and the ghastly interest of a long-promised ghost story. 'Once upon a time,' said he, 'there was a quiet village where people were fairly happy till a great misfortune came upon them. The old grey church

<sup>1</sup> Theresa Drummond, afterwards Mrs. Prendergast.

<sup>2</sup> John Jackson (1811-1888) appointed to St. James's, Piccadilly, 1853; Bishop successively of Lincoln and London.

It may seem strange that Rogers, who had all his life been a Unitarian, should, at the last, have had recourse to a clergyman of the Church of England for spiritual advice. He had, however, made as near an approach to orthodox Christianity as was possible for one of his sect. It is recorded that 'Bobus' Smith, on his death-bed, said to Rogers: 'However we may doubt on some points, we have made up our minds on one: that Christ was sent into the world commissioned by the Almighty to instruct mankind. 'Yes,' said Rogers: 'of this I am perfectly convinced.'

in the centre of the hamlet was, they soon found, haunted in a terrible manner. Anyone passing through the churchyard after nightfall saw in the church porch a skeleton form within its depths, leaning against the wall. No trace of such a thing was to be found during daylight hours. The skeleton was at first only seen by a few; and the wiseacres of the village said the appearance was all imagination, and they would go and see for themselves. But at last everybody saw it at one time or another, and the knowledge that it was always there weighed heavily on the minds of the villagers. It is true that there was no special need to enter the churchyard after dark; but the thought of the awful presence in their midst was depressing—"and," said they, "how if the skeleton left the porch and took to wandering about amongst them?" So at last the head men of the place resolved to try what could be done to get rid of the dreaded visitor, and a deputation of the wisest and coolest-headed of the villagers was chosen to parley with the skeleton. Accordingly that night an attempt was made. The deputation no sooner entered the churchyard than they saw the spectre standing in the porch. They drew as near as they dared; and then, making a low obeisance, the speaker asked the skeleton why he had visited their village, what they could do for him, and, in short, what he would take to go away. In a voice like that of the wind in the tree-tops the ghostly form made answer: "I do not leave this place till entreated to do so by the unborn babe." All hope now died in the hearts of the villagers, and they returned home disconsolate, fearing that they must bear the infliction to their



lives' end. Now there was in the village a poor girl who was coldly looked upon by her neighbours—the gossips were busy with her name ; but none the less did she love the people among whom she had spent her youth ; and she resolved, at any cost to herself, to remove the terror from her native place. So she went to the churchyard ; and when she came near the porch and saw the skeleton standing there, her blood froze within her. The moon shone upon the dreadful shape, and showed every bone of the ghastly frame-work ; and from their cavernous sockets glowed something like eyes. But the poor girl's purpose did not flag. Shutting her eyes, she fell on her knees and cried : “ Oh, Sir, what can I say ? I have nothing to offer you—there is nothing I can do for you ; but the unborn babe pleads with you that you should leave this place in peace.” Then she opened her eyes,—and the skeleton was gone.’ Old Rogers drew no moral from his story, and we were left simply puzzled by it ; but I think that the author of the legend from which it was taken must have had in his mind the value of confession and of self-sacrifice.—Apropos of legends : the first I ever heard was one related by Papa to my mother when we were travelling in Devonshire soon after their marriage. I often made him repeat it to me, and never forgot the refrain. The ballad relates how a knight plighted his troth to a damsel in these words :

Agnes, Agnes, thou art mine ;  
 Agnes, Agnes, I am thine  
 Body and soul for ever ;

and how the damsel died and came back to claim this promise. That ballad, among other things, gave

me a fear of ghosts. My mother, seeing this, had a good talk with me one day. 'You see,' said she, 'what kind, good people you have about you. Is it likely that any one of them would wish to come back after death and frighten a little girl?'

### *Jeffrey and Macaulay*

Lord Jeffrey often came to the Edinburgh hotel where I was with Papa and Mamma in the winter of 1845-6. I remember his pale face, delicate features, and penetrating dark eyes; but of all his conversation, which must have been most interesting, I can recall nothing except that he amused Mamma and me by his frequent allusions to the possible necessity of 'opening the purts.' This strange substitute of 'u' for 'o' has been lately mentioned as being old-fashioned; but I never heard any of Lord Jeffrey's contemporaries so misuse the vowel. Macaulay was also a frequent visitor; but I remember him best in still earlier days. As a child, his sonorous voice and confident manner impressed me very much. He was always good-natured to me; and one day Mamma showed him a little book I had written for her and illustrated after a fashion. This book was a sort of *précis* of the histories I had read in the schoolroom. Macaulay passed over the histories of England and France without much remark; but when he came to Scotland he was more critical. 'What's this?' he cried: '"David a brave prince?"' (The *précis* here was extremely concise.) 'Not at all: quite the reverse.' I might have taken comfort

in the thought that his criticism of most contemporary historians was probably as trenchant. His extreme confidence in his own judgment was indeed a source of much amusement to his very numerous friends and hearers. Indeed, Lord Melbourne, I think it was, said 'he wished he was as sure of one thing as Macaulay was cocksure of everything.' The last monologue of his that I remember was one on the subject of beauty in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He explained the cause of the rather extravagant praise of certain beauties abounding in contemporary memoirs and letters. So great, he said, were the ravages of small-pox in that period of the world's history that any woman with a fairly good skin was reckoned a beauty on that account alone; and that, as few got through their teens without at least some loss of freshness and bloom, a woman in middle life who escaped the destroyer was looked upon as endowed with almost magical charms. To this latter case are probably owing such legends as the conquests achieved by Ninon de l'Enclos at an advanced age.—I saw a great deal of Edinburgh in this winter of 1845-6, for Dr. Thomson, a friend of Papa's family, kindly took me to many interesting places—studios, factories, etc. One day, when we had all been full of Papa's visit to Glasgow, where he had received the Freedom of the City, Dr. Thomson took me to a glass-foundry, where one of the operatives gave me some twists of coloured glass. When I returned home with these, Johnny exclaimed, 'Oh, look at Addie's Freedom!'—During the latter part of our stay at Edinburgh, Papa read out aloud *Letters from the Baltic*, by the lady who



afterwards became Lady Eastlake.<sup>1</sup> He was very pleased with the book, which is sprightly and amusing, and quite free from affectation. He delighted in the national proverbs collected by the authoress, and twitted me very much with one of them: 'Women have long hair and short thoughts.'

### *Combe Florey*

It was probably in the summer of 1836 that I went with Papa and my mother to Combe Florey, where we were the guests of Sydney Smith. Lady Morley was there—quite in her element. She and Sydney Smith and Squire Bulteel kept up a continual stream of banter, with frequent lapses into very wise and interesting talk. On one occasion Sydney Smith started a discussion about that curious mental experience, the sense of having been before to a place now seen for the first time—also of knowing what a person with whom you are conversing will say next, though the subject you are discussing has never been approached before. Alas! I cannot remember who owned to this sensation and who had never experienced it. Sydney Smith and Lady Morley agreed that they had; and I listened to them with deep interest, for it was an experience quite familiar to me. I suppose I must have heard all these conversations at luncheon, or perhaps at dessert, for I was never allowed to run wild among the visitors at the houses where we stayed. Among serious subjects treated there was one on which I

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of Dr. Edward Rigby (1809–1893).

received a lifelong impression. I have since learnt that the leaders of the best thought of those days had a great idea of keeping the Church of England in its place as an institution dependent on the will of Parliament, and one which, as an institution, was of purely secular origin. The result of all I then heard was to fix this view of it in my mind—a view that I have never since seen reason to alter.<sup>1</sup>

### *Remarkable Old Ladies*

I sometimes saw, though at what date I cannot exactly recollect, two old ladies well known to everybody in society as excellent hostesses and admirable talkers. These were Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry. They received their friends in the evening two or three times a week. A lamp over the doors was lit to show when they were 'at home.' Miss Mary was tall, and showed traces of having been very handsome. I was always told that it was she whom Horace Walpole had wanted to marry; but Lady Dorothy Nevill, in her recollections, says it was Agnes. Being a Walpole, she ought to know.<sup>2</sup> I have heard my aunt, Theresa Lewis, say she thought Agnes was rather a copy of Mary Berry, and had less real wit at the root of her sprightly sayings.

<sup>1</sup> See however p. 8.

<sup>2</sup> The writer's view is confirmed by Charles Greville, who speaks of Horace Walpole's 'octogenarian' attachment to Mary Berry. Horace Walpole was actually seventy years old at the time.

Lady Charlotte Lindsay<sup>1</sup> was another old lady much quoted in society. I heard her tell the story, since so often repeated, of the Duke of Wellington's having used the expression 'a twopenny d—m.' 'I like the price of your d—m,' said she. Nobody thought of the explanation that has been hazarded—that 'dam' is a Hindoo coin of the value of twopence. 'Let us hope,' as good little children's books say, that this innocent version was that of the Duke.

I think it must have been in the spring of 1836 that I sometimes went to Holland House with Papa and my mother. Provided I was not in the way of my elders, I was allowed to wander about where I pleased. Out of doors were the beautiful gardens, and beyond them some wild wooded ground, including a long wide grassy glade overhung with low-growing trees and large shrubs. Here there grew the lovely blue speedwell—the 'little speedwell's darling blue'—<sup>2</sup> and here and there the red berries of 'lords and ladies' just past their prime. I tasted a couple of these, but was happily warned off any further indulgence by a burning pain in the mouth and throat. Indoors there was much to be seen; and sometimes I wandered into the presence of the formidable Lady Holland. I don't think I was as much afraid of her as I was of some other old ladies. She had a good-natured face, framed in short shining curls; and she did not waste her commanding manner and sharp words on a mite like me; but most people

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of Lord North, afterwards Earl of Guildford. Cf. *Letters of Queen Victoria*, November 4, 1841. She was closely associated with Queen Caroline and with her trial. See *Diary of a Lady-in-Waiting*, by Lady Charlotte Bury.

<sup>2</sup> *In Memoriam*, lxxxiii.



seemed to stand in awe of her. I have a confused recollection of seeing her and her guests come in to dinner (I suppose I had been playing in the dining-room). The guests took what seemed to them the most suitable places; but few of these met with Lady Holland's approval; and the way she hustled all these grave and reverend seignors about, and insisted on their sitting where she bade them, was, to say the least, unusual. She had behind her chair what seemed to me a very large page in a dark green uniform and many buttons. I suppose he was about fifteen. She used to turn to him when she wanted the date of any occurrence which was the subject of conversation. He must, indeed, have been better educated than most people, for he heard at least twice a day the opinions of the most distinguished men of the time on every conceivable subject. He also studied a good deal by himself. In my wanderings about the house, I sometimes came into a little ante-room where he sat copying maps and finding quotations, etc. He answered my few questions in a very condescending manner, but was obviously bored by these interruptions. This well-read page's name was Harold.

*Mrs. Sartoris*

I never saw Fanny Kemble on the stage; but I have met her sister, Mrs. Sartoris, in society. In 1845 or 1846 she acted in a charade at Kent House. The immense dining-room there would have allowed of very important plays being performed in it; and though the stage and fittings did not surpass the

usual amateur limits, the auditorium admitted any number of Aunt Theresa's friends in real comfort. The charade was *No-vice*. Mrs. Sartoris acted the ambitious mother, whose daughter, played by Miss Duff Gordon, had to say 'no' to her true love, and accept a rich old man. Mrs. Sartoris was very amusing in the opening scene. She was wearily adding up the sums which her daughter's dress had cost for the season, when a note from old Lord Blank was handed in to her asking leave to propose to the daughter. The last bill she docketed had been the heaviest of all; 'but,' she exclaimed, 'that does not signify now!' *Vice* showed the discarded lover going to ruin with much rattling of dice, and *No-vice* represented the clothing as a nun of the poor heroine, who chose this way of escape from marriage with Lord Blank. Miss Duff Gordon had beautiful auburn hair, and the *clou* of the last scene was the sight of the glittering mass spread out ready for the ecclesiastical scissors. Aunt Theresa was the Mother Superior in an attitude of deep 'recollection.'—I saw Mrs. Sartoris once again at an afternoon party. This time I saw her in tragedy, and not mimic tragedy. I had been told that she was not likely to sing, as she had suffered a great bereavement (the loss of her son, I think), and had been unable to sing ever since. However, some of her friends, rather rashly, begged this favour of her. She yielded unwillingly; and, indeed, she had no sooner uttered some very beautiful notes in the most sympathetic voice imaginable, than she broke down completely, and left us all feeling guilty and unhappy.

*Mrs. Siddons*

Some stories have lately been published about the habit Mrs. Siddons had of importing the stilted and pompous language of the stage into her ordinary conversation; but none, I think, so good as one Papa told me. She was, I think, informed that a certain politician had been found murdered in his *bureau*. Not realising that this word can be translated 'office' as well as 'desk,' she exclaimed in solemn tones: 'Poorrr man, how gat he there?'





## CHAPTER V

### MARRIED LIFE—FROM 1847 ONWARDS

#### *Chaotic Brompton*

WHEN I had drawing lessons from Mulready, his address was Kensington Gravel Pits. The region below Kensington Gore and Hyde Park, bounded by Knightsbridge, and down to Brompton Square, was a *terrain vague* dotted with little old houses and gardens intersected by open sewers, and partially laid out as nursery-gardens. Our first home in London was a lodging at 20 Half Moon Street, and our second was a very pretty little cottage in this straggling neighbourhood. It had a nice garden, in which was a fine Marie Louise pear tree. One side of the garden was bounded by a watercourse some four feet wide. It went just under our bedroom window. We took but little notice of this ominous stream, and attributed certain signs of its presence to a smell of stables somewhere.

#### *Tyburn*

From the recollections of an old man, published lately in the *Evening News*, it appears that in the 'thirties the spot where the Tyburn gallows stood had not yet vanished. I must have passed it when

going on Sundays in my hackney coach to visit 'Aunt' Edward Villiers. No doubt it would not be pointed out to me; for there were few who, in those days, had any sacred associations with that place of execution.

*Lord H——*

It was in one of our early journeys that Maurice and I were witnesses of a rather curious incident. We had just stopped at a station, when an inoffensive-looking individual got into our carriage and took a corner seat. Immediately after him an elderly and very angry-looking man, who was accompanied by his daughter, got in and asked to be allowed to have that seat. I forget what reason he gave for making such a request; but, at any rate, the first occupant saw no reason to grant it, and declined to move. The other persisted, worked himself into a regular passion, and, to our extreme surprise, exclaimed: 'I'm Lord H——! I ought to have it.' The poor man in the corner looked very uncomfortable, and murmured something civil, though he did not get up. 'I shall accept no civilities from you, sir,' said the hero (Lord H—— was then at the height of his military fame), and turned to speak to us, chiefly in order to emphasise his boycott of the offender. In fact, he made himself quite agreeable throughout the rest of the journey, and his daughter was very civil to me. She was a person of great resource; for, seeing that I had no book to read, she tore a paper book she was reading in two, and gave me the first half.

*Cousin Emma Sneyd*

Very early in our married life, in 1847 I think, Maurice and I were invited by Cousin Emma Sneyd to stay a few days with her at Blackheath. It was high summer, and the weather lovely. This kind cousin was in her first youth when the battle of Waterloo was fought, and much of early youth still clung about her. She was quiet and dignified, as became her age ; but she lived the life of a young person whose education is still a matter of anxiety to herself, and who plans out her day so as to secure time for improvement in all the accomplishments she has been taught. We spent the afternoons, she in sketching, I in wandering about the flower-beds in the garden of her great friends the Ladies Legge. These were elderly ladies whose tastes and pursuits were very similar to those of Cousin Emma, except in one respect. They were devoted to cats, and had a good many of the so-called 'blue' variety. A large room on the ground-floor of their house was given up to these pets—each had a nice sleeping-basket, with saucers full of refreshments placed ready for the inmates. It seemed to me that the other hobby of these ladies, their beautiful garden, must suffer a good deal from the presence of so many cats.—Cousin Emma talked very pleasantly while she was sketching ; and, as she had established herself near a lovely bed of old-fashioned cabbage-roses, those July afternoons are among my most soothing recollections. But I regret that we only talked of everyday matters. Perhaps young people



are not generally so dense ; but I, for one, have to reproach myself for letting many treasures of knowledge of past days go by unknown to me through not tempting the old to bring them out for my benefit. Besides Maurice and me, Cousin Emma had some other guests, also cousins of hers :—we made great friends with them, and had a lively time together—rather too lively perhaps ; for there were some points about Cousin Emma's household and way of life which amused us very much among ourselves, and laid us open to the danger of giggling when she was present. There was a confidential servant who waited at dinner in a very long brown coat : there were amateur musical parties, of which an enthusiast on the violoncello was the star performer ; and there was the frequent mention of the ' Ladies Legge,' on which occasions Maurice's gravity was sorely tried. I think I saw cousin Emma two or three times after this ; and she must have introduced me to two other cousins, Lucy and Mary Grove. As they lived in St. John's Wood, I saw them pretty often, and much enjoyed my visits to them. Mary was very timid and quiet, a perfect type of what many unmarried women became in the first half of the last century, without definite occupations, opinions, or individuality, but sweet, and amiable, and meek. Lucy had plenty of character, and was, I know, a power for good in her immediate neighbourhood. This too I believe Cousin Emma to have been. She was also for many years the devoted companion, and, later on, the nurse, of her aged parents. Her good common-sense and strong family affection come out very well in the letter I have

copied.<sup>1</sup> Her advocacy of 'quiet, settled, regular employment' is very characteristic.

### *A Yeomanry Week*

I think it was in 1848, or not much later, that the John Towneleys invited Maurice and me to Maple Hayes, where they had a party for the Staffordshire Yeomanry week. Several pleasant people were staying in the house, and many came and went from Lichfield, the headquarters of the martial gathering. I was much interested in them; for I knew that the parents of these county magnates must have known mine, as my mother's home at Armitage was within a drive of Maple Hayes. Mrs. Towneley, whose beauty was only equalled by her good-nature, very kindly discovered that it was imperatively necessary for her to leave a card on Miss Spode, sister of the owner of Armitage, who had bought the place from my uncle many years before. So once more I drove along the beautiful approach, and refreshed my memory of the house and garden. Of the actual business on hand, the Yeomanry meeting, I saw but little. As to the review, I have a vague recollection of much trampling of horses, and a general impression that everybody concerned was working at high pressure, and that patriotism went hand-in-hand with strong language. The fact was that, united as the gallant yeomen were in loyal and martial feeling, their horses were in no wise united in sentiment with them or with each other. Maurice, who went further into the heart of things than I did

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 67-68.

on this occasion, standing near the front lines of horsemen, heard one of these address his comrades in these words, which have always summed up our memories of the scene: 'Stand fast—stand fast: there's h—— to pay in the rear, but nevertheless stand fast.'

### *Albury*

Not long after our marriage, Maurice and I were invited to Albury by Mr.<sup>1</sup> and Lady Harriet Drummond. We accepted with much interest and some trepidation, having heard much of Mr. Drummond's singular position in the religious world, and the curious phenomena which, in common with the followers of the great Scotch preacher Irving, he regarded as justifying the belief that a new dispensation had been vouchsafed to the world to prepare it for the Saviour's immediate return. We, however, saw little that was strange. Mr. Drummond was a most cheerful and talkative host, more like the average country squire than the fanatic he was said to be. He made many clever and striking remarks on men and things, all tinged with theology as they might be expected to be, seeing that he was entertaining, besides other guests, the twelve apostles of the new communion. I heard him telling one of his friends that he thought none of the existing forms of Christianity would work any deliverance upon the earth. The Christian Church as a whole,

<sup>1</sup> Henry Drummond (1786–1860), one of the founders of the Irvingite Church, in which he was 'apostle,' 'evangelist,' and 'prophet.' He married Lady Harriet Hay, daughter of the Earl of Kinnoul.



he said, would fail as the Jewish Church had done. I do not know what form of Christianity he meant by the 'Church': the sect he had so materially contributed to form held doctrines similar to those of the extreme High Church in England; but it appeared to be, as a Church, beginning again *de novo*, and he contemplated with equanimity a gap of many centuries between the first College and the second now assembled at Albury. One of them condescended to take me in to dinner; and very pleasant and amusing he was. We lighted somehow on the subject of Scotch stories; and he went into convulsions of laughter over one of which I reminded him. Mr. Drummond, who was engaged in high converse at the head of the table, hearing the apostolic mirth, called out, 'Pitcairn, Pitcairn, what's the matter with you?' But Pitcairn could not speak. I dare say you know what I suppose Mr. Barlow would call the tale of the embarrassed gamekeeper. His master says to him: 'MacFlint, I'm going after rabbits to-morrow—just with one dog. I'll take Pickle.' 'Peckle?' murmurs MacFlint. 'Peckle, did you say? A'm no that sure aboot Peckle—Peckle 'ull no du. A'm dootish about Peckle—Peckle's no vera weel—Peckle's deed'; and this story reduced the apostle to tears and stammering utterance. After dinner, the floor was taken by a curious personage who did not please me at all. He had a broad, clever forehead, and would have been good-looking but that his ears were placed so high in his head that they gave him an impish appearance. He was dressed with great care in semi-ecclesiastical costume recalling that of the courtly *Abbés* who appear in comedies

of the Louis XV. period. He was, in fact, in a very semi-ecclesiastical condition, having been, we were told, a convert from the Established Church to the Church of Rome, from which he had apparently reverted to the Irvingite community. At any rate, he appeared to be now under the wing of Mr. Henry Drummond, who listened with approval to the long and amusing discourse he gave us on the curious ceremonies he had seen in Rome, among others those connected with the 'Boy Bishop,' who had only the year before been enacted by his own little son. Much attention was afterwards called to the case of this second Blanco White, owing to the following circumstance. When Mr. Conolly and his wife became Catholics, and he wished to become a priest, Mrs. Conolly<sup>1</sup> agreed to retire into a convent; but when he changed his mind and, having left the Church of Rome, asked his wife to return, she remained true to the choice she made at his request and with his entire approval. Well, the evening ended with a pleasanter sight than that of Mr. Conolly holding forth on the rug. The little Lord Percy, Mr. Drummond's grandson,<sup>2</sup> was told to go and say goodnight to Mr. Pitcairn, who, as he did so, gently made the sign of the cross on the child's forehead.

*Aunt Parker*

It was, I think, in the summer of 1847 that Maurice and I went to stay for some days with Uncle

<sup>1</sup> She usually signed 'Connelly.'

<sup>2</sup> Henry Drummond's elder daughter married Lord Loraine, afterwards 6th Duke of Northumberland.

and Aunt Parker<sup>1</sup> at Waddington, of which place my uncle was Rector. He was a very fine specimen of a clergyman of the old school. He wore a voluminous white muslin neckcloth, and tight black gaiters; and with his white hair, pink and white complexion, and stately presence, his was a striking personality. His manner was kind, and his remarks on men and things remarkably shrewd and quaint. We were very much impressed by the loving deference he shewed his wife. Theirs was a very happy marriage. According to our Yorkshire nurse, Marsden, the cousins were attached to each other in very early youth; but my aunt was then required to marry Mr. Day instead. This marriage turned out ill; and my grandmother Ribblesdale, taking offence at Mr. Day's behaviour, sent for her daughter from Bath, where he lived—'in a carriage and four,' according to Marsden. By the way, that mode of travelling was then quite the most ordinary in the case of people with means.—Mr. Day died soon after; and then came the happy marriage with Mr. Parker. I delighted in the garden at Waddington. There was a beautiful row of hollyhocks in it: some pink ones were my special favourites, and I used to wear them in my hair in the evening, to go with a gown Aunt Emily Eden (Maurice's aunt) gave me before I left town. It was a white spotted Indian muslin, with a pink lining. The dinners were pleasant enough, but the breakfasts were most amusing. Uncle Parker made

<sup>1</sup> Catherine, daughter of 1st Baron Ribblesdale, married (1) James Skurlay Day, (2) Rev. John Fleming Parker, (3) Rev. W. J. E. Rooke. She was first cousin to her second husband, whose mother was Beatrix (*née* Hulton) daughter of Thomas Lister, of Gisburne, father of 1st Lord Ribblesdale.



a point of reading the news out loud to us ; and a great French trial then occupied a large part of *The Times*. Of course, French names abounded in the reports of the trial, and these Uncle Parker pronounced as English, in the most uncompromising manner. The more amused we were, the more he dwelt on these names, his eyes twinkling all the time, for he had a strong sense of humour—as, I think, such a good husband would be sure to have. This trial was that of the Duc de Praslin, who murdered his wife—a scandal which some think precipitated the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1848. The criminal was allowed to commit suicide in prison. —Uncle Parker had an elder brother (not, I think, alive at the time of our visit to Waddington): he was the owner of the family estate, Browsholme, not far from his brother's living. His name was Lister Parker. I must have seen him as a child at Gisburne, but only when I was too young to remember him. He was at one time a rich man, and used to entertain a good deal in London, where he was a great patron of artists and literary people. After a time, he was completely ruined : my nurse used to tell me this was owing to his having bought so many toys for us as children. He had to sell Browsholme, which was bought by a Mr. Parker, but no relation to the family that had possessed the place so long. This purchase rather annoyed my aunt, because the newcomer thereby became Parker of Browsholme—a title which had once meant so much for her. We were amused to hear, some time after this very pleasant visit, that Uncle Parker had reckoned me up as a ' shrewd, fashionable woman,'

which we thought hardly descriptive of a dweller in a small cottage in Hampstead—then and for many years after an almost inaccessible suburb.

*Queen Marie Amelie*<sup>1</sup>

One day, I suppose in 1849, I was spending the day at Pembroke Lodge with my sisters. Papa and Mamma were out. We were amusing ourselves upstairs, when a servant brought word that the Queen of the French had arrived to look over the grounds. Isabel and Bessy strenuously refused to undertake the task of showing her about, and insisted on my doing so. This I did, though miserably conscious of wearing a shabby brown gown very unsuitable to the occasion. Having introduced myself to the Queen, I soon fell back into the company of the lady-in-waiting, who was most chatty; and we all made the tour of the grounds. The Queen, a nice-looking oldish lady with grey hair, had a very pleasant expression, and a most good-natured manner. With her was the young Duchesse de Montpensier, sister of Isabel II of Spain. She had pretty dark eyes, and looked rather languid. This expression was probably not habitual, for the lady-in-waiting whispered to me: '*Elle est enceinte de sept mois.*' The Duchesse held her little daughter by the hand. This was the Princess Mercedes who, when grown up, married the father of Alfonso XIII, King of Spain. The little thing seemed lively and happy, and repeatedly exclaimed, seeing the deer in the park,

<sup>1</sup> (1782-1866). Daughter of Ferdinand, 1st king of the two Sicilies; married Louis Philippe 1828.

‘*Ah, regardez donc les daims.*’ The party all seemed delighted with the place. No wonder. The vision of forest and garden at Pembroke Lodge is unique ; and the peeps through the trees at the lovely country and river beneath Richmond Hill formed delicious pictures at every turn.

### *L'Hippopotame*

In the spring of 1849, the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park possessed for a short time a great attraction in the shape of a baby hippopotamus. Very early in its life this little creature was instrumental in drying the tears of a considerable body of French Royalists. Lady Caroline Towneley told me that, at the Requiem said for Louis Philippe,<sup>1</sup> the exiled king of the French in the little French chapel in Little George Street, Portman Square, the French congregation gave way to unrestrained lamentation. They wept abundantly, and came out of the chapel looking dishevelled and grief-stricken. She stood for a minute much impressed ;—then, just behind her, a brisk voice said in a cheerful tone : ‘*Maintenant nous allons voir l'hippopotame ;*’ and indeed, the congregation speedily dispersed in the direction of the Zoo.

### *The Strid*

Maurice's admiration for the ballad of young *Romilly*, as sung by Aunt Theresa, led to a rather risky action on his part on the occasion of a picnic to Bolton Abbey. We were staying in the early

<sup>1</sup> Louis Philippe died August 26, 1850.



autumn of 1857 at Towneley, and drove over, a large party, to the 'field of Wharfe.' In the course of our rambles we came to the spot where young *Romilly* took his fatal leap.<sup>1</sup> It is a curious place: the rocky banks arch over the swiftly-running river in such a manner that to leap from one side to the other looks quite easy; but it is not as safe as it looks. One bank is a little higher than the other, and the ground slippery; so that when Maurice declared his intention of taking the leap from the lower side, a murmur of protest arose from the company. I had a moment of great tension while he sprang and landed safely on the other side. He said it was quite easy as a jump: the risk arises from one's own knowledge that failure is inevitably fatal, rescue at that point being impossible owing to the violent under-current.

*Fontainebleau*

In the summer of 1854, Maurice and I went to join dear Ribblesdale in France. Maura was then a baby of about fourteen months old. Though this time abroad is not a very early recollection, my remembrance of it is but fragmentary. A few things, though not the most important that occurred, may be worth setting down for my dear children.—We went first to Bordeaux, where Ribblesdale—'Tommy,' as we then called him—meant to paint landscapes. But the month was July; and though Maurice and I rejoiced to find ourselves so far south, it soon became evident that the heat was greater than we could bear

<sup>1</sup> See Wordsworth's poem, *The Force of Prayer, or The Founding of Bolton Priory*.

—and keep in health. However, we tried it for a week. We took one out-door drive, in which I saw a trumpet-honeysuckle growing out of a garden wall. I thought it was an exotic, having never seen it before; but I have seen it since on a house at Winchelsea. After this drive, we had just to stay in the hotel, with the crimson velvet curtains all drawn. It was a service of danger to go up and down stairs, the staircase was so very hot. We took to going out at nine o'clock in a boat on the Garonne. Even then the sky glowed like burnished copper. The Garonne is a noble river with a broad, strong current; but it must be shallow near its banks, for we used to see the townspeople sitting up to their necks in the water, the women still wearing the bright-coloured handkerchiefs on their heads, which so enliven their costumes. I sent for a dressmaker to make me some cool clothing. She told me that the town was suffering very much from the great heat, which did not usually come on till the end of August, when the days are rather shorter than in July. She said that now the seamstresses could hardly get their needles through the stuff.—I had a disagreeable experience at this time: I was in bed one night in a small French bed with a canopy, when I was awakened by a tremendous noise, which I took to be a diligence rumbling through an archway over which I supposed my room to be. As the thought passed through my mind, I saw the canopy above my head shake violently. The horrid idea struck me that somebody was having a practical joke at my expense; but nothing further happened to frighten me; and next morning I found that we had been having a very respectable earthquake. At last

the illness in the town increased so much that Ribblesdale determined to make Fontainebleau his headquarters for painting. I should think we suffered much on the journey; but, at any rate, the relief of getting to that lovely place and to the enjoyment of ordinary summer heat was very great. Our hotel (the *Hôtel de la Ville de Lyon*) was just on the borders of the forest, the glories of which I must leave the guide books to describe; and it had a pleasant garden of its own. Here the baby could be out all day. She was an object of great interest to the little daughter of the house, a child of, perhaps, four years old. One day the little thing came up to the baby with an air of grave solicitude. ‘*Bébé,*’ she said, ‘*as-tu dit tes prières? Je crois que non.*’ In the early days of our stay, there was much illness even here, owing to the heat. It was some form of cholera, and very fatal; for we used constantly to hear a little bell tinkling in the street, announcing, as we thought, the priest’s visits to the poor quarter where the epidemic was raging. These were, of course, processions of the Blessed Sacrament being carried to the sick. We realised very little Who it was that passed by. When Emma<sup>1</sup> joined Ribblesdale, I used to drive with her in an open carriage; and we saw as much of the forest as we could see from a smooth road. As a happy event was expected, we had to make acquaintance with a fine old man, Dr. le Blanc, the best doctor in the place. He was most solicitous for Emma’s welfare, and made daily enquiries after her health; but we had to avoid meeting him in the

<sup>1</sup> A.D.’s brother, 3rd Lord Ribblesdale, married in 1853 Emma Mure, daughter of Col. Mure of Caldwell, M.P.



hotel garden, as his enquiries, though made in public, were such as in England would have been thought much too unconventional. Our drives, as I have said, were delightful. Sometimes we visited the picturesque villages on the outskirts of the forest. On one of these occasions we met a procession of the Blessed Virgin—the first I had ever seen. Her image was, as usual, surrounded by flowers, and carried by young girls in white, while others held long streamers of blue ribbon fastened to the *brancard* on which the statue was placed. We were touched and delighted by this sight; but presently received a shock owing to the too evident appreciation of Emma's great beauty shown by a number of men in what we supposed to be priestly vestments. They were, of course, the members of a village guild. Maurice and I were often highly amused by Ribblesdale's courier, Boucher, who took a fatherly interest in us and our baby. He had no great idea of our punctuality, and used in the mornings to come to Maurice's dressing-room door with a loud: 'Breeeekfasste is readi.' 'All right,' cried Maurice. 'Yees, but are you readi?' Boucher used to take care to let us know of any curious sights that were to be seen. One day he came and told us that the *Grand Veneur* was in the courtyard. This was the head of the Imperial hunt. He was indeed a splendid figure, all in green and gold. His great magnificence made Boucher's information, 'he is a widow,' particularly startling. Another time Boucher told us there was to be a great *bourgeois* wedding. The news was not lost upon us, for we attended it more or less all day. First there was a long and very splendid

function in the parish church, of which what I remember best was the *quête* taken by a young boy and girl, who, holding each other's hands lifted high, moved with much grace through the congregation collecting their gifts; then we kept meeting the bridal party, including the bride still in her wedding dress, all the afternoon, as they paraded through the best parts of the town; and we ended by watching the dancers at the wedding ball through the open windows of a hotel which was the headquarters of the party. Standing by me, also looking on, were two very poor old women. One had evidently been grumbling; for her companion said soothingly: '*Eh bien, nous avons eu notre tour.*' 'Oui,' replied the other, '*mais le nôtre n'était pas si beau.*' At length there came a day when we were all made happy by the birth of the future Ribblesdale.

*Mr. Disraeli*

When Papa went out of office in 1858,<sup>1</sup> having then been Colonial Secretary under Lord Palmerston, Maurice was private secretary to Sir George Cornwall Lewis, the second husband of my dear, kind Aunt Theresa. The fall of Lord Palmerston's ministry of course entailed the resignation of Sir George, and the loss of the appointment so advantageous to us in every way. But Maurice, being a clerk of the Treasury, was chosen by Lord Derby, who formed the new ministry, to be his private secretary; and, as Papa said to me on hearing this: 'The pot that was boiling

<sup>1</sup> Lord Palmerston's Government was defeated on the Conspiracy to Murder Bill, February 19, 1858.

on our kitchen fire was set on it again by Lord Derby.' Before undertaking his new duties, Maurice's services were requisitioned for a day or two by Mr. Disraeli, who succeeded Sir George as Chancellor of the Exchequer—as the following letter will explain:—

‘ Grosvenor Gate : March 1, 1858.

‘ DEAR MR. DRUMMOND.—The bearer of this is Mr. Ralph Earle, who is about to act as my private secretary. You were so kind as to say you would put him in the way of his duties; and, if you will remain a short time at the Exchequer for that purpose, you will add to the obliging courtesies for which I am already your debtor.

‘ Yours very truly,

‘ (signed) <sup>1</sup>

Maurice always regarded the short time he spent with Mr. Disraeli as a most interesting episode in his career. He told me that the future Lord Beaconsfield was just like the statesman in a melodrama. He took himself very seriously (in which he was very unlike our chief<sup>2</sup> at that time). He assumed a somewhat stealthy and cautious manner, and used expressions such as we expect from a stage Richelieu or Mazarin. ‘I have sent that letter from C——. He is a *safe* man,’ he said on one occasion. I always felt a great interest in Mr. Disraeli's sumptuous personality and showy career; and, if it was wrong of a Liberal to entertain a weakness for a Tory

<sup>1</sup> A facsimile of Disraeli's signature is given in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Palmerston.



statesman, I sinned in good company. Mr. Lecky says, in the reminiscences he contributed to Mr. Stuart Reid's *Life of Lord John Russell*, that 'between Lord Russell and Disraeli there was, I believe, on both sides much kindly feeling,<sup>1</sup> though no two men could be less like.' When Maurice ceased to be Sir George Lewis's private secretary, I naturally wrote to Aunt Theresa to thank her for the great pleasure and advantage that appointment had been to Maurice; and she replied by the following letter:

' Kent House: March 4, 1858.

' MY DEAREST ADDY.—Your letter on the "dissolution of partnership" gave me great pleasure, as a proof that you and Maurice had been as well satisfied with his position in Downing Street as my husband had been with his services. It is a great bore to have a sphere of usefulness obscured for a time; and I, who enjoyed so much talking over with Maurice the merits and success of *our* Master,<sup>2</sup> cannot bear to think of that *Mordecai*<sup>3</sup> sitting in the gateway: however, there is probably "a good time a-coming," and when the children of Israel are led into captivity for their sins, we Gentiles shall rejoice. I am sure, dear Addy, it is quite as great a pleasure to me as it can be to you to think that you, my first-born niece, the pet of my early married days, should have been made

<sup>1</sup> See also a letter from Mr. Disraeli to Lord Russell of May 8, 1873, given in Lady Agatha Russell's *Life of Lady John Russell*, pp. 238–239.

<sup>2</sup> Sir George Cornwall Lewis.

<sup>3</sup> Disraeli, who had succeeded Sir G. C. Lewis as Chancellor of the Exchequer. The historical parallel does not seem very happily chosen, and, if developed, would work out to rather strange results.

the happier in your married days (as you were, I trust, in your childhood) through the means of Kent House ;<sup>1</sup> and, no doubt, Maurice owed his appointment first rather to private than to official feelings ; but *now* he has won his spurs. He has done so well ; and has made himself a reputation in the office which has secured him the honourable distinction of being chosen by Lord Derby, quite irrespective of private or political predilections ; and that is most satisfactory.'

### *Happiness*

Soon after their own marriage, dear Amberley and Kate<sup>2</sup> came to see me at Hampstead. She was in the highest spirits, very brilliant and amusing. She quoted to me those lines of (I think) Goethe :

Ich habe genossen das irdische Gluck,  
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

(I have enjoyed the bliss of earth ; I have lived and loved.) This bliss, as she experienced it, was that of wedded love. But she died young.—I have had time to make up my mind as to what, in the main, brings most happiness to life on earth to those whose lot admits of it. I should give the palm of earthly bliss to motherhood, the delights of which seem to me inexhaustible, and to the power of appreciating the beauty of nature, trees, flowers, scenery. This power is not, as a rule, a possession of the young.

<sup>1</sup> The original Kent House was divided into two ; the one part occupied by Lord and Lady Morley, the other by Mrs. George Villiers, Lord Morley's sister, and her family.

<sup>2</sup> Katherine Louisa, sixth daughter of 2nd Baron Stanley of Alderley, married to Lord Amberley in 1864, died 1874.

They do not say to the present moment: 'Stay, for thou art fair.' The call of the future is too strong in them. Beautiful gardens and scenery are little to them, unless as the background of some stirring life-drama—the evolution of their own emotional life. The exquisite joys of spring do not appeal to them unless all is well with that absorbing interest. Byron was young when he turned in spring from 'all it brought to those it could not bring.'<sup>1</sup> Among minor aids to happiness I should give a high place to the cultivation of hobbies. I have not many—collecting shells, inventing imaginary kingdoms, making paper flowers, learning languages, keeping aquariums; and I am greatly obliged to them all. I do not here include journalism, as that is not recreation. It must be understood that what I have here written about happiness refers solely to *das irdische Glück*—the bliss belonging to this earth, and having no reference to anything beyond it.

### *Oxford*

It was in 1870 or thereabouts that a series of visits to Oxford began, which are among the pleasantest recollections of my life. They only lasted a week or ten days at most, each autumn; and oh, how I loved them. I cannot help telling you a little about them though they are far removed from the childish days of which alone I at first intended to write. A very interesting week was one to which Bunny invited dear Maura (then just grown up) as well as myself.

<sup>1</sup> *Childe Harold*, 'Waterloo Stanzas,' canto III, st. xxx.





"BABY'S DAY"

From drawings by Mrs. Drummond



The first great pleasure after the journey was the sight of the towers and spires of Oxford rising out of the flooded river meadows—‘Spires and pond’ indeed. The season was late autumn, the weather misty and dull; so the picture we saw resembled some masterpiece of Whistler’s, and was too beautiful to be depressing. Then came darling Bunny’s kind welcome, and her cosy afternoon tea—scones from Boffin’s, etc. Very interesting people always dropped in at these teas; and on this occasion two delightful people were staying with Bunny. Lady Emily Gore, so good-natured and simple-minded, and another dear friend (E. H.), as worldly-wise and as brilliant as Lady Emily was quiet and diffident. The old Brasenose house was a pleasure in itself. The low, comfortable rooms which, through age, slanted slightly, the wealth of old oak in the hall and staircase, and, finally, the very curious old attic assigned to Maura and me, did one’s heart good. Maura, however, thought it a weird abode. The sloping roof made the side walls very low; and into these low walls were let several little squat cupboards from which one might naturally expect red-capped goblins to issue. Dear Bunny and Uncle Edward gave excellent dinners and luncheons, to which came Heads of colleges and representatives of different schools of thought (Liberals and Broad Churchmen preponderating), to whom we listened (with the exception of clever Emily H.) in more or less reverential silence. Our walks, however, were usually taken in the company of what we called ‘the young Dons,’ who condescended much to us, and were most good-natured and agreeable. Of such was



Mr. Thompson, then Lees reader in anatomy. . . . I remember him best among these pleasant people, for I had some talk with him about dear Maura's want of health and strength. He said : ' Well, do your best to keep her on the planet till she is five-and-twenty. You have no idea how much is gained when that number of years is accomplished.' Mr. Thompson was most good-natured to Maura. We took one very eventful walk with him in the streets of Oxford. In the first place we met the Cowley Fathers, to whom people were as yet unaccustomed. Maura, who was very High Church, was delighted ; and I soon had to make an exception of Cowley on her account ; Emily Gore stood transfixed in the streets, and ' lifted up her voice in testimony ' against the enormity of persons in a monastic habit appearing on the Queen's highway. Mr. Thompson looked at his companions in amused silence. But presently the party was confronted by a drove of cows. Mr. Thompson and I stood our ground ; but Emily Gore and Maura fled down a side street. ' Oh, do run and fetch Maura,' I cried. ' Does she fear the ox ? ' said Mr. Thompson, as he obeyed. Our next united expedition was to see some road-making at Hinckley. About that time Ruskin was ' guide, philosopher, and friend ' to many undergraduates. His gospel of labour so took hold of their imagination that a good many of the young men spent their time in doing navvies' work at Hinckley. The tramp through the sodden meadows, past sheets of flood-water, with leaden skies overhead, might have been depressing, had we not been in the highest spirits. When we reached the scene of action, these rose higher still,

for it was an amusing sight. Anything less like navvies could hardly be than these young disciples of Ruskin. They wore blazers of the most brilliant colours and most varied patterns, and their figures looked far too slight, and their slender arms much too white, to resemble labourers of any sort. One, who was wheeling a barrow full of clay, made it wobble miserably. I wrote much for newspapers in those days ; so, as soon as I got home, I wrote an account of this road-making to a paper written and supported by the undergraduates. Mr. Thompson saw it, and remonstrated with me for comparing the surrounding landscape to the shores of the Styx.—I cannot write a consecutive account of any of my happy visits to Oxford ;—indeed, I think, I may have already mixed together things that happened at different times : I'm not sure that Emily H. was at Brasenose at this particular time : I generally met her, and enjoyed her conversation exceedingly. On one occasion she and I and Emily Gore were left to dine alone together, as Bunny and Uncle Edward dined out. I have said how peaceful and simple-minded Emily Gore was. Anything 'advanced' (and people were much more aggressively so then than they are now) was extremely unpleasant to her. She hated and feared anything of the sort. Having her to ourselves, a schoolboy spirit of mischief entered into Emily H. and myself ; and we started and maintained the theory that marriage was merely a civil contract. I trust we soon reassured the sweet soul as to our real opinion on this subject.

I usually met at Brasenose Maggie Elliot, daughter of the Dean of Bristol, an extremely clever person,

and, as a talker, by no means inferior to Emily H. Like the latter, Maggie could hold her own with the most learned of Uncle Edward's friends ; and this endeared her very much to Bunny, who, though an admirable hostess, liked to do much of the talking by deputy. Maggie always made everything 'go off' well, for she had plenty of tact, and was, besides being a brilliant talker, a good listener when the nature of the company made this the most suitable part to take. A singularly harsh voice detracted somewhat from her charm as a woman ; but she said such good things that one seldom noticed this. In those days the strident modern voice was not : the dissonance would now be scarcely noticed. Maggie initiated me into a valuable toilet secret. She had abundant black hair, which she wore in a coil entwined with black velvet ribbon.

'When I was young,' she said, 'I twisted the ribbon round the hair ; but now I twist the hair round the ribbon.' And very nice it looked.

### *Jowett*

When I was at Oxford somewhere about 1870, Jowett's name was in everybody's mouth. At that time a wave of free-thought flooded the country, especially the universities. The question in the mind of all was : how far would Jowett go in opposition to the orthodoxy of the day ? I saw him often at Brasenose in Uncle Edward's dear old house, taking part in darling Bunny's cosy and pleasant afternoon teas. He seemed to me a most uninspired and



uninspiring old man ;<sup>1</sup> but he had a following—and no wonder ; for, if he could hardly be a sympathetic guide to the children of light, he must have been very useful to the children of this world ; for his common-sense and *savoir faire* were colossal. He gave breakfast-parties to terrified undergraduates, of whose discomfiture on these occasions many funny stories were told.

### *Bellingham's Skin*

Maurice, who was Receiver of Police for many years, amused himself at one time by collecting police photographs, scenes of murder, portraits of murderers and their victims, besides curious relics which had belonged to one or the other class. Owing to this hobby, I had an unpleasant experience one morning. I often read his letters out loud to him as soon as the post came in ; and had just opened an envelope which had come to him from Scotland Yard, when I suddenly became unconscious for a few moments. I had caught sight of part of its contents—a photograph of a woman who had been murdered and cut in pieces which the murderer had then thrown into the river. The police had managed to collect these and to sew them together, thus producing one of the most awful figures that human eyes have ever looked upon. It could only be equalled, but not surpassed, by the photograph the French police secured of the Communists who met their doom when the Versailles troops entered Paris,

<sup>1</sup> This may be taken for what it is worth ; not as an adequate appreciation of a character which has been perhaps superabundantly discussed, but as an impression produced in casual social relations on one usually observant and discriminating.

some of which Colonel Jack Stanley handed round at dessert when he dined with us one evening at Hampstead. Besides such things as these, Maurice used to show his friends the pistol with which Oxford shot at Queen Victoria ; also a piece of the tanned skin of Bellingham, the assassin of the Minister, Mr. Spencer Perceval. Now it happened that Mr. Perceval, the son of the Minister, was an acquaintance of ours, and on one occasion dined with us at Hampstead. Maurice, quite forgetting the tragedy that had occurred so long ago, had not been long with his friend, when he displayed his treasures as usual, and claimed special attention to the gem of the collection, Bellingham's skin ! When Maurice told me this, I cried out in horror : ' Oh, what *did* Mr. Perceval say ? ' ' He said nothing,' was the reply, ' but he looked rather odd.'

### *Cousin Lena Eden*

Lena was a daughter of the Bishop of Bath and Wells,<sup>1</sup> brother of the 2nd Lord Auckland and of my mother-in-law. She lived a great deal with Aunt Emily Eden after Lord Auckland's death. She had a good deal of the Eden wit and cleverness, and a considerable share of the cynical humour which was characteristic of most members of that family. Her intellectual qualities attracted the attention of Mr. F——, then only on his way to the fame and success he obtained in later years. There was for some time a prospect of marriage between the two ; but, in the days of Lena's first youth, talent and worth

<sup>1</sup> Succeeded his brother as 3rd Baron Auckland.

were not often allowed to weigh against a humble origin and surroundings. The engagement was sanctioned by Lena's family; but, on further acquaintance, prejudices of this kind prevailed, and Aunt Emily persuaded Lena to allow Mr. F——'s want of means to be alleged as an obstacle to the marriage. That Lena always regretted this, I have little doubt; for when, many years after this, Aunt Emily died leaving her a good deal of money, she said: 'Providence sends nuts to those who have no teeth'; feeling, I suppose, that wealth came too late to brighten her life. It did some good, however. She was a help and comfort to many, and enjoyed writing one or two novels,<sup>1</sup> which had some success. I saw a great deal of Lena in the early years of my married life. She was very kind and affectionate to me, and also took a great interest in Maurice, of whose talents she had a high opinion, though nothing in his circumstances had as yet called them forth. He had been given a clerkship in the Treasury when only seventeen years of age—soon after his uncle, Mr. Edward Drummond, had been shot by mistake for Sir Robert Peel.<sup>2</sup> Our only idea then of a successful career was the Civil Service. It was easier then to obtain Government appointments by interest than it is now, and it was not then thought *infra dig.* to ask for them. I think I must in those days have asked Papa for something of the kind, for I well remember his writing to me that he could not give a Government appoint-

<sup>1</sup> *Easton and its Inhabitants*, and *False and True*.

<sup>2</sup> Maurice Drummond's appointment to a clerkship in the Treasury was believed to have been made as a compensation to his family for their loss: see p. 3,



ment to anyone who was a stranger to ‘our great Whig battles.’ With this explanation of some passages in it, I give you a letter of Lena’s to Maurice. She had, unknown to him, sent some copies of his writings to a friend who could, she thought, get them accepted by some magazine. This plan was, of course, unsuccessful; and she apologises for having made an attempt of which she knows he would not approve. Then she says :

‘I suppose you have not got any good by this Government at present.<sup>1</sup> Never mind: perhaps you will some day now. How I do sometimes long to be a man, very clever indeed, of course: that is the first thing—for worldly consideration, I mean. I should not care for anything that I could get *given* to me; but how I would work—*write* I mean, not clerk’s work—for a *name* firstly, secondly for *money*. I would never sit and smoke over the fire except on great occasions. I would give up everything and do anything (as long as it was not actually wrong, of course) to get *fame*. Being rich must be very nice; but to have made it for one’s self out of one’s head, good gracious! the first guinea one had fairly earned by one’s brain! that *would* be a thing; and they say people get two guineas a week by regularly supplying the poetry to some magazines, and more for the prose; and you won’t send any prose papers for the *chance* of being employed, I know of old. Well! it is no use to begin that wretched old quarrel once again. Everybody has their own little private feelings, and you must have yours, I suppose, like the rest; but I *cannot*

<sup>1</sup> I think this was written early in 1853.—(A.D.)

make out why you think it a degradation, and never shall as long as I live. I daresay it is my fault for having such blunt feelings ; but it strikes me that asking for a place under Government is a much greater degradation than writing any number of papers and having them refused twenty times over. I don't suppose you would ever do either *exactly* ; but I would make a much better use of your talents if I had them ; and it makes me so envious of you and so jealous that I think I had better leave off. Old Harness [a rather unceremonious mention of the then Vicar of St. James's] says he thought *The Wedding* and *Follow me* very good, but none of them enough *finished* to his strict practical ideas. Mr. Murray, the publisher, told Harness that he would not take poems for *nothing* now which he would have given £500 for a few years ago.'

The writer of this stimulating letter would have made a good wife to a statesman. That was not to be ; but she lived to 'make guineas by her brains,' with the warm approval of her friends. She did not live to see how successful a writer Maurice became, and how much use he made of the talents she recognised so early in life.

‘*Fragments of a Tragedy*’<sup>1</sup>

BY MAURICE DRUMMOND

This little piece amused Papa and Mamma exceedingly. The jokes on which it is founded are

<sup>1</sup> This must have been written between 1861 and 1863.

these : We always made out that Georgy<sup>1</sup> did not come to see us often enough, and that, if she *did* come, she was sure to be called home by telegram. We desired it to be understood at Pembroke Lodge that it was not always easy to collect all the children, and to have all their faces, hands, and pinafores clean at any time. We also wished to impress Papa with the idea that he ought to buy our wagonette-horse. With these explanations, I begin the moving tale.

SCENE I.—*Finchley Road Station—a group of Villagers, Beadle, etc. The sound of wheels is heard in the distance. A wagonette is seen approaching, rapidly drawn by a magnificent brown mare with high action, lowest price sixty-five guineas, and cheap at that price for the brougham of a Foreign Secretary of State. At the same time the train arrives at the station : a singularly Distinguished-looking Man, still in the prime of life, but somewhat careworn, alights from the wagonette. The Villagers with difficulty repress their emotion : the Station-master is visibly affected. The Porter approaches a first-class carriage in which a lady is seated.*

*Porter.* Hampstead.

*Lady G.* The man has made a great mistake.

*Porter.* Methinks the lady is but half awake.

*Lady G.* Can this be Hampstead ?

*Porter.* Ma'am, no longer doubt,  
But from your cushioned carriage get you out :

<sup>1</sup> Lady Georgiana Russell : married Mr. Archibald Peel, nephew of Sir Robert Peel.



It is so long, alas ! since you were here,  
The aspect of the place is changed, I fear.

*Lady G.* Man, I believe you're right : here is my  
ticket,

I prithee let me pass the railway wicket.  
Where is my brother ? Let me see his face.  
Can that be he ? Oh no, I cannot trace  
The slightest likeness . . . yet it must, it must.  
Oh, foolish heart ! Georgina's fit to bust !  
There is the same majestic form, the smile—  
Sweet token of a heart that knows no guile !  
Maurice !

*Distinguished-looking Man.* Georgina !

*Lady G.* . . . Is it really thou ?  
Oh, life has left its impress on thy brow—  
Perchance on mine ; then let me weep my fill.  
Maurice, with all thy faults I love thee still.

*Song by Villagers.*

She loves him still,  
She loves him still,  
And so, perchance,  
She always will.

*Lady G.* Silence, ye fools. Oh Maurice, bear  
me hence,

In fly or cab, regardless of expense !

[MAURICE leads her to the wagonette].

Oh, what a mare ! What fire is in her eye !  
What splendid shoulders, and what action high !  
What value could be put on such a beast ?

*Maurice.* Sixty-five guineas at the very least ;  
And at that price I think she would be cheap  
To drag the brougham . . . Georgina, do not  
weep !

*Lady G.* It is too much—my feelings, not the  
cost  
Of that fine mare. Oh Hampstead loved and lost!  
And Addy . . . tell me, is she still alive?  
How many children are there? four or five?

*Maurice.* Thou soon shalt see. Now, villagers,  
give way,  
Nor keep us standing here the livelong day.

*Song by Villagers.*  
The livelong day, the livelong day:  
Years and hours fleet away.

*Lady G.* Silence, ye fools, nor any longer bore us,  
But wait until I ask you for a chorus.

[*LADY G. and MAURICE ascend the front seat  
of the wagonette.*]

*Solo by the Beadle.*  
Wheels of time with frightful friction,  
Bear the car of life along.  
Take a Beadle's benediction:  
Listen to a Beadle's song.  
Lady, if I err, forgive me:  
Six cocked hats, since you were here,  
I have worn: the Parish give me  
Only one cocked hat a year.  
Lady, ere again the portal  
Of your brother's house you pass—  
Though a Beadle, I am mortal—  
I shall be beneath the grass.

*Lady G.* Beadle, do not set me squealing:  
Do not make my tears to flow.  
Beadle, father, deeply feeling,  
Cease thine agèd nose to blow.

*Chorus of Villagers.*

Beadle, father, deeply squealing,  
Better let the lady go.  
Sweetest chords of human feeling  
Cause a Beadle's nose to blow.

LADY G. AND MAURICE, *apparently fatigued by the Beadle's harmony, drive off. The Villagers, intent on their chorus, do not perceive that LADY G. has departed with her gifted brother. They appear deeply affected, and the curtain falls in an agitated manner, leaving only the feet of the Beadle, who has fainted, exposed to view.*

SCENE II.—*The drawing-room at Lower Terrace.*  
ADDY, *surrounded by four children, awaits the arrival of LADY G. and MAURICE.*

*Song by ADDY to BABY.*

Itsey, tootsey, blessed thing !  
Shall it, bless it, no, it shan't.  
Does it like to hear me sing ?  
Would it like to see its aunt ?

LADY G. *bursts into the room, followed by MAURICE.*  
*At the same time a Servant brings in a telegram on a tray. LADY G. tears it open.*  
Lady G. Addy, if that be thou, how are you? and  
farewell.

I'm wanted home again—I need not tell—

A. What means all this ?

Can you not stay to give this babe one kiss ?

Lady G. No, for Lord Amberley e'en now  
awaits

My quick return at Richmond Station gates.



*Song by ADDY.*

John Amberley, my jo John,  
It once was very bonny  
When we were first acquent,  
And you were only Johnny.  
But now you're very high, John,  
And we are very low :  
There's bear's grease on your raven pow,  
John Amberley, my jo.

*[Enter Servant with another telegram.]*

*Lady G.* Quick, quick, again that splendid mare  
and groom  
So well adapted for Lord Russell's brougham,  
The fastest-trotting animal alive,  
Whose lowest price is guineas sixty-five  
And would be cheap. . . .

*[Enter servant with another telegram.]*

Oh, gracious ! here's another.  
Where is that splendid mare ? and oh, my mother !  
Quick ! quick ! nor let them telegraph in vain.  
Next century shall see me here again.  
In the meantime my fate I cannot dodge.  
Hampstead, farewell ! And now for Pembroke  
Lodge !

SCENE III.—*Outside Lower Terrace, Hampstead. A bonnet box is hurried across the stage. Enter LADY G. on one side; Beadle and Villagers on the other.*

*Lady G.* Break, break, my heart ;  
But ope the carriage door !

*Beadle (weeping).* These agèd eyes  
Shall never see her more.

*Lady G. (turning to Beadle.)* I am not worth your  
weeping, let me go :  
But shall I ? Answer, Beadle, answer 'no' ;  
Then love me all in all ;  
But, Beadle, do not squall !

[*Pas de deux* by the Beadle and LADY G.]

*Villagers.* Lighter would our Beadle dance  
Were he but a little leaner.  
Joining in parochial prance,  
Mark the grace of sweet Georgina !

[*Pas seul* by Beadle.]

*Meantime a wagonette appears, drawn by a valuable  
mare. LADY G. leaps into the carriage and  
waves her handkerchief.*

*Villagers.* Better disturb him not,  
Dancing in sorrow.  
Wake to thy dreary lot,  
Beadle, to-morrow.

*Their voices are drowned by the din of a wagonette  
drawn by a high-trotting mare (cheap at sixty-five  
guineas) running over a Beadle, whose screams  
mingle with the strains of the chorus and the  
strong language of LADY G. Railway bells are  
heard in the distance : the telegraph wires are  
violently agitated, and, being over-charged with  
electricity, communicate the subtle fluid to the  
clouds. Lurid flashes of lightning shed a ghastly  
gleam over the scene, and the curtain falls amid  
the crash of a thunderstorm.*

ADDY and MAURICE are heard singing behind the curtain :

We must our feelings quell.  
Ne'er were the children cleaner.  
Sweets to the sweet : farewell,  
Pretty Georgina !

*Alternative Ending to Enoch Arden*

A Parody by MAURICE DRUMMOND

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street ;  
And Enoch, coming, saw the house a blaze  
Of light ; and Annie drinking from a mug—  
A funny mug, all blue with quaint device  
Of birds, and waters, and a little man ;  
In Philip's hand a bottle ; then a smell  
Of strong tobacco, with a fainter smell,  
But still a smell, though quite distinct, of gin.  
Then, lifting up the latch and stealing by  
The cupboard, where a row of tea-cups stood,  
Hard by the genial hearth, he paused behind  
The luckless pair ; and, drawing back his foot,  
His manly foot, all clad in sailor's hose,  
He swung it forth with such a mighty kick  
That Philip in a moment was propelled  
Against his wife, but not his wife ; and she  
Fell forward, smashing saucers, cup and jug ;—  
Fell in a heap ; and shapeless on the floor  
Both Philip, Annie—and the crockery—lay.  
Then Enoch's voice accompanied his foot,  
For both were raised with horrid oath and kick,  
Till constables came in with Miriam Lane,  
And bore the three to prison railing loud.



Here Philip was discharged, and ran away ;  
And Enoch paid a fine for the assault ;  
But Annie went to Philip, telling him  
That she would see old Enoch further first  
Before she would acknowledge him to be  
Himself, if Philip only would return.  
But Philip said that he would rather not.  
Then Annie plucked such handfuls of his hair  
From out his head that he was almost bald ;  
But Enoch laughed and said : ‘ Well done, my girl.’  
And so the two shook hands and made it up.<sup>1</sup>

M. D.

October, 1854.

### *Journalism*

Next to the necessity of carefully considering the general policy of the newspaper to which an amateur determines to lay siege, the principal factor of success is the possession of clear and readable handwriting. Other things being equal, this is a great point in favour of any writer below the rank of those giants in literature whose scrawls are too welcome to be criticised. I was fortunate in being fairly legible ; and the editor for whom I wrote most told me that printers called MSS. of that sort ‘ fat,’ and that, being of that character, mine were popular in the office. One thing I was warned against

<sup>1</sup> This parody appeared in one of Mr. George Russell’s interesting recollections, as having been written by one of his cousins. No doubt it was given him by Rollo or Agatha Russell, and he would naturally think it had been written by one of the family. I sent it to Mamma, who was very much amused by it. She appreciated the funny little bits Maurice sent her from time to time.—(Note by A.D.)

at the time : Mr. Greenwood told me that he would never look at any chance MS. which bore signs of having been through a copying machine. The more modern typewriter is, on the other hand, I am told, in great favour with most readers for the press ; and no wonder : this is the era of delusive handwriting, if I may call it so. The frankly hideous scrawl seems to be out of date ; but in its stead we have the fairly good-looking script, which is all very well till we begin to read it. Not a single vowel is fully formed, and all consonants that will lend themselves to the nefarious business as, for instance, *m* and *n*, are hopelessly mingled ; and then comes the crowning illegibility of the signature. It appears to me that good handwriting is especially necessary to a journalist, as there is seldom time to get corrected proofs. I liked translating better than writing original articles ; and I have a very pleasant recollection of translating, for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, George Sand's *Dreams and Impressions*, which appeared at short intervals in the *feuilleton* of the *Temps*. One dream especially delighted me—that almost prophetic vision of hers in which she found herself sailing in a balloon over a stratum of small white clouds, such as go to form what is popularly called a mackerel sky, and likened them to a flock of sheep. I did not make any blunders in translation, so I heard ; but there was one, which no one appeared to notice, so colossal that it is a root of bitterness to me to this day. I came across, when translating some German matter, a word unknown to me—*Triebfeder*, that is, spring, or motive power ; and, being encouraged in iniquity by the context, which lent itself in a curious way to either interpre-

tation, I boldly translated it ‘quill-driver’—*Treiben*—to drive—*Feder*, a feather or quill-pen. Plausible enough; but a terrible blunder all the same. As a set-off to this mortifying incident, I may mention that Mr. Besant (afterwards Sir Walter) sent my editor a copy of *Ready-money Mortiboy* to be given to his reviewer as a token of gratitude for an appreciative review. How proud I was of this present! Apropos of reviewing novels, I am reminded of an amusing experience. A large parcel of new novels had been sent me from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to be reviewed, as I supposed. Two or three days after this, a boy was sent from the office with a note asking that the books might be returned to the editor, as they had been addressed to me by mistake. Having made up the parcel again, I took it into the hall, where I found a very small boy sitting on a long chest, very much at his ease. He sat with his little hands on his knees, looking at me with a benevolent and decidedly patronising expression. Having received the parcel in a condescending manner, he rose and said: ‘Don’t be down-hearted about this: they’re sure to send you some more very soon.’ Mr. Greenwood was highly amused when I told him of this considerate behaviour on the part of the messenger, and told me how he delighted in the little office-boys—their old-fashioned ways, their quips and quirks. As to those books, I had had time to review them, and had nothing to do but to send my copy to another paper—the *Examiner*, I think it was.



*Advice Scarce but Good*

When Maurice had been writing for some time, a decidedly literary circle had collected in Hampstead itself. I think the heyday of this *coterie* was some time in the late 'sixties or early 'seventies. It was composed mainly of the owners and editors of journals, publishers, and writers, Mr. George Murray Smith and Mr. Greenwood being the most remarkable of these. Mr. Smith had a large house and garden in Hampstead, and Mr. Greenwood was a frequent visitor to several of the members of this literary society. Owing to glowing accounts in various memoirs and recollections of such *coteries* in the past, I had formed a high idea of the conversational standard; but I found myself, in the main, rather disappointed. The men who were producing much of the current literature of the day said very little about it. They perhaps dreaded 'talking shop,' or they found commonplace subjects more resting. Du Maurier, who held a high position as an artist in black and white, and had not yet shown what he could do as a writer, was the best talker. Mr. Greenwood would sometimes give very interesting disquisitions on current politics: in fact, my disappointment in his case arose chiefly from the fact that I particularly wanted him to 'talk shop,' so that I might improve my writing. He once gave me a good hint. 'You understand writing occasional notes,' said he. 'Well, if you are entrusted with a leader, just string together six of these notes of average length on one subject—and there is your article.' I remember one very interest-

ing talk of his about the characteristics of various nations. In this Mr. Greenwood pointed out the striking superiority of Frenchwomen over Frenchmen, and showed how the business of the country is largely in the hands of the former, although, in the eye of the law, their portion is more unfavourable than even that of Englishwomen.

### *Our Kettledrum*

I wrote a good many notes in *Truth* under this heading. They were signed 'Bower-Bird,' an allusion to that frivolous but industrious creature's habit of collecting all sorts of small ornamental objects—feathers, flowers, shells—to adorn a sort of recreation-ground it forms near its nest. Such scraps I was supposed to collect for *Truth*; and I found it very hard work to do so, as it was difficult, living as we did at Hampstead, to go out in London sufficiently to make the necessary observations. But I saw a good deal myself, and made up a good deal from hear-say. Some samples of my notes may amuse you. The first I transcribe was a recollection of the Queen's ball, to which Maura was asked after her presentation in 1870;<sup>1</sup> but it must have been written in 1879 or 1880.

### *The Queen's Ball*

A state ball at Buckingham Palace is, as a pageant, incomparable. It is the apotheosis of colour and glitter, produced by such a combination of sunlights

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 134–139.

and mirrors, scarlet uniforms, gold lace and gold plate, with brilliant dresses and jewels, as cannot be seen elsewhere. Indeed, the Queen's ball is, for obvious reasons, not so much a social gathering as a very magnificent sight. To the *crème de la crème* this ball is, indeed, but as one of many others where they meet all their friends and are more or less at home; but the character of the entertainment in relation to the majority of the guests may be gathered from the number of small family parties one meets circulating through the rooms with the expression peculiar to sight-seers. The powers on whom such matters depend do not, it is evident, bid to the Queen's Ball all who attend Drawing-rooms and *levées*; but they are generally good-natured enough to invite those who have presented a daughter during the year. Hence the *habitués* are gratified and amused by the spectacle of groups of three—papa, mamma and a daughter—taking possession, with a touching mixture of pride and delight, of the paradise they have at last attained, and serenely measuring the length and breadth thereof. The daughter has, of course, been warned by experienced friends that 'young ladies must not expect to dance at a Queen's Ball'; so, like a sensible girl, she gives up all idea of such a thing, and accepts her parents' proposal to go through the rooms and 'see everything thoroughly.' And how much she has to see! The band in uniform is but a sample of all other adjuncts of this wonderful ball, which seems larger, brighter, redder, and more golden, than any ball she has ever imagined. The ball at which Cinderella made her *début* has just come into her mind, when



someone in a gorgeous uniform asks her to dance. Although he is no prince, but only her father's old friend, who, noticing the fresh face and white dress of the *débutante*, is anxious to do the kind thing, she joyfully takes his arm. Only, when he proposes placing her in the very same set as Royalty, she declines in a tremor, preferring to see its performance at a safe distance ; and the quadrille begins, only to end much too soon for one, at least, of the dancers. Meantime, her father and mother have seen pictures and statues, and met an acquaintance here and there ; and then she too falls back on the same amusement, till the final display at supper of gold plate and gold coats sends her home feeling as if she had been looking through a kaleidoscope for a month.'

### *Miss Frances Power Cobbe*

It has been said by a distinguished critic that Miss Cobbe was the only woman possessed of genuine humour. To me it appeared to be of a tender and homely sort, quick to appreciate the amusing characteristics of children, and even of animals ; and, as such, I should have thought her peculiar humour feminine ; but there may have been another side to it. The critic I quote evidently thinks that the gift of humour is masculine ; and there was something virile in Miss Cobbe. Setting aside her powerful intellect, which certainly surpassed that of most women, her outlook on things was certainly man-like—and not in serious matters alone. She gave me some insight into the fact that this was so even in

trifles. I was introduced to her by Mrs. Arnold,<sup>1</sup> and looked up to her at once with all the admiration of a young writer for the cleverest journalist of the day. She was very kind and encouraging to me, and gave me the following advice : ‘Try to look upon your occupation as a man does : don’t put too much of yourself into it : don’t work too hard : above all, be sure to eat and drink enough to keep your strength up. Here is where women writers break down. Now a man’s needs of this sort are positively imperious. His work never absorbs him so that he forgets his physical requirements. That of a woman almost always does so. Beware of that.’ Miss Cobbe was an excellent speaker as well as writer ; and I think her abounding witticisms owed much of their success to her admirable choice of phrases, a faculty in which even Mr. Gladstone did not excel her. Speaking to me of the editor (afterwards Sir Arthur Arnold) she summed up her opinion of his talents thus : ‘He is, above all, a man of stupendous *savoir-faire*.’ It is curious, by the way, how the qualities most necessary for success in this life seem to need the French language to express them adequately. I remember hearing my Aunt Theresa praise a girl for possessing an *esprit de conduite*. But to return to Miss Cobbe : that fine mind had its limitations. She was, I believe, brought up in the north of Ireland ; and although her religious views were not identical with those of Irish Protestants, she fully shared in their inability to understand their Roman Catholic countrymen. I have not her memoirs

<sup>1</sup> Wife of Arthur Arnold, knighted in 1895 : sometime editor of the *Echo*.

or correspondence by me, but I remember the surprise she expressed therein at the conduct of a poor woman, a Roman Catholic, who, being in great danger of death, preferred to receive a visit from a priest rather than admit her kind self bearing a hot poultice. Yet Miss Cobbe would not have allowed herself to remain in equal ignorance of the arcana of, say, Buddhism.

. . . . .  
Nothing pleased Miss Cobbe more than stories of animals, and the sayings of little children. She delighted in hearing about my children's pets—the white rats named after the Archbishops Tait and Thomson; the large rabbit, known as the Widow Paley, whose excursions on the lawn were a daily trial to our watchdog—not to mention various insects, the *raison d'être* of whose existence as pets was mainly in order that they might eventually become tenants of a 'family vault' in the garden, which the children inspected at intervals. Miss Cobbe was delighted with a note I sent to the *Echo* relating how, a kind friend having early one morning sent us a fine eel, I proposed in the evening that it should be cooked, but found that the children had already made a pet of it and called it 'Frederick'—thus, as they imagined, insuring its immunity from so prosaic an ending. Perhaps my confidences to Miss Cobbe about my nursery may account for the fact that I sometimes recognise a story I told her in unexpected places. I had at one time an old nurse who could have given points to Mrs. Poyser in the wit and acumen of her sayings. She said one day, apropos of the illness of the mother of a large family: 'It's to be



hoped she'll get well : though mothers ain't much, they keep off step-mothers.'<sup>1</sup> I met this again in one of Mrs. Earle's charming Pot-pourri books, which I read regularly several times in the year.

I owe it to my friend to copy here the following fragment from an old diary of mine, February 25, 1890. I received a delightful letter from Miss F. P. Cobbe. We had had some correspondence about the vexed question of dog-muzzling. In one of these letters I told her how I had regained the blessing I had lost when we used to write and foregather in the 'seventies. She replied as follows :

'What a curious spiritual incident you reveal [the effect taken on me by the testimonies and singing of the Salvation Army]. I will make no comment on things so sacred, and wish you fulness of faith and joy to the end of your life. I have not been led to alter my views of the apocalyptic part of Christianity at all ; but a cause which you would hardly guess has made me feel much deeper admiration for the ethical and spiritual part. We were all so saturated with Christian ideas from childhood that one took it for granted they were a part of human nature. But the men of science, with their Neo-Paganism, their reversal of all the Beatitudes—

<sup>1</sup> In a letter to Lady Russell, August 23, 1853, A.D. writes of the same nurse :—

'She amuses me with her Scotch sayings. She told me the other day that Baby had been jumping on her lap "like a hen on a hot girdle."'

She related, of this Scotch-woman, as evidence of the economical tendencies of the race, that, coming home late from a dinner-party, she was met by the nurse in the hall, who said : 'Master Lister's got the croup. I've sent for the doctor, as he's the only boy.'

Blessed are the strong, for they shall survive; the self-asserting, for they shall inherit the earth; the merciless, for they shall obtain useful knowledge—have made me realise, as I never did, how immense was the change introduced into the whole current of human life by Christ.'

### *Vivisection*

Archbishop Porter, in his *Spiritual Retreats*, says the variety there is among the people we live with is a great blessing; but he adds: 'Though it may make life bearable, it also makes it unbearable at times. Some like to have dogs about: others can't imagine how baptised Christians can stand the barking of such animals.' I belong to the latter class; but my friendship with that eminent dog-lover, Miss Cobbe, did not suffer on that account, as I never saw her in her own home but once, when the barking *was* very bad. I had no objection to her talking 'dog,' for this, like all her talk, was very amusing: she thoroughly understood how to make the smallest incidents in the life of her pets into a good story. But on one point she felt and spoke very seriously. Not only common humanity, but her special appreciation of the characteristics of the 'friend of man,' made her an uncompromising foe of the practice of vivisection. She was one of the most influential members of the Anti-vivisection Society, and continually wrote and spoke in its interest. I implored her not to tell me any of the terrible stories she was always ready to relate on this subject: so she

contented herself with sending me quantities of heart-rending literature in the shape of accounts of 'fiendish' experiments on living creatures. Her frequent use of that adjective seems to me justified in cases in which *curare* was used, since that drug paralyses movement without deadening the sense of pain. I was staying at Oxford once, when a budget of these horrors arrived late in the evening for me. 'From Miss Cobbe!' I exclaimed. 'Oh,' said Bunny, who hated hearing or reading anything harrowing, 'wouldn't you like to go to bed?' and became so tremulous that I hastily reassured her that nothing would induce me to read them either to her or to myself. I may add that, from what I *did* learn of the controversy, there was sometimes exaggeration in the Society's accounts of the experiments; and it appeared to me that this feature in its attacks had exasperated the vivisectors to such a degree that they expressed themselves in defence of their practice with a cynicism which revolted even those who did not altogether disapprove of this branch of scientific research.

### *Women's Suffrage*

Very early in our acquaintance, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Cobbe, and other friends, enlisted my sympathy in the movement for promoting women's suffrage; and I became a member of the Executive Committee of the Central Society. The view we took was that we needed the parliamentary vote in order to procure some very necessary reforms in our legal position, just as we now (1909) think it necessary in order to diminish



the chance of parliamentary interference with the employments of working women, and also to effect some other improvements in their lot.

The movement was very active in the 'seventies. It would then have been easy to grant us the franchise, as there was no question at that time of adult suffrage, which now seems likely to complicate the matter. Widows and spinsters paying rates would have been enfranchised; also the few ratepayers among married women, unless marriage was made to bar their claim. There was some controversy among us on that subject, the inclusion of even those few married women being supposed by some to increase the virulence of the objectors to women's suffrage. As to these objectors, they then, as now, seldom took the trouble to ascertain the exact nature of our claim, which was : the parliamentary franchise for all women who, being ratepayers, would enjoy it if they were men. Even Anthony Trollope, who was certainly not wanting in intelligence, could not grasp this simple idea. I heard him, at a drawing-room meeting, make a speech, and a very amusing one, on this subject. As an opponent of women's suffrage, some of the objections he made were quite within his right; but his contention that married women would be more valuable as voters than the unmarried was quite beside the mark, for we only asked that the vote should be given on the same terms to women as to men; and very few married women could possess the then necessary qualification. He exclaimed, with one of his genial and benevolent gestures : ' If women vote at all, do you imagine that the glorious and comely body of British matrons

will submit to be left out? Perish the thought!’ etc., etc.—The earlier meetings of the Society were held in a small room in Berners Street. In the adjoining room sat a lady clerk: even this occupation seemed to some of us a strange one for a young lady. But all the time our Society was working hard to promote our cause by holding meetings, encouraging women to speak, and circulating appeals for justice in public and in private; while some of the most distinguished women of the Victorian age were raising the status of womanhood by their success in careers hitherto closed to women. As women doctors, High-school mistresses, writers for the Press, these pioneers of the still quiescent host were showing what good work women can do in the world when they cease to be fettered by man-made rules of life. The position of women improved amazingly from the middle of the century. This had, however, the effect of slackening the effort to obtain the suffrage for women. They appeared to be getting so much without it. Another circumstance also was a factor in this diminution of enthusiasm for the vote. The passing of the Married Women’s Property Act removed the most crying evils, for which we had feared that the only cure lay in our obtaining the franchise. It seems now (1909) almost impossible to believe that, up to the time that Act was passed, a woman’s property, unless protected by settlements, belonged to her husband: he could even take her own earnings. When this great injustice was no longer possible, many were content to let the question of women’s suffrage drop. It has now (1909) come to the fore again, and has to confront a revival

of opposition and prejudice, and some difficulties which did not exist when the Central Society for Women's Suffrage began its work. Into these fresh complications I do not propose to enter; but will only say that I fear the cause is losing ground, and that even more than the earlier interference with the freedom of women to work at whatever they themselves feel able to undertake is to be feared from the legislators of the present day. Some of the veteran leaders of the movement are still alive, and, being powerfully reinforced by youthful allies, may yet succeed in the long struggle; but, now it is so energetically revived, my thoughts dwell most on those of the old Berners Street Committee who 'died in the wilderness,' as they often said they should do. Miss Lydia Becker was one of the most devoted of these workers, and perhaps the most persecuted by vulgar and ignorant 'anti-suffragists.' (The name is new, but not the thing.) I think of her especially because her whole heart was in the movement, and am sure the constant disappointments attending its slow and fitful progress made her really unhappy. The last time she came to tea with me at the Albemarle Club, she gave me that impression. A friend of mine joined us there, to whom I introduced her; and we began at once to talk of the suffrage question out of compliment to her. When my friend had left us alone together again, Miss Becker said rather sadly: 'I wish people did not always identify me so entirely with the suffrage movement. I care for many other things; and, though I give up my life to this work, I could sometimes wish that I had been able to give a little more time to other pursuits.'



This was, indeed, impossible in the position she had attained. The labour of correspondence, of organising meetings all over the country, of promoting petitions to Parliament, was immense, although she had many willing and capable helpers. When to this labour was added the fret of continual setbacks—bills talked out, etc.—one can well understand how, as the years went on, despondency and disillusion must at times have weighed heavily on the brave heart of Lydia Becker.

I here add an interesting letter I received from Miss Becker, I think just before the interview I have described. The date must have been 1887 or 1888.

‘ June 3.

‘ . . . Many thanks for your letter and the magazine (the *Contemporary Review*) with your paper. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you on Thursday. As to the paper, it is a very interesting account of a body<sup>1</sup> which is making its mark among the influences of the day, and which has doubtless a mission to perform. The place given to women is most significant; and to this much of its success is certainly owing.’

I had an amusing experience the first time I tried canvassing my neighbours to obtain their signatures to a petition on behalf of women’s suffrage. I had been instructed by the Committee to obtain signatures from women-householders only. So I called on my

<sup>1</sup> The Salvation Army.—(Note by A.D.) I cannot trace any article of A.D.’s in the *Contemporary Review*. There was one by her on the subject published about this period in *Time*.

dressmaker—a widow, and duly qualified. The mention of a petition for a political purpose seemed distasteful to her. Her usually suave demeanour gave place to a rather repellent manner. ‘I take no interest in such matters. I don’t care what the House of Commons does. These things don’t concern women.’ Of course I pointed out how many matters came before the House in which women had a very special interest; but I enumerated them in vain. At last I remembered that she was a staunch Non-conformist. ‘Well,’ I said, ‘would you not like to help to choose a member who would advocate the disestablishment of the Church of England?’ ‘Ah,’ she cried, ‘indeed I should! *Oh* those bishops! Of course I’d like to get them out!’ and so excited did she appear that I thought I should have her name on my paper at once, when her face suddenly fell, and she faltered out: ‘My brother-in-law wouldn’t let me.’

### *Suffragettes in the Park*

This little experience was related to me by one who could put it into writing far better than I can; but, as she will not do so, I will venture to personate her as follows:

‘I was strolling through the Park in the early summer of this year (1909), watching the little groups collected (it was a Sunday morning) round the various speakers, when I caught sight of one that seemed more interesting than usual: a woman was speaking, so I drew near to listen. She was young and pretty, and, as I soon perceived, she was also brilliantly

clever. Her theme was one to me well-worn—the need of voting-power for women. She knew exactly what she wanted, and what she should say to make this clear to others; and she did so easily, without affectation or hesitation. Her grasp of the subject was so complete that I fell to comparing in my own mind the quality of woman's intelligence with that of man, and came to my usual conclusion that, for quickness of intuition, that of woman is as a razor-blade to a chopper. But even as I exulted in the excellence of this young woman's presentment of the cause she had at heart, a misgiving as to the success of that cause crept into my mind, and a sentiment of pity began to mingle with my admiration. She deprecated the sheltered life which has till now been thought best for women, and she advocated their entering upon occupations and responsibilities to which they have hitherto been strangers. And then, just then, when her eloquent description of wider activities, loftier aspirations, and fuller life, fired my imagination, the incongruity of her aims with primitive facts was borne in on me by the scene itself. The day was chilly, though we were in June; the wind bleak; the surrounding crowd, though pleased by the speaker's wit and beauty, was rough—ready at any moment with jeering laughter and coarse jests; and there she stood, unsheltered, indeed, in every way, her cogent arguments hampered in their effect by the weak feminine voice so clearly unsuited to overpower rough opposition. And then came the climax to my object-lesson. She ceased to speak, and an older woman took her place. Her voice had better carrying power than that of her young precursor,



and her speech was in no way lacking in good sense and even eloquence ; but the spell thrown upon the audience by the natural and essentially feminine charm of grace and sweetness was broken—and the audience melted away.’

*Mrs. Lynn Linton*

I was introduced by the Amberleys to Mrs. Lynn Linton. This was soon after her article on the ‘The Girl of the Period’<sup>1</sup> made her very conspicuous in the literary world. The transition from the rather depressed ‘early Victorian’ girl to the freer, healthier, and better educated girl of the present day was not quite gracefully effected ; and Mrs. Lynn Linton’s pessimistic views of life and human nature made her very much alive to the crudities and exaggerations of the pioneers of the change. She came to me at Hampstead, and I had the pleasure of a real good talk with her. She was one of the very few literary women of that day who declared herself not fully in sympathy with the women’s suffrage movement. As I was deeply interested in it, being, indeed, a member of the Executive Committee of the Central Society existing for that object, I hastened to obtain her reasons for her then unusual attitude towards it. Her reply was something like the following : ‘My objections are not at all those you imagine. The question of the parliamentary vote—its advantages or disadvantages to the nation—are not uppermost in my mind. My objection to the movement

<sup>1</sup> In the *Saturday Review*, March 14, 1868 : republished 1883.

lies in my conviction that you are asking for what you do not really want—what would not make your lives brighter—because you are profoundly uncomfortable in your domestic relations with men in a manner you do not realise and probably would not think it well to realise. My view of this matter could not be put in print, you understand ; but this is my very private opinion upon it. I am thinking, of course, of married women who are aiding the movement, though not claiming the vote as they are but seldom ratepayers. The fact is that the demand made by a man on the time and attention of his wife, his claim to her assistance, not only in rearing his children, but in the management of his resources and in the conduct of the various social engagements in which his worldly prospects are involved, is too great a burden for any one woman to bear. In short one man is too much for one woman : only polygamy could relieve the strain. You see this is not a matter that can be publicly urged as an objection to giving the vote to women, who would, in receiving it, only get the stone instead of bread.’ To this last remark I agreed emphatically. Mrs. Lynn Linton was still more plain-spoken as the conversation proceeded. ‘My husband and I,’ said she, ‘could not agree. He objected to me very much, and we had to part.’ Civility obliged me to say : ‘No doubt he objected to your literary attainments : some men are jealous of such advantages.’ ‘Not at all,’ she replied. ‘Why, to what then ?’ I asked. ‘To my morals,’ was the rather disconcerting answer. I felt glad that we were interrupted just as I received this very candid confession, which, I should think,

went beyond the mark. Opinions rather than morals were in question, I should imagine; for Mrs. Lynn Linton's scepticism and impatience of convention would be sure to fill the average Briton with the gravest alarm and suspicion, quite apart from anything else.

*Henry Irving*

Maurice and I, dining one evening with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hill (Mr. Hill was editor of the *Daily News*), met Henry Irving, who had just acted Hamlet for the hundredth time. He wore a gold chain which was given him on that occasion by the Hills, and, I think, a few other admirers. The very pleasant dinner-party was convened in his honour, and he received many congratulations. I had never seen the great actor in private life, and I was much struck by the absence of affectation and mannerism in his bearing and conversation. He was naturally obliged, by the deference shown him by his host and fellow-guests, to take a leading part; and this he did with great simplicity. The conversation turned upon spiritualism, paid mediums, and *séances*. Irving related a curious episode in his life bearing on this subject. 'I am not,' said he, 'a religious man; but I heartily dislike any attempt to play upon the religious beliefs of others, especially of those connected with the sacred mystery of death. To use the tenderest feelings of our nature for the purpose of gain seems to me about the most abominable meanness possible. I was in Manchester when certain charlatans were engaged in this business; and I determined, if possible, to put a spoke in their



wheel.' He then described how he carefully thought out some means of imitating the tricks by which they appeared to procure the presence of disembodied spirits. He gave a very amusing narrative of these; but they were too complicated for my memory to retain so long. They were similar to the imitations afterwards produced with more skilful appliances by Maskelyne and Cook; and when Irving hired a hall and performed them before a Manchester audience, he had the pleasure of finding that the fraudulent troupe lost their hold in a great degree on the imagination of the public.

### *The Diplomatic Circle*

I went into society most during those two or three decades of last century which witnessed the great social change effected by the intrusion into the hitherto exclusive society, from which the greatest ornaments of the London season were recruited, of the aristocracy of talent, and, in time, of that of wealth. Before that change, the effect of the Embassies on the gaiety of the metropolis must have been more evident than it is now. To them I owed my best balls, and was much interested in the givers—the stately Madame Brunnnow, Madame de Saint Aulaire, and the Americans. At one time, I think it was in<sup>1</sup>, some Americans, typical of an ordinary but not of the usual ambassadorial class of Americans, occupied the U.S. Embassy. Sally Schenk, the Ambassador's daughter, amused

<sup>1</sup> Date not filled in. General Schenk was Ambassador of the United States in England, 1871–1876.

me very much. She was so far from being a specimen of the beautiful Americans we are accustomed to behold that she was almost exactly like the grim and emaciated *Miggs* portrayed in the early editions of *Barnaby Rudge*. She even favoured that gaunt individual's style of hair-dressing. Her hair, like that of *Miggs*, was tightly drawn up to the top of her head, and so helped to add to the scraggy appearance of her thin cheeks and neck. But somehow Miss Sally obtained some real admirers. She deserved some for the piquancy and originality of her make-up. She ignored her want of good looks altogether, and behaved exactly as if she were gifted with an unusual share of the national beauty. Sally it was who complained that the young men in London society had not 'bunched' her and her sisters at their arrival at the Embassy ; meaning that they had not presented the young ladies with the bouquets expected as homage to youth and beauty. I never had an opportunity of talking to her for any length of time, but I believe she was witty, and had very amusing twists of language such as one with which she favoured me : ' I see,' she said, coming hastily up to me, ' that one of your earrings is half unlocked. I'm glad I saw it, for it would have been a valuable loss.'

### *The Albemarle Club*

This club was, I think, the very first of the many women's clubs now existing. It admitted men to membership, but was practically a women's club. It was established in 1874 or 1875, and I joined it

soon after. Living as we then did at Hampstead, I found it very pleasant and convenient: some of my friends, notably Madame du Quaire, belonged to it; and, as we might admit our friends, the club made a delightful *rendezvous* for afternoon tea. Maurice found it sometimes convenient to dine there with me. The luncheons, however, were the principal feature of the Albemarle, as might be expected in a women's club.

Maurice said they were much better than he could get at his own. I could also invite my daughters there, but only if they had attained the age of eighteen. Children were most severely excluded. The porter complained to me one day of being in trouble for having allowed a child to pass in. 'The members made as much fuss,' said he, 'as if it had been a hyæna.' He was told to ask the age of any suspiciously young-looking lady who might accompany a member. As I had a young friend of diminutive proportions (K. G.) coming to tea, I assured him that, as she had attained her majority, the enquiry had better be omitted.—It seems strange now to recall the prejudice that existed in the 'seventies against clubs for women. All sorts of evils were predicted as being sure to arise from them. I never could see the faintest trace at our club of any of these. Except at afternoon tea-time, the club was a quiet place for reading and writing—we did not speak to anyone unless we 'knew them at home,' as schoolboys say—and the supposed 'disruption of family ties' was rather discounted by the habitual appearance of the family at the very satisfactory afternoon teas for which the club was famous. I



was not surprised, seeing the temper of the times, that many of my friends did not care to belong to the club ; but I was not prepared to hear an American lady I often met in society decline my offer to propose her as a member on the ground that she thought a club for women likely to be 'fast.' One does not expect prejudices of that sort in an American. It is curious to note the changes in public opinion : women's clubs abound now (1909), and no one would dream of associating the idea of 'fastness' with their use ; but, in point of fact, the necessity for them, which existed at the time of their introduction, has passed away. It was then hardly possible for women to frequent restaurants ; and no shops had tea-rooms, reading-rooms, and lounges.

### *Philanthropy*

I hear that someone, having lately enquired of the porter at Stafford House how the subscription for the wounded Turks was getting on, was informed in reply that 'nothing to speak of' was coming in, as there was 'a terrible deal of Christian feeling about in the country.'

### *A Sad Hour*

The last time I saw dear Papa was a few days before his death.<sup>1</sup> Mamma brought me into the room and sat down by the window. I stood at the foot of his bed. The sight was unutterably pathetic. He began to speak very rapidly and rather loudly,

<sup>1</sup> Lord Russell died May 28, 1878.

but his articulation was so much affected by his illness that I could not understand what he said, and I knew that he could not hear the poor answers I tried to make to his earnest speech. I looked at Mamma from time to time for help. She was listening intently, looking surprised but not ill-pleased. At last she made a sign, and I said good-bye. She followed me out, and said : ‘ It is very trying for you. He took you for your mother, and was telling you that I have been very good to him.’ And that is what we all remember of Papa’s second wife.<sup>1</sup>

### *The Evicted Tenants’ Commission*

Lister was appointed, towards the end of October 1892, secretary to the Evicted Tenants’ Commission held in Dublin when Mr. Gladstone was in power and Mr. (now Lord) Morley was Chief Secretary for Ireland. The Judge was Mr. Justice Mathew, Lister’s best and kindest friend. Lister arrived in Dublin on October 21, and proceeded to arrange the preliminaries, prepare an office, and collect a staff. On November 7 the proceedings began with the now historic *fracas* between the Judge and Lord Clanricarde’s counsel ; who, after a violent scene, sailed out of Court saying he would have nothing more to do with the matter. This created a great sensation : the Tories were furious : the Liberals thought the landlords had got up a grievance where

<sup>1</sup> It was not long before this that, when Mrs. Drummond’s second daughter was at Pembroke Lodge, Lord John, mistaking her for her mother, who had been at a similar age when she lived with him as his daughter, fondled her hand, and said : ‘ This is quite like old times, Addy.’

none existed, as cross-examination is never allowed at Commissions of this sort. After this, business went on quietly, occasionally dragging owing to the Nationalists being behind-hand with their witnesses. When Monica and I joined Lister on November 11, the enquiry was in full swing. When we passed the office of the Commission in Merrion Square, we used to see clusters of country people going in or out, with their priest in the midst of them wearing a tall hat. This made one realise the strength of the tie which united the Irish priest and his too often sorely-tried flock. When I began to attend the sittings of the Commission I understood how often the priest, by his teaching, advice, and sympathy, has stood between his flock and absolute despair. I attended some of the earlier sessions of the Commission, to which the public was always admitted. The state of my health prevented me from doing so later—to my extreme regret, for it is impossible to imagine anything more useful as object-lessons in the ‘Irish difficulty,’ and, above all, as revelations of the pathos underlying the economic details in question.—The first time I went to the Commission, Lord Massereene’s tenants were being examined. The story they told was almost always the following: the trouble began with bad years; then came a request for reduction in rent refused on the part of the landlord, tenants joining the Plan-of-Campaign; offer on the part of the landlord to settle matters, provided two of the Campaigners are left out in the cold; refusal of the tenants to accede to this; evictions. An agent named Dudgeon, who had come here among the general public, chose the moment of the Court rising



to 'explode,' as a short diary I kept of the proceedings puts it. I did not myself hear this explosion; but that it was very ill-received I judge from the following circumstance: seeing the Court was about to rise, I had retired to an adjoining room, knowing that the good-natured usher of the Court had provided some tea for me. Suddenly I heard a great disturbance on the adjoining staircase—voices raised in anger; jeers and hooting. 'What is that?' I cried. 'It's the agent, ma'am,' replied the usher: 'he's leaving. The country's crying shame upon him.' I liked this homely way of indicating the inhabitants of a rural district. The usher was always very friendly to me and the friends who sometimes came with me. He seemed to regard tea as a very important part of the afternoon session. Lister told me he often broke in upon most critical periods in the examination with a loud whisper of 'Sorr, yer tay's ready.'—The depositions of Lord Clanricarde's tenants revealed cases of peculiar hardship. On this occasion Mr. Redington, one of the Commissioners, told me that all would have been easily settled in 1887 by a short Act, like that obtained by the crofters, excusing all arrears; but that now the settlement would be a matter of extreme difficulty. This opinion was but too fully borne out by the subsequent history of the attempts to remedy the grievances of the tenants by litigation. But the weathercock now pointed due south; and there was too much hope and exultation in the minds of Liberals to allow discouraging anticipations to obtain much hold upon them. The impression left on my mind by what I heard in court was that the land in Ireland

was not, never had been, and never will be, capable of supporting its people ; and that the main factor in the present misery was the stupid cruelty of the English Government in the past, which had led to the suppression and eventual destruction of the manufacturing industries of Ireland. The attachment of these poor agriculturists to their poor holdings seemed to me unutterably pathetic : the bitter struggles they made to retain these thankless patches of soil, and the ruthless manner in which they were treated when their best efforts to pay their landlords failed, filled me with compassion ; and my heart went out to the kind Judge, when, at the end of some particularly distressing story of failure, he said almost tenderly :

‘ And do you really wish to go back to your farm ? ’

The evidence of poor old John Coffey, who, when over seventy years old, was evicted from a farm which he, his father, and his grandfather, had made, was perhaps the most touching, and the most condemnatory of the system then existing, of all that were heard in that Court. There were, of course, some cases in which sympathy was not unmingled with blame—‘ wrong born of wrong ’ was evident there ; but through all I comforted myself with the thought dear Lady Mathew left with me one day : ‘ God cannot have forgotten Ireland.’

[*Adelaide Drummond to Lady Russell*]

‘ 64 Lower Leeson St., Dublin : Nov. 23, 1892.

‘ MY DEAREST MAMMA,—Certainly I ought to have written to you at once. I have been thinking all the time of what you would say to this

or that—but this is not the same thing. I left home very suddenly in a state of great perturbation; afraid of the journey, afraid of the life here, afraid of everything; for the fogs were beginning to tell upon me, as they do now each winter. And when I got here I was soon more perplexed and puzzled about Irish matters than I have ever been in my life, which is saying a good deal; and felt as much afraid to write to you about them as if I was a little girl and knew I should spell badly. Well—I will tell you first about Lister. The work is exceedingly hard and trying, consisting partly of looking up witnesses who don't always seem to understand their own interests. He looks much older than when he left home. But he is interested in it all; and he is much comforted in all worries by being in a Catholic country. The priests line the Commission-room three deep, looking very good-natured; and Lister, Sir James says, has always at least three of them in tow. He loves the tenants who come to give evidence, and says they are so intelligent, often so well educated, so well up in all the questions of the day, that it is difficult to conceive how they could be treated as they have been. The hardships of those who belong to these estates under consideration are shocking: as dear Papa once said of another matter, they are “horrible and heart-rending.” These estates have been the battle-ground between the Plan-of-Campaigners and the syndicate of landlords—the bulls in the marsh; and these poor tenants are the frogs. But here comes in the fact that bewilders me so much. These very intelligent people seem to put themselves in the first instance



into positions which no Englishman or Scotchman would accept for a moment. Speaking of the Clongary estate, one of the landlord papers mentioned as a matter of course that, part of the land being bog, it had been given *gratis* to the tenant, and that, *when he had reclaimed it*, 12s. an acre or so was charged in rent.

Now what sort of bargain is that ? Is not that a nice way of getting your worthless land not only reclaimed free of expense to yourself but made a source of income to you for ever ? But who among *us* would look at such a bargain ? There is something that forces Irishmen into this *impasse*. Will Home Rule get rid of this “something” ? *Of course* it must be tried.

We are living in the house of a widow of an Irish professor of Dublin University. The family are all Roman Catholics, but I am not quite sure about their politics. However, the daughter, who was her father's great companion, is very intelligent, and tells me a great deal. She thinks the “earth-hunger” of the Irish is all owing to the want of manufacturers ; but then she adds (there is always something baffling in any opinion given here), they do not do well what they undertake. They *can* make butter, but they don't do it well enough to please foreign markets. They can't feed their own cattle, and so it is sent when very young to Glasgow, fed there, and sold as best Aberdeen beef—and so on—and so on.

Lister likes Mr. Dillon most of all the Nationalists. I shall not see any of them till he has leisure to bring them here, because they do not frequent the Judge's house just now. We are living in substantial and

beautiful rooms; and Mr. Dillon says all these fine old houses date from the brief period of prosperity which Ireland enjoyed just before the Union.

. . . . .  
I like Mrs. Morley very much, and Mrs. Murrough O'Brien, whose husband was a Commissioner, but retired because he had an appointment. The Mathews are most kind. Monica has been to the Commission this afternoon. She heard Father O'Neill's examination about the Coolgreany estate, and heard the incident of the sheep. The evicted tenants of Coolgreany had some sheep on the hills: in the early morning the sheep were found on the landlord's property, and were seized by his agents for rent; and the tenants had to buy them back. You will see all that in the report, by-the-bye. Lister had a terribly wet drive before the case came on; and he was awakened at one o'clock the night before by a reporter wanting to know where he was going and at what time.

An amusing thing happened on the opening day. The Judge told me this: Lis was too discreet. Lis apologised to the Unionist counsel for the imperfection of the luncheon arrangements, and promised they should be complete in the morning. "Oh," said they, very good-naturedly, "never mind that—you'll see we'll be turned out in half an hour"; and so they were.

Give my best love to Agatha, and believe me,  
dearest Mamma,

Your very affectionate daughter,

A. DRUMMOND.'

[*The Same to the Same*]

‘Dublin: Dec. 30, 1893.

‘MY DEAREST MAMMA,—I wish you and Agatha a very happy New Year. One cannot be long here without feeling that this is going to be a very important year to many, and earnestly hoping that all will go well. The explosion on Christmas Eve was very disconcerting and distressing. I had not been out for a long while, but I was well wrapped up (I have had bronchitis more or less for a month), and dined at the Mathews’. Till we knew that murder had evidently been intended, we thought the intention had been just to annoy and embarrass the Government by an imitation “outrage”; but Sir James, and Dr. Wright, of Trinity College, who was dining with him, seemed to think it must be some American-Irish or Irreconcilable plot; and so it seems to be. This sort of thing is always done when there is a real *rapprochement* between the two nations, and a beginning of better things; but I trust it will make no difference whatever in the measures that are promised. I am sure Sir James will make the Commission a very useful thing. He has got the most minute information about many estates, and it will be impossible to ignore the miserable facts which come out in each case, showing a sad monotony of oppression on one side, and hopeless struggles to live on the other.

I went to the Commission often enough, before I was ill, to hear many of the cases—enough to fix the history of the trouble in my mind permanently. I also saw what these tenants were like—so different



from the popular idea of a Plan-of-Campaign—very intelligent people expressing themselves very well, and very temperately, considering the nature of their evidence. I saw Saunders, the man who defended his house for four days with hot water ; but he had finished his evidence before I came. He was a sad-looking man, with a long face and dark hair and eyes—the type of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon. So far from the Irish being a peculiarly violent people, they seem to me rather self-controlled, considering the very wrong things which still go on, and which show themselves in everyday life, and the bitter recollections which the older people, at all events, must have.

We had a nice little Home Rule tea-party yesterday, and one of the guests was the R.C. Bishop of Kinnear; a very stately old gentleman. He talked most, as I intended him to, with Miss Ayling, Mr. Morley's stepdaughter, who became a Catholic six months ago in Paris, and was delighted to have a talk with him ; but he told me also some interesting things. The R.C. churches almost all stand back from the principal thoroughfares, while the Protestant institutions are very much *en evidence*. The Bishop said this was necessary during the time of persecution, and that the Catholics still had such a habit of hiding themselves away that not many years ago, when they had an opportunity of opening out their Cathedral into O'Connell Street, the principal thoroughfare in Dublin, they declined to avail themselves of it.—Lister is deeply interested in his work. He will lose his Judge, I am afraid, before long, and will then have to prepare his report ; indeed, that is now going on.'

[*The Same to the Same*]

‘ 21 Broadhurst Gardens,  
‘ Hampstead : March 14, 1893.

. . . . .

‘ I am very happy to-day because the debate on the Commission is over ; and well over. Poor old Timothy<sup>1</sup> was shut up in Mr. Morley’s room for some hours in case he was wanted, listening to the sounds of battle which, as the policemen assured him, was raging. Then Mr. Morley came in to tell him that all was well ; and, expressing much remorse on account of his long imprisonment, took him to a splendid place for hearing, where he enjoyed himself thoroughly, and heard several capital speeches, more particularly Sir C. Russell’s, and where he was joined by Cardinal Loguea—a circumstance which greatly enhanced his pleasure. I am so glad he had his share in the Commission’s grand field-day, for he *has* worked hard, and it was very difficult and delicate work. I am not so well placed here as I was in Dublin for hearing all that is thought about Home Rule, the prospects of the Government, etc., because my friends in this immediate neighbourhood are all intensely Conservative, and they are very Protestant—of the type which is now so ardently raging and fretting in Ulster—so we are obliged to talk of other things. Mrs. Rundle Charles is the exception : she has been to see me twice, warmly interested in Home Rule, and full of hope as to its results. She is writing a book about St. Patrick and other

<sup>1</sup> A pet name for her son Lister.

Christians of his day, which is intended to soften the bitterness of feeling among those who represent the late "Protestant Ascendancy." It is a little difficult to be a Protestant in Ireland, and also, so Timothy says, to be a Conservative.<sup>1</sup> There is a truculence about those religious and political elements *in Ireland* of which one has very little idea, if one only judges from the specimens of those parties here.'

. . . . .

### *Miss Mary Boyle*

I lately saw a biography<sup>2</sup> of this cheerful little lady in which a delightful story occurs. She was staying at Corby Castle, the home of the Howard family, a very old Catholic family. There was much talk about a ghost, for which Mary Boyle and the young ladies of the house agreed to sit up and watch. When the clock struck, Adela Howard uttered this prayer: 'Lord Jesus, let me love Thee in time and in eternity.' It is pleasant to see what an impression this prayer made on Mary Boyle at the time, and to find that in after years she often used it in the watches of the night, with much comfort and consolation. Talking of Mary Boyle's memoirs lately (in the summer of 1906) with dear Mary Walter,<sup>3</sup> she told me that the prayer had much the same effect on her.

<sup>1</sup> I have never tried this anywhere.—(Note by A.D.)

<sup>2</sup> *Mary Boyle: Her Book*. John Murray, 1901.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Walter Drummond, sister-in-law to the writer.



*Things Inexplicable*

I suppose few people have lived many years without once or twice, or even oftener, going through some experience for which they can in no wise account. It has been so with me. In the year 1849, two years after our marriage, your father and I went to Ryde at the invitation of Mrs. Wellesley, whose eldest son<sup>1</sup> afterwards married your Aunt Mary. Mrs. W.'s house was not very large ; and the arrangement we came to with her was that we should have lodgings close by, and spend the whole day with her and her family : we even went to her house for breakfast. One morning, then, I arrived at the garden gate about 9 or 10 A.M. and was met there by Augustus Wellesley, who preceded me along the narrow gravel path to the house. The drawing-room had two French windows looking into the garden, and the furthest of these from the gate opened upon the gravel path. As we reached the second window, through which the whole room could be plainly seen owing to there being a third window round the corner, Augustus Wellesley, who I really believe *thought* in German, threw out his arms in a theatrical manner, exclaiming : ‘ *Ach, mein liebster Bruder* ’ (Oh, my dearest brother) ; and I, at the same moment, saw Richard Wellesley sitting, apparently engaged in writing, at a table close to the window round the corner. When Augustus Wellesley reached the window open to the garden, as, of course, he did in a few seconds, he started back exclaiming, ‘ Why,

<sup>1</sup> Richard Wellesley married Mary, sister of Maurice Drummond.

he's not there! You saw him?' 'Yes, most distinctly,' I replied. Our loud cries of astonishment brought the whole party about us, except Richard, who was busy writing upstairs. I don't know when we should have left off discussing this remarkable manifestation of the double to two people at once, had we not perceived that Mrs. Wellesley was troubled about the matter, and inclined to anticipate some misfortune. Nothing of the kind followed.—My second experience of this kind belongs to a period many years later—indeed, quite late in life. Lister had a little room on the staircase in a house we then occupied in Broadhurst Gardens. It was not at all to my liking; and for some time I could not get my way as to the alterations I thought necessary, so that the matter was very much on my mind and occupied my thoughts a good deal. At last the way was clear, and I ordered the work to be undertaken by a carpenter we employed occasionally, whose name was Turpin. One morning, before I was quite dressed, I remembered having left some letters in the dining-room, which I did not mean to leave lying about. So I finished dressing, all but my hair which was tucked into a red woollen cap. As I reached the foot of the stairs, I caught sight of our maid, Rose, in the passage leading from the kitchen stairs to the hall. Behind her came a working-man wearing large spectacles. He wore an ill-made and very tight jacket. 'Turpin, no doubt,' thought I, 'going to do the work.' I should have stayed to speak to him about it; but, mindful of my curious red woollen headgear, I darted into the dining-room, there to wait till Rose and Turpin had had time to get

to Lister's room. In the course of the morning, I spoke to Rose about Turpin, but without mentioning the encounter in the passage. 'What shabby clothes he has,' I said: 'how does he get on?' 'Oh, pretty well,' said Rose: 'he's had something the matter with his eyes, and has to wear spectacles now.' In the evening I said to Rose: 'Well, has Turpin finished the work in Mr. Lister's room?' 'He has not been here yet,' she replied. 'But I met you and him in the passage, and ran into the dining-room quickly, because I had my red cap on. Surely it was him, and he *had* got spectacles on.' 'It was no one at all,' cried Rose. 'I wondered to see you rush into the dining-room like that.' I saw Turpin when he came a day or two after this to do the work, and he wore the spectacles and the curious ill-made jacket. The incident remains inexplicable. As to table-turning and other attempts at communicating with intelligence beyond the veil, I have never felt any wish to investigate such matters by means of professional mediums, but I have seen something of the kind for which I cannot account. In 1848 or 1849 Maurice and I went to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Drummond. Susan Drummond was a very bright, animated, and charming person, full of life and energy—just what has been called a magnetic personality. One evening, after dinner, the whole party staying in the house began talking of table-turning, a subject which was attracting great attention at the time. 'Why,' said Susan, 'I remember doing that often when I was a child, though I never heard anything about it. I used to make all sorts of tables move when I had a mind.' Everybody then declared that



we ought to hold a *séance*, and turn a table. A rather small but particularly stout round table was chosen : it had a very thick, pear-shaped, support, terminating in three large and strong claws. Four or five of us sat down to it, and we laid our hands lightly upon it. After a time, the peculiar sensation of the table *breathing*, which generally announces an effective *séance*, began to make itself felt ; and at the same time we all, except Susan, began to be conscious that no influence of ours was producing this, and we took off our hands, begging Susan to go on alone. Now indeed the table began to heave and groan, and to slant downwards holding up one claw. Susan looked startled but interested. She took off all her fingers but one forefinger ; and this she kept firmly on the table as it finally sank, its side on the floor. Surely it will stop now, we thought ;—but no : it now seemed more alive than ever, for it began to move rather quickly across the room, Susan following it on her knees with her forefinger on the rim of the table, uttering cries of astonishment and even terror. A door opened out of the drawing-room into the hall, and the table now made for this door, through which it steered itself as correctly as if it could see. It then proceeded along the stone floor, making a terrible scrooping noise on the hard surface, Susan still following it on her knees. It crept quite across the hall till it came to the wall opposite the door through which it had so cleverly made its way. When it reached the wall, it slowly raised itself up, and, lifting one claw, appeared about to climb. This was too much for our already weakened nerves,

and we all ran away shuddering.—I made experiments at one time with *planchette*, and saw quite enough to give me some idea of the dangers that surround investigations of that sort, and to excite the keenest interest in my mind. Now, however, I have no choice in the matter, as the Catholic Church expressly forbids any attempt to discover more than has been revealed.—I make no attempt to recall weird experiences too indefinite or too easily explained to be written down here ; but one I may mention, because of the interesting personality to whom I saw it happen. In the early days of our life at Hampstead, Joanna Baillie, the poetess, and her sister Agnes were living at Windmill Hill, close to us. I believe I was introduced to Joanna, but have no recollection of her. Agnes, however, I met at a friend's house. She was then ninety years of age—still bright and active enough to pay morning visits. I was in my friend's drawing-room when she was announced. As soon as she saw me, she stopped short, and remained for some minutes gazing intently at me without speaking. My friend and I durst not break the silence. At length, after what seemed to us a long and embarrassing pause, she roused herself, and said in a low and broken voice : ‘ You are very like—very like—an old friend—dead long ago.’—It is strange, considering how old the Lister family is (there have been more than twenty Thomas Listers in a direct line), that I only know of two strange occurrences at their Yorkshire home. One was the hag-ridden death-bed of a Thomas Lister, who, being a Justice of the Peace during the great witch-panic in the reign of James I., was responsible

for the execution of an old woman who had, so he believed, bewitched one of his tenants. The other unpleasant circumstance was the appearance of the ghost of an old family servant to my great-aunt Beatrice<sup>1</sup> when she was a little girl. The old man had been very fond of her ; and when he appeared, he called to her, ' Missy ! Missy ! ' as he used to do in life. He appeared again to my aunt, Mrs. Rooke,<sup>2</sup> who gave a more circumstantial account of this second visit. She was young at the time, and was in a state of great anxiety and suspense, my grandfather (the 1st Lord Ribblesdale) being dangerously ill. She was going up the great staircase to his room, when she saw the door-handle of a room opening on to the middle landing move. Thinking that one of the servants wanted to come out, but was waiting to let her pass, she ran quickly upstairs to her father's room, where she remained for some time. On returning, she had just left the head of the staircase, when her attention was arrested by the opening of that door on the landing. A figure came out, dressed in the old livery of the Lister family. This livery was very showy, composed of red, blue, and yellow, and had for some time been disused in deference to modern ideas of good taste. ' As I looked at this strange figure,' said my aunt, ' a shudder came over me ; for there was something the matter with the head. I don't think there was a head. I had just time to take this in, when the phantom vanished : I rushed downstairs, and fell fainting in the hall.'

<sup>1</sup> Sister of Thomas Lister, 1st Baron Ribblesdale.

<sup>2</sup> Daughter of 1st Baron Ribblesdale. See p. 238.

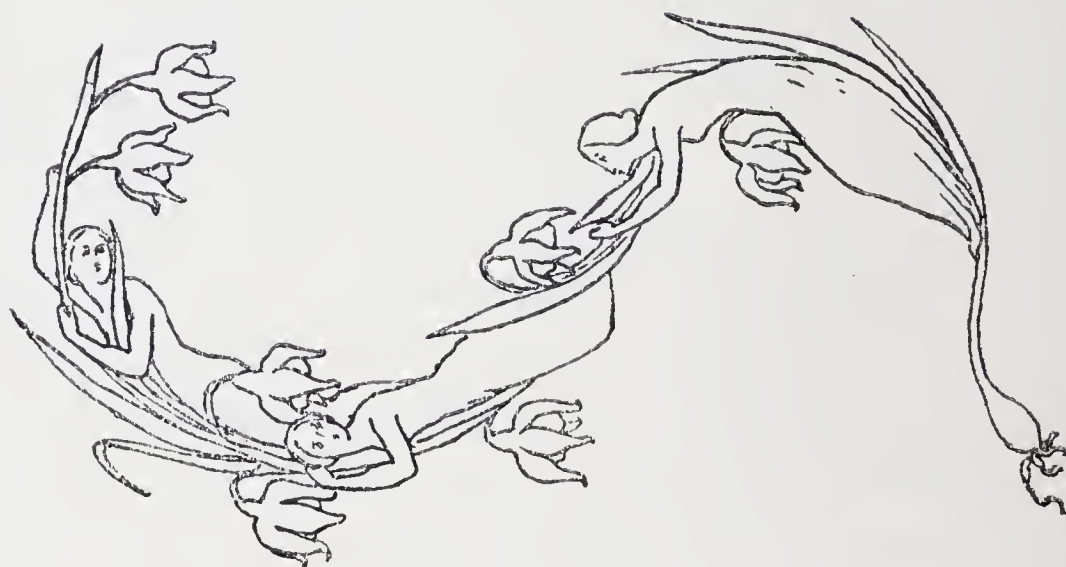


I should mention here that the story of that Thomas Lister, who, as he thought, brought a witch to justice, gave rise to a legend about a black hare which was to appear to any Lister when threatened with death or any great misfortune. It is strange that a black hare should in this case be credited with being the harbinger of evil, since it appears from the recorded trial of the witch that her 'familiar' was a white calf. At any rate, the appearance of the hare was firmly believed in at Gisburne, and perhaps also at Armitage. My Uncle Charles Lister (of Armitage) was about, one day, to go out hunting at Gisburne, when a groom came up to him and, with the greatest earnestness, implored him to give up hunting that day. 'For God's sake, Sir,' said he, 'don't go. I've seen the black hare.' And it is said that my uncle accepted the warning. By a curious coincidence, I heard only yesterday that a friend, who was with two of our cousins, daughters of Villiers Lister, when the thing happened, told Monica<sup>1</sup> that the two girls had, the day before their mother's death, been much disturbed and puzzled by seeing, while walking in their own grounds, a long black animal following them. They could not make out its nature: it was not a cat or a dog, and was, indeed, like nothing they had ever seen. After following them for some time, it crossed the path in front of them, and disappeared into a hedge. They talked of it for days, said Monica's informant (the Ranee of Sarawak), but never thought of it as anything supernatural or in any way connected

<sup>1</sup> A.D.'s youngest daughter.

with their mother's death. Neither, of course, did the Ranee, until she heard Monica relate the legend of the black hare to the friends with whom she was staying.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is curious that other similar experiences, closely associated with the deaths of members of the family, have occurred within my own immediate circle.—ED.



## CHAPTER VI

LETTERS BY HON. HARRIETT LISTER (MRS.  
CRADOCK) FROM THE COURT OF QUEEN  
VICTORIA, 1837-1842

I HAVE printed in this chapter letters preserved by Mrs. Drummond, which, though they are not directly related to her recollections, may be found to be of general interest. They were written by Harriett Lister to her brother Charles, and to her sister-in-law, Lady Theresa—two at the beginning and two at the end of her ‘waiting’ at Court.

*Letter from Aunt Harriett to Uncle Charles Lister  
describing her arrival at Windsor Castle  
for her first Waiting*

‘September 8, 1837.

‘DEAREST CHARLES,—Oh! it is so comfortable, and I am sure I shall be very happy here. There is nothing formidable in it so far. To begin at the beginning. We got in about five, and were shown to our rooms, two little tiny ones close together, with each of our maids in a sort of pigeon-hole adjoining. No luxury in this! but comfy enough. Two sitting-rooms a short way off, tolerably-sized, dullish rooms with small windows, one in each only, looking along the magnificent avenue called the Long Walk, I hear. We have a piano and all comfy but not *smart*. We waited for about an hour. The Queen was out riding or driving. Then Lady Tavistock came to us,



and was *very* good-natured, and is so indeed, *quite*. She took us to her room (such a nice one) to have some tea which she has every day before dinner. There was an old Miss Vernon, who said she had seen me at Byrkley Lodge. Miss Cavendish came in too. She had left the Castle, but is somewhere near, and will ride with them every day. She said she had been so happy, and was so sorry to leave ! Then we went to dress. Lady Tavistock came for us at a little before dinner time to take us to the Queen. Lady Charlotte Copley (whom I like) and Baroness Lehzen (such a dear, kind person) joined us, and we stood in the ante-room to the Queen's room. Then she came in, dear bright little creature ! and Lady Tavistock presented us. She (I think) put out her hand (she shook hands with Miss Murray whom she knows), and I suppose it was to shake hands with me, as she had her glove on ; so I did not kiss it, but just touched it with mine. She asked when I had heard from Adelaide<sup>1</sup> ; then off she went with Lady Tavistock, and we went to the corridor, when she appeared again with the Queen of the Belgians, who is a pretty, fair, quiet-looking person—I should imagine with a very Bourbon face, the large nose, and a colour—or is it rouge ? King Leopold is very handsome, and so kind and gentle in his manner, and seems so fond of the Queen. The dinner was announced by the band, and off we went. Any one took us. Mr. Charles Murray (Lord Dunmore's son), who is groom-in-waiting, took me, and we had rather a merry dinner. The party, as far as I know, were, besides the Royalties and those

<sup>1</sup> Her sister, Lady John Russell.

I have named, Lords Melbourne and Palmerston, Lord Lilford (Lord-in-waiting), Lord John Churchill, the Belgian Minister, Mr. Van-something,<sup>1</sup> an agreeable little man, Lord Conyngham (Chamberlain): Lord Alfred Paget, I believe, is here, but not well; and one or two I forget. Lady Mary Stopford (sister to Lady Jane Ram) is the Duchess of Kent's lady—a nice ugly, lively little body, whom all gentlemen seem to like. Those are all the ladies in attendance now. The Duke of Sussex pointed to me to sit by him. He had the Queen of the Belgians on the other side. Opposite us were the Queen, with Lord Melbourne on one side and Leopold on the other; next him the Duchess of Kent. Poor Lord Lilford sat at the end in dignified seclusion, having an officer on each side—guardsmen I suppose.<sup>2</sup> The Duke of Sussex spoke to me a little; asked after Adelaide and Lord John, and pronounced a warm eulogium of *her*, “for I was locked up in a house with her for about a fortnight at Holkham.” He said she was a *dear* little woman, a great favourite of his—“I had a good trial of her.” The band played beautifully all dinner time. That is delightful; and in the evening, too. There is nothing alarming, I think—certainly not when we are once seated at dinner and seated for the evening. It is like any other dinner-party. After dinner three toasts are given. They

<sup>1</sup> No doubt Sylvan Van der Weyser. He had been ambassador to England from 1831 to 1835, and occupied the same post from 1851 to 1867. At the date of this letter he was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Her Britannic Majesty.

<sup>2</sup> Here follows a sentence which looks like: ‘They were presented to the Queen after dinner.’—Note, by A.D.; in 1909.

were the King and Queen of the Belgians, and the Queen. The band played each time, and we all got up and bowed. The dear old Duke of Sussex, who was just opposite the Queen when her health was drunk, said so heartily : “ The Queen, God Bless her ” ; and then that beautiful “ God save the Queen ” began and I could have cried. Oh ! the Queen is the dearest, gayest, and most engaging little thing I ever saw. She is very merry, and they seemed to have a great many jokes at dinner. She seems very fond of Lord Melbourne, and *very, very* fond of Prince Leopold, who is so nice and affectionate with her ; and she and the Queen of the Belgians seem so happy together, and look so pretty and gay. Then, at last, out the ladies walked, and we stood in the drawing-room till the guests came. The Queen and the Duchess of Kent came and spoke to us. They commented on my likeness to Adelaide. Lord Melbourne came up to me after dinner : I saw him watching me a good deal at dinner—I suppose to see whether I did him credit, as he named me to the Queen ; and he said : “ I hear you were in a tremendous fright, were you not ? but you have got over it now.” So I laughed and said something in fun about being better, which tickled his fancy, and he laughed and crowed over it, and repeated it two or three times over. I think he was pretty well pleased with my appearance, at least I hope so. He seems to take a fatherly interest in the Queen, and she seems anxious about him. The Duke of Sussex came up to Lady Tavistock, and asked her to tell him who all were, as he cannot see well. I stood behind her. He asked who I was ; so she said my name, and he



said directly : “ Oh yes ; but I know her already : she sat by me : she is Lady John Russell’s sister, and exactly like her too.” All the people say that ; so I am pleased. We ladies, except Lady Tavistock and the Belgian lady, a funny little old woman who never spoke, sat on the sofa at a work-table, the Queen, etc. at another, opposite us. There was a whist party, and some of the guests stood at the door. The band played, and we did nothing ; but we may work ; and I bring my work down to-day. Two or three guests came to talk. Lord Lilford came to talk to me. Lady Mary Stopford seems most popular ; and she and two gents had a very amusing talk by which I was edified. The Belgian Minister was very amusing. The two Queens began a game at draughts late in the evening, which lasted long, and they were very merry over it. The Duchess proposed going to bed : the Queen said : “ No, it was early yet, and she would not have her game spoilt.” There is something so natural, so young and merry in her manner, joined to the most perfect dignity, that it is cheering. She put her arm round the Queen of the Belgians’ neck once to caress her. Then she is so playful and nice with Leopold and with the Duke of Sussex and her mother too. I fear we shall see nothing of her. We breakfast now at ten, the ladies together, and we had Lord Palmerston and Lord John Churchill. Baroness Lehzen is delightful. She named Mrs. Weymouth and Miss Murray to me, as liking them. She says she is glad I don’t ride, for there is a scarcity of horses just now. We drive with the party. It is dull in the evening, but there is no great harm in

that : I mean to be interested in my work. Now goodbye : I must write to many other people. Miss Murray is very good-natured and amiable, but she does talk incessantly : she never ceased all the way to Windsor ; but it will not matter here, as we read and write and can be silent. We mean to sit in the pianoforte room, and have the other if we wish to be alone. Lady Mary Stopford says she will take me walking with her before luncheon. Such a lovely day to-day ; but I fear she will not come now, but I shall have the drive after. I hope I looked well. I wore a white gown in the evening, as I was told it was right ; but only the Queen and the little Belgian lady had. Now I have made up my mind that this should do for both, I shall give you a bit more. I don't know whether you or they will be tired of reading ; but it is all so new and so interesting to me, and I feel so happy that I like telling you all about it. We shall have a great deal of time to ourselves, I believe ; and I hope to get up early in the morning and read a great deal, and perhaps draw and practise music. Miss Murray promises to talk French with me. By-the-bye—such a comfort for me—I heard Lady Mary Stopford telling the Belgian Minister that she wished she could speak French well ; but she could not at all well. There is very little French spoken (scarcely any). Miss Cocks was very much liked. I saw her as we came : we passed on the road, I hear. Mr. C. Murray came the day before us. I like him. He was very amusing at dinner. I wonder who will take me in to-day. Mr. Spring Rice has gone, alas ! but really I have no want of people to be good-natured to me. I am

glad Lady Tavistock is : nothing could be more so, and really giving herself a good deal of trouble about it.

‘P.S.—I don’t know who will be here for dinner. Lord Melbourne goes to-day, and comes back. Lady Charlotte Copley is good-natured—very quiet, well-dressed, and, I should think, not much in her. She worked in the evening, as I hope to do, and never spoke a word except to Miss Murray. Lady Mary Stopford was the only one who had much talk. She introduced me to two foreigners. The Belgian Minister said he knew me ; but it proved that he had taken me for Adelaide.’

*Letters from Aunt Harriett to Aunt Theresa from Windsor during her first Waiting*

‘September 25, 1837.

‘DEAREST THERESA,—Was not I glad to hear from you ! Yes indeed ; for I had fashed and fidgetted my poor little self about you, and now I am satisfied, and I forgive you, which is very noble of me. All my flatterers are gone ; and it was rather dull at first without our Belgians or Lady Tavistock and Lady C. Copley, who were both so good and so kind to me ; but I like it now. Lady Charlemont is a dear, puzzle-headed woman, very good-natured, and obliged to one for taking all the liberties which a maid-of-honour should not take with a lady-in-waiting. Not that I do take any really, but I am obliged to walk out of the room first, to order the servants in her presence, etc., if she will wait for me and look at me to do it. However, I shall teach her her business



better presently, and am now busy in instructing her how to keep me in order. Mrs. Brand and I are rather great friends, as we drive together : she is such a nice innocent creature and he seems a nice, quiet person. He is coming here, which is very pleasant for her. It is hard that husbands and wives should be separated, is it not ? Since the Bensons went, we have had three very quiet evenings ; only ourselves, as Lord Conyngham and Lord Cavendish and Baron Stockmar were away. Lords Melbourne and Palmerston were the only two extras. We don't breakfast with the Queen : she has very wisely decided on breakfasting alone with her mother, as she has so little time to herself. My admiration of her increases each day. Sorry as she was to lose the King and Queen of the Belgians, she was so nice and cheerful in the evening with our small party, looking so pretty too, in a very simple white dress, her hair plainly braided, and no ornaments. She laughed and talked with us all ; and also, the two other quiet days, yesterday and the day before, it was the same. It is the most beautiful cheerfulness and gaiety ; for it is not that of excitement, as her increased gaiety in a quiet evening shows, but really I think proceeds from a happy and well-regulated mind. Then, too, she is so wonderfully dignified. The Queen appears so immediately, if it is necessary. Oh, she is a perfect little jewel of royalty, and I do so wish she would love me : I am so low about it sometimes, and fancy she does not like me ; but perhaps she does. The Baroness Lehzen is very kind to me ; and two of our quiet evenings I sat by her at dinner, and had some nice talks. She has settled that I

should take the Queen her *eau sucrée* of an evening ; and I am glad of that, as it gives an opportunity for her to speak to me. She was very nice in her manner the two first evenings ; but yesterday was busy talking, and took no notice of me ; and then my heart was sad ; but they tell me she is often several days without speaking to one or other, and that it is quite accidental. You will pity me the second day. Lord Palmerston had seen my drawings and admired them, and he told the Queen of them : she named them to me, and said she would like to see them ; and when I took her the *eau sucrée* this second evening she asked me to bring them to her ; so off I trotted in a tolerable fright, and brought them to her ; and then I had to stand by her as she looked them over and asked me questions about them. Lord Melbourne, who was at her table, was very good-natured about it, and Lord Palmerston. I am not sure that she liked them : the sketches of Tunbridge, I think she did. She knew them all, and showed some, and also some little sketches of A——'s<sup>1</sup> children. It was a nervous thing though. I felt so sure it was boring her to go through a whole portfolio ; yet I could not say : “ You may stop if you please, and I will not be affronted.” However, I hope she was pretty well pleased. Lord Torrington is Lord-in-waiting now, and I like him so much. He is so boyish, so good, I am sure, and so natural. He breakfasts and lunches with us. He is a great addition to our party ; and, as he is a steady married man, we can talk and laugh with him as we like. Lord A. Paget I like very much : he is a good-hearted

<sup>1</sup> Adelaide, Lady John Russell.

boy, so fond of Baroness Lehzen, whom he calls his second Mamma, and asks her advice; and she is so fond of him. We are really very fortunate in our set of gentlemen: except Lord Conyngham, there are none whom one can dislike. Dear little Mrs. Brand: she is an excellent person, I think, and am very much pleased with her to-day. Little she is not, but she is little as being young, and to be coaxed and petted. I hope she will keep as right and good as she is now. I feel quite an interest about her. I am so much pleased at having made acquaintance with those two nice Lady Jenkinsons, who came yesterday: they leave to-morrow, I am sorry to say; but we have got some way on in our intimacy, and I hope it is ready to increase whenever we may meet again. It is really very delightful being here: there are so many ways of enjoyment, and one great one is the power of making agreeable new acquaintances. Lady Mary Stopford pleased me to-day by the expression she used about me. Speaking of liking me she said how much she did so, for, she said, I was a perfect gentlewoman. If you understand the sort of thing she meant, you will be pleased for me at this praise. We have talked over several matters together, matters of feeling, of manner, of conduct; and in those she has been pleased with my opinions.'

*Letter to Lady Theresa Lister from Aunt Harriett*

' Windsor: December 1842.

' DEAR THERESA,—Just got yours and Mrs. George Villiers' letters, which are very comforting.



When all is well in them, I get on better, and eat my luncheon with spirit. I keep well : for the future it may be understood I *am* well unless I say anything to the contrary. I did not know that Lord Canning was shy, tell Mrs. George ; but I do know that if he chose to ask me for my heart, and I had a heart to give, it would be his at once. I could say the same, and I could say twice as much, were I a man, of her. Oh ! how lovely she is—such beautiful blushes, and so graceful, so merry, and yet so quiet. I wish she and her Lord would like me one quarter as well as I am disposed to like them. We are just now proposing to visit the library, but I sit down to write in the interval. Lord Wriothsley Russell dined here yesterday, and he alone. Thank goodness we have not much of the A——s ; I find that the feeling I have about her is pretty general ; and also, for honour of human nature, I think affection for the Baroness is not supposed an unpleasant topic here. We had a very pleasant evening yesterday : after dinner the Queen talked to her three ladies ; and indeed I must like her for, though it surprised and grieved me that she does not inquire after you, others of course do—Lady C., Miss L., etc. Lady Lyttelton I have never seen alone since that first day, when I was too poorly for anything of inquiry on the subject, as she knew, most at my heart. Lord Ormond's riddles are the thing that now occupies every mind. Tell Villiers to send me the names of some ancient cities of no small renown, of ten letters in their names. Here is frivolity ; but what better can we do ? When the Prince joined us we were talking of riddles, and we were all guessing and reading them, and all the

gentlemen, wise and foolish, laid their heads together. The Prince read the riddles with emphasis. Nothing to the purpose came forth from the united wisdom and folly of the Court, but some good, and bad jokes, and plenty of laughing. We all sat down to our round game of cards:—by “all” I mean the Queen and Prince, we three ladies, Lord Canning, Lord Ormond, and Lord Wriothsesley Russell. He does not play cards; but he was asked not to mind sitting with us in idleness. He sat by me, and assured me that, sitting down, he meant to talk to me the whole time. An alarming promise which he adhered to; and my soul was torn in pieces by the interest I felt in all he said in that low monotonous voice, which, you may remember, requires a whole ear to take it in, in learning a new game of cards requiring incessant attention, in catching the Prince's eye directed so often to me, and most reproachfully, and his laughing rebukes on my not attending, and his general explanations of games. We were all so much at ease and so jokey that I don't suppose it really mattered, especially as the Queen and Prince must have seen that it was not my fault; and, liking Lord Wriothsesley, they would wish him to be amused. And, moreover, I managed, with wonderful genius, to play the game without mistakes, to understand and appreciate all Lord Wriothsesley said, and to look intelligent whenever the Prince began to look reproachfully at me. So pray admire my skill. Lord Wrio— wishes me to call on Lady Wrio—. I am going to do so. He wishes me to go alone; as going with others is not really seeing me, and she wishes it. I will go, and shall take my maid Mann, whom, she says, everybody knows, and likes.

The Misses Lyttelton have been to see me to-day. Nice people they seem ; and it is proposed that they come often, but you know that never is managed. They tell me that Lady Lyttelton<sup>1</sup> is coming to see me also to-day, if she can get time. She seems to be very happy with her Royal children, and they to be happy with her. Since I wrote this, I have been to afternoon service at the chapel with Lady C. and Miss L. Such a beautiful voice one of the boys has ; and to-day it was the Hallelujah Chorus—quite beautiful. When we came back, Miss L. came to me, admired the drawing I was doing, and she has been singing to me, which is delightful, that very “Queen of the May” I want you to sing, and various others. She asks me to tell Elizabeth that she really has so much writing to do she has no time to write to her. I can answer for that being true. Claremont is talked of for next Tuesday, but only as a rumour. I think it possible we may both go.’

*The Baroness Lehzen*<sup>1</sup>

*Letter from Aunt Harriett to Aunt Theresa*

‘Windsor: 1842.

‘DEAREST THERESA,—I ended with Lady Lyttelton’s visit, and no time to tell you all our talk. How I wish now I had your talent of remembering

<sup>1</sup> Widow of 3rd Baron Lyttelton, appointed governess to the Royal children in 1842, which post she held till 1851.

<sup>2</sup> Louise Lehzen, daughter of a Lutheran pastor of Hanover, was made governess to the Princess Victoria in 1824. She had already been for some years in the household of the Duchess of Kent. On her death, in 1870, Queen Victoria wrote: ‘She knew me from six months old ; and; from my fifth to eighteenth year, devoted all her care and energy to me.’



conversations; for I would give the world to tell you exactly what she said, for I am sure you would then be convinced, sad as it is for the dear Baroness, that there is no blame on the Queen's and Prince's part. Lady Lyttelton spoke out very openly—I need not say with truth, for any who knew her character would be sure she would speak truly; and I can assure you she has never been blind to faults, or courtier-like; but of all the Court I know the one who spoke out most, and indeed surprised and half-vexed me at one time by, as I thought, not quite doing justice. There is not much to tell about the Baroness, for it is just what I thought; only leaving out any kindness on the Prince's part or anything of a quarrel. But the Baroness' going was by her own choice, feeling herself *de trop*, and her health also being bad. A great grief to the Queen her departure, and great consideration on the Prince's part for her grief. Both speaking of the Baroness with great interest, constant letters—one playful one she wrote to the Princess Royal, Lady Lyttelton said, was brought to her by the Queen and Prince for her to keep most precious, as the first letter the Princess had received. In short the tone of both about her is what one would expect and wish it to be. Of course all the affection from the Queen; but the Prince as approving of it, and feeling an interest. As to any wrong-doings, Lady Lyttelton, I think, supposed that the Baroness, not being perfect (as who is?), was not always judicious in that very difficult situation, and that she did find the transition difficult from the sole friend and confidante and instructress of the Queen to that very secondary

place which was left to her with a young married woman devotedly in love with her husband, and who for the first time had an equal in age, rank, etc., to love and be loved by. The Baroness talked so much of it being right that she should now be very little to the Queen, as to make one feel that her principles and her practice were probably rather at variance, or at any rate that it was a very painful, and constantly painful, struggle to her. Perhaps you will not agree with Lady Lyttelton, but I think I can, that the Baroness ought to have left when the Queen married. She ought to have felt that there must be a disagreeable clashing between the Queen's entire confidence in her and that which should subsist in future between her and her husband; and that either one or other, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, taking into account the Baroness' character and so forth, must suffer by her remaining. Happily, as Lady Lyttelton says, I am sure you will think the Baroness and not the Prince was the sufferer. The Queen gave her whole heart to the Prince (how this does remind me of the likeness we have often talked of together), and now is heart and soul devoted to him and her children, and cares little for anything else in the world. Lady Lyttelton does justice to the dear Baroness' good qualities; but she saw her faults, more, perhaps, than I had any reason to do—faults that might interfere very much with her own happiness, and that of all the three, had she remained. As Lady Lyttelton said, twenty-one years of a Court, excluded from the world at large, was excuse enough for all the faults she had; and few people would have had so few under the same

circumstances. She thinks it natural and right that the Prince should not be sorry she should go. I am sure if you could talk to Lady Lyttelton about it, and could know the Baroness' character even as well as I do, you would feel with her. Lady Lyttelton says truly : " The Prince is differently placed to any other husband. He is solely dependant on the Queen for his happiness : he is nothing but as she makes him something. He has not his own occupations, interests, and so on, which would make him happy without his wife ; and he gives up all—his friends, anything and everything—for her, instead of, as in other cases, the wife receiving from the husband, being the extra thing to cheer him at home, whilst his business, his occupations, his importance, would be the same if she were not there." Pray laugh at me if you will ; but you will understand what I mean. If my way of putting it does not at all convince you, at any rate believe that Lady Lyttelton is a person whose good sense and good feeling are to be relied on, and her being satisfied satisfies me. The political reasons for it she spoke of as being too absurd to be even noticed, as she said any of us must see that the dear Baroness, to this day, supposed the Queen to be a despotic sovereign. She is perfectly charmed with the Prince's character : both indeed she loves and admires, but she thinks much more highly of his talents : she says he is a wonderful person : of both she says (great praise) that they are the most true people of any she ever knew. As we were on the subject, and she perfectly unreserved, I told her my guess that he might be artful, and slyly gaining power, and so on. As to art, she wholly denied that,



except the art of gaining influence by right means, by being strong-minded and high-principled—with goodness, and affection, that made him beloved. And she says, in the great deal she sees of him about the children, she is very much struck by the extraordinary good sense and right-heartedness in one so young. When he and the Queen at first differ in any little matter about the children, she says it is not by *finesse* or not saying the truth that the thing generally happens as he thought best, but that the Queen comes round to his opinion because she loves him, and the stronger mind generally carries the point. She says she never happened to see more perfect married happiness. I thought I would go the whole hog when we were about it ; so I asked her how that was about her keeping him to his hour of coming back from shooting, etc., her anxiety if he did not, and so on, which the world believed, though I did not. I am happy to say she entirely contradicts that. As to the Queen's being impatient for his return, and thinking everything dull when he is not with her, that she says is quite true, because she is very much in love with him, and too young and childish to conceal it, as perhaps she ought ; but that he is ordered back, or wishes to stay away, or is received crossly on his return—quite untrue. She told me what the Queen said to her one day about it ; but don't repeat this, or any indeed as Lady Lyttelton's, for, as I can't give the words right but only the sense of it, I should be the more scrupulous. Lady Lyttelton says she is so natural, so young in what she says to her of her feelings, and so forth, that it amuses her at times. Talking of the Prince,

she said he only allows himself so many hours for those sports, as he looks upon them as mere amusements and not occupations, and would think himself very wrong to give more time to them. She said: "You know most men think differently and give up the whole of their time to them and oh!" she said, "Lady Lyttelton, is it not fortunate for me he does not think so? for, if he did, where should I be?" Now this is a true story: I think it does credit to both (or rather to the Prince; for the other is only a proof of her love for her husband—a very common and easy virtue). Just been to chapel, and no time for more, luckily for you. Oh! one thing: Lady Lyttelton said she thought it will bring about the Queen seeing more of her ladies than before, so giving her a chance of learning to be English, and not hearing all through a German medium. She put it to me: "Did I not find all go on quite well—our orders more certain and distinct?" And I could say in truth, "Yes." I could almost say also that it should be so, and that no one is missed. Mrs A——, odious woman, of course rejoices in the Baroness' departure, and says she never liked her.

'Yours affectionate

'BUNNY.'

*Letter from Aunt Harriett to Aunt Theresa*

'Claremont: Friday, July 14, 1842.

'DEAREST THERESA,—I have not time to say what I meant, owing to having been all the afternoon doing, what do you think? Playing "blind man's

buff," with the Queen and Prince : it is very amusing : you will laugh ; but don't tell of these games, because, if other maids heard, they would think I was boasting. Yesterday we went too, and had some waltzing and some music. The Queen and Lady Tavistock sang, and after dinner they sang : —so very pretty it was : really it is nice seeing the Queen and Prince here : they are so young and happy. How you would laugh if you saw us ! The Queen and Prince laugh so heartily : there is no form. We go to Windsor to-morrow.'







## INDEX

- ABERCORN, Lady, 142  
*Academy*, 20, 23  
 Acland, Sir Thomas, 174  
 Adelaide, Queen, 102-3  
 Aitken, Mr. and Mrs., 166  
 Albemarle Club, 289-291  
 Albert, Prince Consort, 107-110, 190, 321 *seq.*  
 Almacks, 78  
 Amberley, Lord, 2, 8, 72, 78, 130, 172-3, 249  
 —, Lady, 249, 285  
 André, Major, 47 and *note*  
 Anglesey, Lord, 52, 89 *n.*  
 Anti-vivisection Society, 277  
 Antrobus, Mrs., 163  
 Appleton, Dr., 23  
 Arkwright, Mrs., 178  
 Armitage Park, 1, 50, 57-8, 234  
 Arnold, Dr., 204  
 —, Sir Arthur, 274  
 —, Lady, 274, 278  
 Auckland, Lord, 3  
 —, 2nd Lord, 187-8  
 —, 3rd Lord, 256  
 Augusta, Princess, 148-9
- BAILLIE, Agnes, 307  
 —, Joanna, 307  
 Barbauld, Mrs. (qtd.), 218  
 Barrie, J. M., 21  
 Beaconsfield, Lord, 246-8  
 Becker, Lydia, 281-2  
 Bedford, Duchess of, 94 172-3, 200  
 —, Duke of, 77, 93, 130, 207
- Bellingham (*assassin*), 256  
 Berry, Agnes, 225  
 —, Mary, 225  
 Besant, Sir Walter, 269  
 Bindith, Madame, *governess*, 69, 76-7  
 Boileau, M., 185  
 Bolton, Isabel de, 1  
 Boucher, *courier*, 245  
 Bouverie, Col., 175  
 Boyle, Mary, 176, 302  
 Brand, Mr. and Mrs., 318, 320  
 Brenan, Canon, 18  
 Brown, 'Capability,' 89  
 Browne, Father, 13, 16, 17  
 Buccleuch, Duchess of, 190  
 Bulteel, John C., 168, 224  
 Byng, Francis, 131  
 —, George, 131  
 —, Henry, 131  
 —, 'Poodle,' 201  
 Byron (qtd.), 212 *n.*, 250
- CAMBRIDGE, Duke of, 186  
 Canning, Lady, 191, 321  
 —, Lord, 321  
 Cantalupe, Lord, 93  
 Cardigan, Lord, 189  
 Charles, Mrs. Rundle, 301  
 Clarendon, Lady, 151, 201  
 —, Lord, 118  
 Cobbe, Frances Power, 273 *seq.*  
 Codrington, Lady, 147  
 Colebrooke, Lady, 166  
 Conolly, Rev., 237  
 —, Mrs., 237

- Copley, Lady Charlotte, 147, 317  
 Coryton, Fanny (afterwards Mrs. Villiers Lister), 199  
 Cradock. (*See under* Hartopp Cradock)  
*Creevey Papers* (qtd.), 132-3, 209 *n.*
- DAY, James S., 238 *n.*  
 Denny, H. L. Lyster, 1 *n.*  
 Derby, Lord, 246  
 Dickens, Charles, 176  
 Dillon, Mr., 297-8  
 Drummond, Adelaide Maura, (daughter), 4, 21, 138, 192, 242, 250-2, 271  
 —, Charles, 3, 177  
 —, Mrs. Charles, 177  
 —, Edward, 3, 257  
 —, Ella, 177  
 —, Francis, 131  
 —, Lady Harriet, 132, 235  
 —, Harvey, 305  
 —, Mrs. Harvey, 305  
 —, Henry, 132, 235-7  
 —, Hugh, 131  
 —, Lister Maurice ('Timothy'), 4, 11, 17, 99, 276 *n.*, 292 *seq.*, 300-2  
 —, Mary, 177, 187; letters quoted, 188. (*See also under* Wellesley, Mrs. Richard)  
 —, Mary, 4  
 —, Maurice, 3, 15, 19, 177-81, 188, 231 *seq.*, 257, 270, 287, 290, 305; 'Fragments of a Tragedy,' etc., 259-67  
 —, May (now Mrs. Basil Champneys), 4  
 —, Miriam (now Mrs. G. J. B. Hayter), 4  
 —, Monica, 4, 17, 144, 293, 298, 309  
 —, Theresa (afterwards Mrs. Prendergast), 24, 187, 219  
 —, Mrs. Walter, 302  
 du Maurier, 270  
 du Quaire, Madame, 290  
 Durham, Bishop of, 8 *n.*
- EARLE, Mr. C. W., 276  
 —, Ralph, 247  
 Eastlake, Lady, 224  
 Ebrington, Lord, 124  
*Echo*, 20, 275  
 Eden, Hon. Eleanor Agnes, 187 *n.*, 256-9; letter quoted, 258-9  
 —, Hon. Emily, 6, 187, 238, 256-7  
 —, Hon. Fanny, 187  
 —, Hon. Mary Dulcibella, 3, 187  
 Edgeworth, Honora, (*née* Sneyd), 47, 51, 148  
 —, Maria, 51, 75  
 —, Richard Lovell, 47 *n.*, 51  
 Edward VII., King, 26, 29, 30, 109, 138-9  
 Egley, *painter*, 183  
 Elliot, family, 161-8  
 —, Sir Charles, 134  
 —, Lady Elizabeth (afterwards Lady Elizabeth Romilly), 170  
 —, Lady Fanny (afterwards Lady Russell), 2, 164-6; letters to, *passim*  
 —, 'Hatty,' 134, 197-8  
 —, John, 168  
 —, 'Maggie,' 253-4  
 Essex, Lord, 151  
 Esterhazy, Prince, 95  
 Etty, *painter*, 158  
*Examiner*, 20, 269
- FITZGIBBON, Florence, 131  
 —, Helen, 131  
 —, Louisa, 131  
 Foley, Lord, 195  
 Forster, Mr., 176
- GEORGE V., H.M. King, 30  
 Germain, Mdlle., 82  
 Gladstone, W. E., 63, 68  
*Globe*, 21  
 Gordon, Duchess of, 94  
 —, Miss Duff, 228  
 —, 4th Duke of, 125, 192 *n.*  
 —, Lady Georgiana, 94, 125



- Gordon, Hon. Louisa, 210-13  
 —, Hon. Sarah, 210-13  
 Gore, Annesley, 100  
 —, Lord Charles, 100  
 —, Lady Elizabeth, 100  
 —, Lady Emily, 100, 251-3  
 Grant-Duff, Sir M., 99 *n.*  
 Greenwood, F., 19, 21, 268-9;  
     *qtd.*, 270-1  
 Greville, Charles, 194; 225 *n.*  
 Grisi, 190-1  
 Grosvenor, General, 195  
 —, Mrs., 195  
 Grove, Edward, 51, 58  
 —, Edward Hartopp. (*See*  
     *under Hartopp Cradock*)  
 —, Lucy, 233  
 —, Matilda, 58-9  
 —, Mary (afterwards Mrs.  
     Thomas Lister), 47-8, 53,  
     148-9  
 —, Mary (Mrs. Charles Lister),  
     233  
 —, Susan, 48, 51, 60  
 —, Thomas, 51  
 —, William, 48, 50  
 Guthrie, Dr., 203
- H., EMILY, 251-4  
 Hanover, King of, 103  
 Harcourt, Lady, 180  
 —, Sir William, 180  
 Hare, Augustus, 58  
 Harness, Rev. Mr., 7, 259  
 Hartopp Cradock, Rev. Dr.  
     Edward, 4-5, 51, 91, 251  
     *seq.*  
 —, Hon. Mrs. (Aunt 'Bunny'),  
     4, 48 *n.*, 53, 56, 57, 66, 74-5,  
     78, 82, 90-2, 100, 105, 107,  
     111, 143, 155, 174-5, 184-6,  
     198, 200, 250 *seq.*, 278;  
     her 'Journal,' 50 *n.*; her  
     *Anne Grey*, 54-5; letters to,  
     124 *seq.*; letters quoted,  
     146-9, 167-8, 311-29  
     (*née* Lister, Harriett)  
 Hay, Lady Harriet. (*See under*  
     *Drummond*)
- Haydon, *artist*, 112, 113  
 Hill, Frank, 287  
 —, Mrs., 287  
 Holland, Lady, 86, 103, 226-7  
 Howard, Charles, 194  
 Howe, Lady, 102  
 —, Lord, 54, 76 *n.*, 102  
 Hullah, Mr., 156
- Inquirer*, 20  
 Irish Arms Bill, 204  
 Irving, Edward, 235  
 —, Henry, 287-8
- JACKSON, Bishop J., 219  
 Jago, Rev. Mr., 95-6  
 Jeffrey, Lord, 202, 222  
 Jenkinson, Lady, 320  
 Jersey, Lady, 95, 201  
 'Jim Crow,' *song*, 115  
 Jocelyn, Lady, 191  
 Jowett, Benjamin, 119, 254-5  
 'Jupiter Pluvius,' *magazine*, 22
- KEMBLE, Fanny, 227; (*qtd.*),  
     209  
 Kent, Duchess of, 108, 133,  
     190-1, 314  
 Kimberley, Lady, 131
- LABLACHE, 190-1  
 Lamb, Charles, 20  
 Langton, Mr., 105  
 —, Lady Cecilia, 105  
 Lankester, Dr., 71  
 —, Prof. Ray, 31  
 Lansdowne, Lady, 157  
 —, 3rd Lord, 156-7  
 Lascelles, Mr., 113  
 Le Blanc, Dr., 244-5  
 Lecky, W. E. H. (*qtd.*), 248  
 Legge, Misses, 232-3  
 Lehzen, Baroness, 142, 146-8,  
     312, 315, 318-26  
 Leopold, King, 152-3, 312-15  
 —, Prince, 6  
 Lewis, Major Alice, 11

- Lewis, Sir George Cornwall, 3, 54 *n.* 177, 246-8; qtd., 180-1; death, 181
- , Lady Theresa, 3, 225, 228, 241, 274; letters quoted, 248-9; *see also under* Villiers, Lady Theresa, and Lister, Lady Theresa)
- Liddell, Hon. Elizabeth C. (afterwards Mrs. Edward Villiers), 215 *n.*
- Lilford, Lord, 313, 315
- Lindsay, Lady Charlotte, 209 *n.*, 226
- Linton, Mrs. Lynn, 285-7
- Lister, Adelaide (mother), wife of 2nd Baron Ribblesdale, 1, 61-3, 82-5, 120; second marriage, 2; letters quoted, 69-70, 121-2, 127-8, 190; her advice, 117-18; illness and death, 149-54
- , Beatrice, 308
- , Charles (uncle), 55-57, 309, letters to, 311-19
- , Charlotte (aunt), 82
- , Hon. Elizabeth (sister), afterwards Lady Melvill, 2, 109, 128-30, 150, 157, 199, 240
- , Hon. Harriett (aunt). *See under* Hartopp Cradock, Hon. Mrs.)
- , Hon. Isabel (sister), afterwards Mrs. William Warburton, 1, 59 *n.*, 240
- , John, 1
- , Mary (grandmother), 47, 111, 112, 118
- , Mary (Mrs. Charles Lister), 57
- , Nathaniel, 1
- , Thérèse (afterwards Lady Harcourt), 180, 199
- , Lady Theresa (aunt), 54, 59-62, 104, 112, 118, 126, 177-8, 181, 200; letters quoted 140. (*See also under* Villiers, Lady Theresa, and Lewis, Lady Theresa)
- Lister, Thomas (of Armitage), 1, 48, 50, 52-3
- , Mrs. Thomas, 48, 50, 53
- , Thomas (father), 2nd Baron Ribblesdale, 1, 63-5, 117; death, 102
- , Thomas (brother), 3rd Baron Ribblesdale, 1, 65, 68, 70, 101-3, 116, 129, 143, 157, 197, 242-3; marriage, 244
- , Thomas Henry (Uncle Titus), 54-5, 57, 60-1, 63, 126, 199 *n.*
- , Villiers, 179, 199, 309
- Lodge, Sir Oliver, 116
- Louis, Philippe, 240 *n.*, 221
- Lyttelton, Lady, 147, 149, 323-8
- MACAULAY, Thomas, 201, 222-3
- Mandeville, Lord, 195
- Manning, Cardinal, 36
- Marie Amélie, Queen, 240
- Mario, Signor, 190-1
- Marsden, *nurse*, 182
- Marshall, Cordelia (Mrs. Whewell), 92
- Martineau, Dr., 10
- , Miss, 75
- Masson, Miss, 182
- Mathew, Lady, 295, 298-9
- , Sir James, 292, 296-9
- Melbourne, Lord, 4, 146, 314, 319; on Macaulay, 223
- Melvill, Lady. (*See under* Lister, Hon. Elizabeth)
- , Sir William, 2
- Milman, Henry Salusbury, 59
- Minto, Earl of, 2, 164, 169
- , Lady, 161 *seq.*
- ‘Miss Lucy Neal,’ *song*, 116
- Moir, Lord, 205 *n.*, 207
- Monteagle, Lady, 92
- Montpensier, Duchesse de, 240
- Moore, Tommy, 208, 217
- Morgan, Lady, 60
- Morley, Lady, 88, 89, 105, 123, 209-13, 224, 249 *n.*
- , Lord, 249 *n.*; death, 213 *n.*
- , Lord (of Blackburn), 99 *n.*

- Mulready, W., *painter*, 182-5, 230  
 Mure, Colonel, 244 *n.*  
 —, Emma (afterwards Lady Ribblesdale), 244  
 Murray, Grenville, 21  
 —, John, 259
- NEVILL, Lady Dorothy, 94 *n.*, 225  
 North, Lord, 226 *n.*  
 Northbrook, Lord, 179  
 Northumberland, Duke of, 237
- O'CONNELL, Daniel, 165  
 Ormond, Lord, 321
- PAGET, Lord A., 319  
*Pall Mall Gazette*, 19-21, 268-9  
 Palmerston, Lord, 247, 319  
 Parker, Hon. Mrs. Catherine (aunt), 237-40  
 —, Rev. J. F., 237  
 —, Lister, 239  
 Pasta, 182  
 Peel, Archibald, 260 *n.*  
 —, Lady Georgiana, 2, 6. (*See also under Russell, Lady Georgiana*)  
 —, Sir Robert, 3, 257  
 Pelham, Lady Mary, 148  
 Perceval, Spencer, 256  
 —, Mr., 256  
 Percy, Lord, 237  
 Perret, Mdlle., 81, 150, 155  
 Phillips, Stephen (qtd.), 214  
 Pitcairn, 'Apostle,' 236  
 Plau, Mdlle., 81  
 Pollington, Lady, 93  
 Portal, Lady Charlotte, 162 *n.*  
 Porter, Archbishop, 277  
 Portman, Mr., 194  
 —, Mrs., 194-5  
 Praslin, Duc de, 239
- RACHEL, *actress*, 197  
 Ratcliffe, Delmé, 194; qtd., 201  
 Ratcliffe, Mrs., 194  
 Ravensworth, Lord, 215  
 Rawdon, Elizabeth (afterwards Lady William Russell), 205-8  
 Reid, Stuart, 204, 248  
 Retzche, Moritz, 158  
 Ribblesdale, Lord. (*See under Lister, Thomas*)  
 Richardson, Helen, 166  
 —, Hope, 166  
 —, Jemima (Lady Colebrooke), 166  
 —, Juanna, 166  
 Rigby, Dr. Edward, 224  
 Rogers, Samuel, 217-18; letters quoted, 24-5; qtd., 209 *n.*  
 Romilly, Frederick, 189  
 —, Lady Elizabeth, 136, 189  
 Rooke, Rev. W. J. E., 238 *n.*  
 —, Hon. Mrs., 308  
 Ruskin, John, 252  
 Russell, Lady Agatha, 2, 28, 183 *n.*, 298-9; *Life of Lady John Russell*, 14 *n.*, 24 *n.*, *passim*; letter to, 171  
 —, Lord Alexander, 138, 194  
 —, Lord Cosmo, 142, 194, 200  
 —, Lord Francis, 142, 195, 200  
 —, Hon. Francis Albert Rollo, 2  
 —, Lord George William, 157, 205 *n.*, 208  
 —, Hon. George William Gilbert, 2  
 —, Lady Georgiana (afterwards Lady Georgiana Peel), 2, 109, 142, 145, 190-1, 260  
 —, Lord Henry, 143  
 —, Lord John, 8, 24-5, 110, 120-3, 158-60; marriage, 2; his Reform Bill, 62; in Spain, 80 *n.*; caricatured, 132; Creevey's description of, 132-3; his portraits, 133; death of his first wife, 150-3; second marriage, 166; challenged to a duel, 188-9; his peerage, 207 *n.*; death, 291



- Russell, Lady John (1st wife), 4,  
10-14, 26-7, 35, 158-9;  
letters quoted, 124 *seq.*;  
death, 150. (*See also under*  
Lister, Adelaide)  
—, Lady John (2nd wife). (*See*  
*under* Elliot, Lady Fanny)  
—, John. (*See under* Amberley,  
Viscount)  
—, Lord Odo (Baron Ampthill),  
205, 207  
—, Lady Rachel, 93, 192-4  
—, Lady Victoria (afterwards  
Lady Victoria Villiers), 2,  
24, 145, 150  
—, Lady William, 205 *seq.*  
—, Lord Wriothlesley, 321-2;  
letter from, 154
- SALISBURY, Lord, 36  
Sand, George, 268  
Sartoris, Mrs., 227-8  
*Saturday Review*, 21  
Schenk, General, 288  
—, 'Sally,' 288-9  
Scott, Lady John, 178  
—, Sir Walter (qtd.), 101  
Seale, Colonel Sir J. H., 120  
—, Miss (afterwards Mrs.  
Thomas Lister), 48, 50  
—, Miss (afterwards Lady  
Cranstoun), 121  
Seward, Miss, 47 *n.*  
Seymour, Lord, 125  
Shaftesbury, Lord, 206  
Shelburne, Lord, 156  
Shelley, Lady, 94, 200 *n.*  
—, John Villiers, 195, 200  
Sherwood, Mrs., 47  
Siddons, Mrs., 229  
Simpson, Sir James, 174  
Smith, George Murray, 19, 270  
—, Sydney, 7, 128, 209, 224  
Sneyd, Charlotte, 51  
—, Edward, 51  
—, Elizabeth, 51  
—, Emma (cousin), 48, 144,  
232-4; letters qtd., 67-8  
—, Honora (afterwards Mrs.  
Edgeworth), 47, 51, 148
- Sneyd, Lucy, 47, 50  
—, Mary, 51  
—, Mr., 47  
Soult, Marshal, 105  
Spode, Mr., 57-8  
—, Miss, 234  
Stanley, Lord, 194  
—, Col. Jack, 256  
Stopford, Horatia, letter  
quoted, 6  
—, Lady Mary, 316-17, 320  
Strafford, Earl of. (*See under*  
Byng)  
Strathallan, Viscount, 3  
Stratton, Charles (*dwarf*), 112  
Suffield, Lady, 194-5, 201  
Surrey, Lord, 147  
Sussex, Duke of, 314-15  
Tankerville, Lady, 85  
Tavistock, Lady, 311-12, 314,  
317  
Taylor, Sir Henry, 216; qtd.,  
62 *n.*, 209 *n.*  
—, Jeremy, 203-4  
Teck, Mary, Duchess of, 138  
Tennyson, Lord, 179; qtd., 226,  
Thompson, Mr., 252-3  
—, Dr., 119 *n.*  
Thomson, Dr., 223  
Thorpe, Rev. Dr., 100  
Torrington, Lord, 319  
Towneley, Lady Caroline, 241  
—, John, 234-5  
—, Mrs., 234  
Trevelyan, Sir George, 189 *n.*  
Trollope, Anthony, 279  
Tropaneger, Mdme., 82  
*Truth*, 20, 271  
Tucket, Capt. Harvey, 189
- VAN DER WEYER, Sylvan,  
313, 313 *n.*  
Vera, Madame, 190-1  
Vestris, Madame, 165  
Victoria, Queen, 4, 6, 27-30,  
104-6, 109-10, 138-9,  
145-8, 190, 256, 311 *seq.*;  
qtd., 44, 77; marriage,  
107-8; letter quoted,  
152-4; at Buckhurst, 155

- Villiers, Lady Adela, 95  
 —, Charles, 118–20  
 —, Lady Clementina, 95  
 —, Edward, 1215  
 —, Hon. Mrs. Edward ('Aunt Edward'), 215–16, 231  
 —, Hon. Mrs. George, 72, 103, 126, 199, 249 *n.*  
 —, Lady Maria Theresa (aunt), 3, 54, 59–62, 69, 156, 176, 198–9; second marriage, 179. (*See also under* Lister, Lady Theresa, and Lewis, Lady Theresa)  
 —, Lady Sarah, 95  
 —, Lady Victoria (*née* Russell), 2, 24, 145, 145 *n.*, 150
- WALDSTEIN, Count, 85  
 Waldy, Mr., 170  
 Walpole, Horace, 225
- Walpole, Spencer, 120 *n.*, Life of Lord John Russell (qtd.), 24, *passim*  
 Warburton, Eliot, 1–2, 59 *n.*  
 —, Canon William P., 1, 59 *n.*  
 Ward, Humphry (qtd.), 5  
 Waterford, Lady, 181  
 Wellesley, Augustus, 303–4  
 —, Richard, 177 *n.*, 303–4  
 —, Mrs., 303–4  
 Wellington, Duke of, 226  
 West, Mr., 137  
 Westmacott, *sculptor*, 183, 195  
 Whewell, Mrs., 92  
 Wilkie, Sir David, 101  
 William IV., King, 102–4  
 Wilson, Sir Thomas, 87  
 Women's Suffrage Society, 279–281  
 Woodhouse, Miss, *governess*, 77–80  
 Wordsworth, William, 92





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